

The Australian

September 18, 1968

Women's Weekly

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Margot Fonteyn begins the remarkable story of "My husband Roberto"
IN COLOR: THE BURTONS' YACHT KALIZMA... "Swagmen" made
from mango seeds ... A BEAUTIFUL DOLLS' HOUSE TO BUILD
... *the transformation of a mid-Victorian house* ... touring Europe
in a London taxi ... 16-PAGE COOK BOOK all about SPRING LAMB

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SEPTEMBER 18, 1968

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OUR COVER

● Famous prima ballerina Dame Margot Fonteyn with her husband, Dr. Roberto Arias, who is paralysed from an assassination attempt four years ago. Dame Margot begins her story of "My Husband Roberto" on page 49.

CONTENTS

SPECIAL FEATURES

- Afloat with the Burtons 18-21
- Mango-seed Swagman 26, 27
- "My Husband Roberto," by Margot Fonteyn 49
- SPRING LAMB COOK BOOK Centre lift-out

REGULAR FEATURES

- Social 10, 11
- TV Parade 15
- Beautiful Australia 22, 23
- Traveller's Tale 35-41
- Letter Box, Dorothy Drain, Ross Campbell 47
- Compact 53
- House of the Week 72-74
- Stars 99
- For Teenagers 106
- Mandrake, Crossword 107

FICTION

- Matchmate, Marilyn Longmuir 80, 81
- Reasons, Loni Stinnett 83
- The Persuader, Jean Johnson 97
- The Woman Who Was Ordinary, Winifred Darby 102

FASHION

- Dress Sense, Betty Keep 66
- Needlework Notions 68
- Fashion Frocks 99

HOME and FAMILY

- Prize Recipe, Home Hints 55
- Recipe Contest 63, 71
- Readers' Stories 67, 68, 69
- Gardening: Clumps for color 91
- Transfer 92
- At Home with Margaret Sydney 94
- Collectors' Corner 101

WHATEVER HAPPENED TO HAROLD HERMAN?

● Bringing up to date an item from an old Weekly which will spark many people's memories of a dark page in history

By ROBIN ADAIR



LEFT: Private Harold Herman in the picture we published in 1943. He was in a Port Moresby military hospital, and was photographed holding a felt toy dog he was making for his mother. ABOVE: As he is today. His latest car has two-pedal automatic transmission, but for years he managed three-pedal floor controls adapted for one-legged use.

IT is a quarter of a century ago, 1943. And the world — including The Australian Women's Weekly — is at war.

Take a look back at our December 4, 1943, issue . . .

The advertisers are at war.

The War Organisation of Industry in an ad gives hints on making corsets go further (no pun intended).

There are jobs offering in the Women's Auxiliary Australian Air Force ("deferred pay nest-egg; valuable training will help you obtain well-paying positions after the war").

"Starving people win no victories," proclaims a manufacturer of packaged foods.

"Smash the squander bug," implores an advertisement for War Savings Certificates.

And most of the editorial content is on active service, too.

Carrots loom large in the cookery section — with a reference to their reputation as sight aids during blackouts.

"Medico" advises mothers on coping single-handed with kiddies.

The social page is called "On and Off Duty."

A short story, "Lantern on the Beach," is all about war at sea.

There is an idea to make fashions from — and it would probably be regarded as very avant garde now: scraps of felt!

A film packing 'em in is "Assignment in Brittany," the central character of which is a heroic Free French fighter.

The cover is a picture of a Voluntary Aid lass selling Red Cross Day buttons.

About the only editorial "regular" uninvolved in World War II is Mandrake. He is simply fighting his ex-assistant, Grando, who has framed Narda on a theft charge.

In fact, in the whole issue perhaps the only real person for whom the fighting war is over is Harold Herman.

The way back

Under the heading "The Luckiest Man in New Guinea," you can read about him.

And thereby hang two tales, of different times . . .

1943: "... Then there was Pte. Harold Herman," runs our story, "who was sitting up in bed putting the finishing touches to a black-felt dog he was making for his mother in Bellevue Hill."

1968: "I was 21," says Harold Herman, 46, man-

aging director of a packing-paper-manufacturing business in the Sydney suburb of Leichhardt. He lives at Dover Heights.

"The bed was in the 2/5th Australian General Hospital in Port Moresby.

"I did finish that toy dog and I gave it to my mother.

"She died recently. Heaven knows what happened to the darned thing. It was important to me at the time, though."

1943: "The uneven bulge in the sheet of his cot tells the story of an amputated leg."

1968: "Yes," says Harold ("Don't call me Mr. Herman"), "I was bitter and sorry for myself for a while.

"But I developed a philosophy — on the lines of the old 'I-thought-I-was-hard-up with - no-shoes-until-I-met-a-man-with-no-feet' theme.

"I made up my mind I would live a normal life.

"The alternative was to sit with a tin cup in the street.

"I dance, play bowls, swim — I played golf, but the walking killed me.

"I know there's probably an element of over-compensation."

1943: "How did it happen?" I ask.

"Oh, I stopped a bullet in the left leg. They did the operation here — and are they good! I'll say they're marvellous."

1968: "I was a private in 17 Brigade's 2/7th Infantry Battalion.

"I'd left school — Scots College — at 16, without matriculating. But I'd been able to do a Sydney Uni diploma course in Commerce.

"My family had long been in the business world.

"A grandfather, whose real surname I've never known, had come to Australia from Poland about the 1880s.

Patrol ambush

"Someone told him his name was a mouthful, so he called himself — imagine this — Solomon Richards.

"In a caravan loaded with odds and ends he set off selling in the bush.

"He ended up with general retail stores in Leeton and Narrandera.

"I went into the Army in 1941.

"I'd served about six months in New Guinea when it happened, at Salamaua.

"Eight of us in a patrol were ambushed by Nips. I caught a bullet in the leg as we hit the ground.

"Five of the eight, including me, were hit. One — he caught a bullet that shattered his spine — died pretty quickly.

"For some reason the Nips didn't finish us off.

"A patrol following picked us up.

"I went to Moresby partly by boong-train." (This term, for native bearers, was offered in no derogatory sense.)

"Gangrene got the leg."

1943: "He had 11 transfusions," Sister murmurs to me.

1968: "Yes, I had about 60 pints of blood in six or so weeks. I pay it back as a regular donor!

"I stayed at Moresby Hospital until Boxing Day, '43, then came back to Australia. "I wasn't discharged until 1946.

"It had been tough, and tedious. But I'd seen other blokes much worse off."

1943: "How are you feeling, Pte. Herman?"

"Me? Oh, I'm feeling number one — luckiest man in New Guinea, really."

1968: "Yes, I've been more lucky than unlucky.

"Since the war I've worked hard — in the family stores until they were bought out, as a publisher, as a salesman, and now I've started my own business.

"I married, and we have three boys, from 17 to 21.

"I guess you could say I'm still a lucky man."

1943: "Pte. Herman simply radiates good cheer."

1968: No other comment needed.

Dame Zara's Olympic designs



A SOLID blaze of brilliant wattle-yellow will ensure that women members and officials of Australia's Olympic team are not overlooked at the march-past in Mexico City.

Designed by Dame Zara Holt, the eye-catching dresses will be worn with flattering floppy-brimmed felt hats by Goulet in an identical shade of yellow.

Dame Zara asked that the Australian blazers of Olympic-green should not be worn for the march-past, and stressed the importance and impact of the all-yellow outfits.

Fabric is a woven terylene-and-wool mixture outlined with matching stitching.

Styling of the dresses is sensible but chic. The simple design makes them very wearable.

Hem lengths are a vastly different story from the Tokio Olympics four years ago when knees were definitely not bared — 3in. above the knee is the ruling for younger members, mid-kneecap for older women.

Accessories are short beige gloves, suntan stockings, and simple low-heeled, bow-trimmed beige shoes. (In our picture models wear their own shoes; regulation shoes were not available.)

For travelling and for casual wear, Dame Zara has designed a sliver of a dress of Olympic-green crimplene, cut close to the body line, and accented with wattle-yellow saddle-stitching following the seaming.

Hats are optional with this dress, but the guess is that they will be worn often — the pride of Australians and the envy of others.

Practical details: both dresses are lightweight, crease-resistant, and washable, and should require minimum care; the hat is packable.

—CHRISTABEL HIRST

● Dame Zara Holt's designs for the Australian women's Olympic team — wattle-yellow for the march-past and Olympic-green for travel and casual wear.

— Picture by LES GORRIE

NEXT WEEK

● There's a bevy of beautiful designs for you to make—and wear from early spring through to hot summer—in our 16-page lift-out book



... including dresses, sweaters, handbags—and children's wear as well.

and ...

ANYONE CAN SCULPT!

● A sculptor models and casts a head—and shows with pictures and words, in easy stages, just how it is done.

and ...

DO YOU LIKE THIS HOUSE?



● We show you 13 sketches of houses. Choose the one you like best—and discover interesting facts about yourself!

and ...

IN COLOR:
AUSTRALIA'S
WINNING
STYLE IN
OLYMPIC
SWIMWEAR



and ...

★ All about chrysanthemums, by Allan Seale.

Delicious dishes made with chicken livers. ★

and ...

● An eight-page color feature shows you a round-up of carefree summer fashions, with shape-making points on the under-fashions to lift your figure out of the ordinary.



● Liza Minnelli, daughter of the temperamental, in-and-out star Judy Garland, and now the wife of Australian Peter Allen, so steady, so calm, tells her story to Muriel Davidson, beginning with a childhood marked by storms, but happy.

LIZA'S TALENT for drama was inherited from Judy—no critic ever doubted it.

A TWO-PART DREAM:

IT was tough being Judy Garland's daughter. I'm my father's daughter, too. My dad is Vincent Minnelli, a great film director, but no one ever makes a big thing out of that.

Being Judy Garland's daughter too often meant to other people that either I led the glamorous, spoiled life of a movie star's child or that I was a poor little waif, a vagabond gipsy kid.

Neither was true. For those who think I've had a tragic life—if it was tragic—I don't remember it that way.

I've had a terrific life for the most part.

The difference between me and any other kid on the block was that when my parents battled, or my mother went to a rest home, it became a matter of public record.

What people seem to forget, particularly in my mother's case, is that she is deeply loved by millions of her fans.

So if strangers feel that way about her, how do you think I feel?

Naturally, I've had battles with her. And with my father, too. But what kid hasn't?

My earliest memories begin when I was about four.

I was an enormously happy little girl. I'd go to the movie sets at MGM, first with my mother and then with Daddy.

Astaire

I used to love to watch Fred Astaire. Even then I could mimic his dance steps.

Cyd Charisse was another of my favorites. I always thought if I could grow up and dance like her I'd be in heaven.

I wasn't all that fascinated watching Mama. I could always see and hear her at home.

There is only one real

trauma I have and that's a complete horror of angry, screaming voices.

When my mother is angry, her voice is absolutely terrifying. I was five when I first heard it.

I was lying on a couch wearing my Hopalong Cassidy suit and boots (which nobody could get off me).

Mama was walking back and forth in front of the couch rehearsing with Milton Berle. Daddy and I were laughing at her.

Then I guess I wanted to get into the act. I reared back, shot out my legs, and accidentally hit Mama.

She started to cry and scream at me. She screamed and screamed and it seemed as if the yelling went on for hours.

Finally she sent me to my room. Later she came to forgive me.

Then there came a time when Mama and Daddy had

in fact, she *wasn't* sick and I'd hear she *was*.

Once she told me about a typical kind of funny but unfortunate experience at a sanatorium.

She arrived at night, and couldn't see a thing.

Two attendants held her arms and walked her over the grass to the entrance.

She said she kept falling. She told the attendants that it wasn't her fault, that she felt something tripping her. Of course, they thought she was "crackers."

The next morning she saw from her window large croquet hoops sticking up out of the grass where she had walked.

Mama began to see a great deal of a producer named Sid Luft. I called him Uncle Sid, and I liked him.

Then one night Mama asked me if I would mind if she married Uncle Sid.

I was puzzled, as any six-

wondering whether my pants had showed.

Pop gave me \$5 for my performance. I framed it. (Seven years later I was to break that frame to use the \$5 to help me get to New York on my own.)

I think I was at school in Beverly Hills when I first heard the other kids saying terrible things about my mother.

Once a movie star's kid said, "Your mother's a big, fat pig." I cried all the way home from school.

But Mama told me, "The next time that boy says your mother's fat, look him dead in the eye and say, 'My mother can get thin any time she wants to, but your father couldn't get talent if he took 20 years of private lessons from Sir Laurence Olivier.'"

I did as she said and it worked beautifully. Mama began to dress me and Lorna alike—which I hated. I was nearly 11, Lorna was only four. I felt ridiculous.

But it was a happy time.

One day Mama decided to bake a cake. I was enchanted with the sight of her in the kitchen, bustling about like any other mother. So was our dog, Sam.

Sam and I sat on the floor while Mama sang and baked.

When the cake was done, she took it out of the oven—and dropped the whole thing on the floor.

Mama and the dog and I all burst out crying.

But then Mama pasted the cake back together again with frosting, and all three of us ate it there on the floor, laughing and kissing each other.

My little brother, Joe, was born in 1955. He was, and is, one of the most beautiful children I've ever seen.

When I was 13, Daddy took me on location.

He and everybody else, Robert Mitchum, Eleanor Parker, and the members of the crew, spoiled me. But I never took advantage of it.

Then Mama got the bright

Mama caused troubles...

a fight. Mama moved out of the house.

But one evening about midnight, Daddy came into my room, got me dressed in my bathrobe, and we went to get Mama.

Everything was all right for about a year. Then my father moved out, and that was the end of their marriage and our being together. I stayed with Mama.

We started moving a lot, from one house to another. Usually we moved in the night, probably because Mama always owed money to landlords or something.

But no matter how broke we were, we always lived like millionaires and with laughter.

Every time we moved I'd find myself in a different school. All told, I've gone to 20 schools in the U.S. and in Europe.

Sometimes Mama was sick and I would hear about it. Sometimes, most of the time

year-old would be, and I said, "What for?"

"Because," she said, "if I do, then you could have a baby brother or sister."

That made good sense, so I gave her my permission.

But later I heard that she had married Uncle Sid.

I was shocked, but I rationalised even then that it wasn't my business.

My mother became pregnant, and my beautiful little sister, Lorna, was born.

In the next couple of years we all had fun. I now called Uncle Sid "Pop," and he helped Mama make her comeback at the Palace, in New York. I was eight.

One night she called me to come up on the stage. I rushed up and danced my heart out while Mama sang "Swanee." We tore the house down.

I remember the waves and waves of applause washing over us, and also I remember



PETER AND LIZA have a meal in Sydney last year.

SUCCESS + HAPPINESS

idea she wanted me to learn to speak French. She sent me to Paris.

I saw Bobby Darin perform there, and got my first big crush on an "older" man. He probably never knew it.

Later Mama asked how I would like to live in London with her and Pop and Lorna and Joey.

It was in London that I developed a shoe "thing" which is with me to this day. Mama had a "thing" about my feet, protecting them or something. Anyway, she always made me wear rotten-looking brown oxfords.

She sent me off to a debutante ball wearing a delicate and lacy French dress — and my brown oxfords.

As a result, I don't own a single pair of shoes now which didn't come from Paris.

We later came back to America, not because my mother and Pop loved London less but that they needed money more. She and Pop prepared still another "comeback."

I decided to tell my dad — my real dad — that I wanted to go into show business. Dad was pleased.

I prepared for an awesome argument with Mama.

To my amazement, there was no screaming.

She said, in a deadly calm voice, "OK, if that's what

you really want to do, go ahead. You have my blessings. Just one thing. No more money from me, ever again."

I agreed to that, and from the time I was 15½ years old I have never accepted a penny from either of my parents.

First jobs

I took the framed \$5 bill Pop had given to me, plus some more substantial savings, and left for New York.

I took dancing and singing lessons, and before my money ran out I got my first job in repertory, playing the lead first in "The Diary of Anne Frank," then "The Fantasticks," and then "Pajama Game."

I don't kid myself about the reason it happened so easily for me: my mother, and the curiosity factor. But with each tour I got better and better reviews.

And with each review I could have written the beginning: "Judy Garland's daughter, Liza Minnelli, has certainly inherited her mother's talent. She is . . . and on and on and on.

I tried not to care.

When I was nearly 17 I got my first big New York break. I earned \$34 a week and was thrilled.

I won the Daniel Blum Theatre Award for the most promising young actress of

the year in "Best Foot Forward."

Ed Sullivan saw the show and promptly booked me on his television show. And "the most promising actress" really was terrible. I was scared knock-kneed and it showed.

A gentleman came one morning to inform me that I was more than \$5000 in debt, and that if I didn't pay up I'd be bankrupt.

Seventeen years old and bankrupt! I could have gone to Mama or Dad, but instead I gave a lawyer the power of attorney to manage my finances and pay off the creditors.

In that way the debts were cleaned up. I think Mama must have admired me for this. She even asked me to star with her at the Palladium in London.

I had never worked with my mother until then. But I'll never be afraid to per-

divorce battle she was having with Sid Luft.

My mother was making a tour around the world with a group of people which included her fiancé, Mark Herron, when she saw the Australian singing stars Chris and Peter Allen performing in a nightclub in Tokyo.

She liked them.

But I think that perhaps her biggest motive in hiring them was so she could get Peter and me together.

I was attracted to Peter immediately.

A month after we had met, Mama, Mark Herron, Chris, Peter, and I were sitting in Trader Vic's in London. We all were pretty high on those exotic drinks. Mama got up to go to the powder-room and Chris went to make a phone call.

Peter leaned across Mark and asked me not to go out with anyone else.

Mark said, "To ask Liza

...she also cured them

form with anyone ever again after that terrifying experience!

It was terrifying for a couple of reasons.

First, Mama is so adored. In a way, a Judy Garland concert is a revival meeting. My mother's fans are totally idolatrous.

Secondly, Mama suddenly realised that she had a grown-up daughter; that she wasn't a kid herself any more.

I wasn't Liza, but another woman in the spotlight.

Mama's competitiveness disappeared immediately after the Palladium performance, and she fell into a period of unparalleled motherhood with me, even introducing me to the man I was to marry.

Maybe her attitude was due partly to the bitter

to do that, you have to be engaged," Peter said, "All right, let's get engaged, then."

I was so stunned I just shrugged.

Mama was so thrilled she started to cry. Peter jumped up and began telling perfect strangers that we were to be married.

Then he ran to his flat and came back with a tiny diamond ring he used to wear on his little finger. It was official.

I was uncertain and afraid. I had to leave the next day for New York to try out for the fifth time for the lead in the Broadway play "Flora the Red Menace."

We went into rehearsal. Five weeks later Chris and Peter arrived in New York.

After work every night, Peter and I would talk and talk. He'd more or less been on his own since he was 13, which gave us a lot in common.

But each time we set a



LIZA is a star in her own right now — not merely "Judy Garland's daughter."

date for the wedding, something interfered.

First, Mama, who had been so happy about our plans, wanted Peter and Chris to join her again in her concerts.

When they refused, because Peter wanted to stay with me, she turned against Peter.

Also, my father and his wife, Denise—who is a chic and terrifically social lady—objected to Peter.

He wasn't working then, and Denise, who would kill for my father or me, kept saying, "Just who is Peter Allen?"

I was torn apart.

I opened on Broadway in "Flora" in 1965 and got the best reviews of my career. I won the Tony Award—which is comparable to Hollywood's Academy Award — and was the youngest actress ever to receive it.

Peter and I began to argue all the time. I hated Peter's friends and he disliked mine.

Our on-again-off-again courtship lasted two years. Peter and Chris began to work a lot.

Peter shucked off the creeps who were clinging to him, and I said the devil with anyone who doesn't like Peter; I love him.

We were married on March 3, 1967. I was just 21, and Peter was 23.

Peter's adorable mother and his pretty sister, Lynn, came from Australia for the wedding. My mother and my father both were there. It was perfect.

We settled down in an apartment in New York.

But a strange thing happened to me. I couldn't adjust to normality.

I was used only to screaming attacks or excessive love bouts, rivers of money or no

money at all, seeing my mother constantly or not seeing her for weeks.

Now it was breakfast, lunch, and dinner, marketing, shopping, constancy; Peter there, rock-steady.

I just couldn't believe it. But Peter made me believe.

He helped me to understand my mother.

He helped me develop my voice, which, before our marriage, wasn't very good.

He analysed my mistakes and he made me acknowledge them.

Peter has become a true friend to my little sister, Lorna, and my brother, Joe.

Our house is a haven for them when Mama is in a bad mood.

Both of us think Lorna has the real voice in the family, and we mean to help her if she wants a career.

Joe needs a man around. Peter is that man.

My mother really is OK these days. Oh, she still has her highs and lows — and no middles.

It's very strange for me in Hollywood. I still feel saddened in this town. Because here my mother enjoyed her greatest successes and her most crushing defeats.

It was here that she once said to me, "I'm your best example of what not to do."

I'm sorry, but I just don't agree with her. It's no accident that Lorna and Joe and I turned out all right. Mama may have caused the troubles, but she knows how to cure them.

I've always had a two-part dream: To be successful as an entertainer and, as well, a normal, happily married young woman.

Mama helped to make both parts come true.

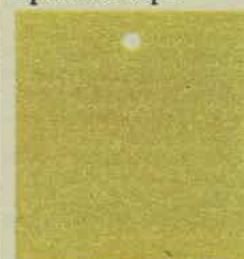


ED SULLIVAN with Liza (left) and Judy Garland.

Unfussable Bri-Nylon promises the shape keeper



The stayer in your casual collection where colour and comfort are concerned. Happy, warm-hearted, free-moving . . . a brilliant knit, as soft as Spring to the touch. From CRESTKNIT in BRI-NYLON. The Bri-Nylon label is your assurance of easy care clothes you don't have to fuss over, of colour-fast clothes that keep their shape. No maker can use the name Bri-Nylon unless his garment has been tested and approved. That's your guide to quality and value for money. And that's the promise of unfussable Bri-Nylon, a promise kept.



BRI
NYLON

CRESTKNIT

'Bri-Nylon' is
a registered trade
mark.

Unfussable
Bri-Nylon.



THE OLYMPIC STADIUM at Mexico City. It was enlarged to eight Olympic lanes for the 1968 Games.

He's chosen for Mexico!

● Sue Farrington is an Olympic wife who went into training when her husband, John, was chosen for the 1968 team. She tells of her new peak of organisation to help bring him to a peak of fitness.

WHEN the Australian Olympic selectors first announced the names of the athletes who would represent their country in this year's Mexico City Olympic Games, distance runner John Farrington was not included.

I considered that it was a wife's first duty in such circumstances to console her husband — and how better to comfort a rejected runner than by endeavoring to convince him that he was well out of it all?

By chance, an excellent novel I had been reading, the plot of which was based in the stratospherical location of the '68 Olympiad, gave an extremely depressing account of how badly damaged, both physically and mentally, were the fictional marathoners who had completed the 26-mile distance in the thin air of the high-altitude city.

So I passed the book over to my saddened spouse and urged him to read it. He did.

A nicely timed newspaper article added fuel to my job's comforter fire. In it a young Australian athlete who had recently returned from Mexico described an exhausting illness that, according to him, attacks all newcomers to the capital and lasts at least three weeks.

A day later I heard the news that John was to be included in the team as a competitor in the marathon event.

When I had finally finished kicking myself, I allowed my ego to bask in the reflected glory for a day or two. Then my avaricious little mind started ticking over and my feminine failings came to the fore.

I have since been indulging in long dream sessions during which I try to decide just what I would like in

the way of gifts from Mexico.

I am absolutely determined that John is going to leave this country armed with my capacious old suitcase half empty — and return with it full. Sad to say, athletes are a notoriously impoverished breed, but it costs nothing to dream.

Next, I had an imaginary sneak preview of the Australian men's official Games uniform when I read through some of the many Team Information sheets that have dropped with the regularity of charity appeals into our postbox.

Every item of clothing sounds so useful! I'm dying to try it all on.

As my earlier bumbblings had taught me, the best way in which I could help to prepare John for the Olympics would be by keeping my big mouth shut and my feet at least 60 inches away from it.

Finest of food

But this has not prevented me from making various changes to the housekeeping schedule. The food bill has risen to an all-time high. Until September 16 — team departure date — my husband will be feasting off the choicest meats, the greenest vegetables, and the sweetest fruits.

I am constantly asking myself: Is he lacking anything in his diet? Whereupon I toss more kelp into the broccoli, more wheatgerm into the rice, more dolomite powder into the fruit salad.

All of a sudden I am organised. Instead of hauling his bed together in the mornings as I usually do, it being a heavy, double-sized monster with a taste for women's shins, I now carefully strip and air it religiously.

His shirts are clean on time, shorts mended a day before they are needed instead

of five minutes after. Socks are scrubbed to rid them of all irritating matter. Even special relaxing salts are added to his hot bath in the evening.

When a free "training pack" of nourishing beverage powder was delivered to our flat in the master's absence the other day, I felt it my duty to open one of the tins and test the well-known granules for freshness.

The trouble was that, in my zeal, I could not stop testing, and by the time His Lordship returned to the nest in the evening there was little left in the "training pack." Still, I assured him that it was delicious.

On the whole, distance runners are rather shy of



SUE FARRINGTON

discussing their sport on a personal level.

We rarely talk about the forthcoming Games. Only if a suspicious soreness of the muscles requires a spot of wifely massage does the subject have a brief airing.

I have grown to understand that the athlete's fitness program involves mental as well as physical preparation. So, while he gets down to a bit of spiritual mind-bending, I just bubble silently inside wondering how I will spend the seven or more weeks of separation, and trying hard to quell a natural curiosity

that prompts me to scour the newspapers for photographs of the girls in the Swedish Olympic team. I hope they all look like Tamara Press!

One of the forms posted to us from the organising body contained a question that I found not a little off-putting. It was that bit that asks for the name of "next of kin." Somehow it tied in very neatly with that horrific novel we both shouldn't have read.

But, like all members of the team, John has passed a stiff pre-Games medical examination. And not, as I at first thought, a stiff sex test. Apparently that was "women only."

The idea of my spouse undergoing a sex test was not the only thing that caused me to giggle.

One day a glossy brochure arrived from a well-known sports footwear firm. Being fashion crazy I pounced on it and was highly amused to see on one page, in all their Aztec glory, a pair of gold kangaroo-skin running spikes.

I tried to persuade John that he could run in nothing less than these 18-carat beauties. How tremendous they would look with the Australian green official tracksuit. But no, I was unable to appeal to his vanity.

It did appeal to mine, though. Remove the spikes, I mused, and they would look quite delicious with a black velvet evening trouser-suit. . . . "Don't you dare!" came the answering growl.

My more unenlightened acquaintances have assumed that I will automatically accompany John to Mexico as a spectator. Like most young couples, we simply could not afford the fare and it makes me wild when they thoughtlessly state, "I'll bet you're excited about going!"

Of course, I wish like fury that I could go — who wouldn't? But, strangely enough, even if I won first prize in the lottery tomorrow



JOHN FARRINGTON in action.

I would still remain at home like a good little chattel.

After all, an athlete will have to use all his powers of concentration on the sport alone while he is panting up there in the jetstream country. The unwritten law states: Wives definitely not wanted.

It is also surprising how many uninformed people believe that the world-class amateur athlete is paid for his more outstanding efforts on the international track.

Little do they realise that he has probably had to spend a fair amount of money simply to indulge in his sport. If he is not travelling to a match in which he is officially representing his country or State, then he must pay his expenses out of his own pocket.

Outlay of \$90

In fact, John had to remove \$90 from our kitty in order to compete in the Hobart pre-Olympic marathon trials. Although the N.S.W. officials sent a team, he was not included in it.

But it was because of his performance in this Australian championship event that he was selected to represent his country in Mexico City. Therefore, sometimes it pays off. Not always, though.

There is even a limit to the value of the prize any amateur athlete may win in

a race, and, certainly, cash prizes are *verboten*!

So important is this Olympic goal to dedicated runners who are married that they will sacrifice much in order to attain it. The social life of the partners is almost non-existent, the circle of friends made up almost exclusively of other athletes, and the life of the happy duo invariably revolves round the trusted trinity: work, training, rest, with a bit of injury time thrown in for good measure.

It was with very little soul-searching that we decided to postpone our more fruitful reproductive activities until after the 1972 Olympics — when John and I will be nudging our thirties.

For it would be more than a crime to prevent a healthy young warrior from attempting to add to his athletic achievements by obstructing his path with such decibel-ridden debris as screaming offspring and the heavy responsibility of a seemingly permanently pregnant wife.

How much more satisfactory it will be for our children to have not only a father of whom they can be proud but a parent who has grasped at a unique opportunity while he has had the chance, thus being free to enjoy his family without suffering, as so many do, the often disastrous frustrations of unfulfilled ambition.



MISS WORLD, Madeleine Hartog-Bel, centre, Shakira Baksh, left, and Maria Sabaliauskas.

MISS WORLD WILL VISIT AUSTRALIA

She'll be accompanied by two other placegetters and Australian girls on five-State fashion tour



PERU'S Madeleine Hartog-Bel, a photographic model, who since becoming Miss World has had her hair cut short.

THE three beautiful placegetters in the 1967 Miss World contest—all from South America—arrive in Australia on September 24 to appear in fashion parades in five States.

Miss World, Madeleine Hartog-Bel, of Peru, will be accompanied by runners-up Maria Sabaliauskas, of Argentina, and Shakira Baksh, of Guyana.

Their visit is being sponsored by Waltons in New South Wales and Victoria, by Waltons, McWhirters, and T. C. Beirne's, the Valley, Brisbane, John Martin and Co. Ltd. in Adelaide, and Boans Ltd. in Perth.

Australian fashion manu-

facturers are co-sponsoring the visit.

The girls' first official Australian appearance will be an hour-long national telecast from GTV9, Melbourne, at 7.30 p.m. on September 29.

The telecast will cover the judging of the 17 entrants in the Australia-wide "Quest of Quests" contest and will be relayed to TCN9, Sydney, CTC7, Canberra, WIN4, Wollongong, NBN3, Newcastle, QTC9, Brisbane, NWS9, Adelaide, and TVW7, Perth.

From America

Also on the telecast will be Miss Teen International, Janette McLeod, who has been in America for screen tests. She will fly to Melbourne for the telecast and to accompany the South

American visitors on their tour.

Also on the tour will be the girls selected during the telecast as Australia's entrants in the next Miss World, Miss Teen International, Miss Universe, and Queen of the Pacific contests.

After Australia-wide parades, the tour ends in Melbourne, where the girls will attend Melbourne Cup week and take part in the Fashions in the Field contest.

Beautiful brown-eyed photographic model Madeleine Hartog-Bel, aged 21, is the daughter of a Peruvian landholder father and an English mother.

She went to Paris last August. After a month or so modelling clothes, she switched to photographic modelling, but this only



ARGENTINA'S Maria Sabaliauskas, a 21-year-old Law student, who would like a career in the diplomatic service.



GUYANA'S Shakira Baksh, a former secretary, now a photographic model with an ambition to become an interpreter.



MADELEINE Hartog-Bel models a mini-skirted lime-green dress with white trim. She has two boutiques in Lima.

lasted a month, because the next thing she knew she had entered and won the Miss World contest in London.

Of all the hullabaloo about winning the Miss World contest, probably the prize she treasures most is a cable of congratulations from Peru's President Balaunde and a unanimously voted resolution in the Peruvian Parliament expressing delight over her triumph.

Her father, mother, five sisters, and one brother all live in Peru.

Then there is Raul Laos, a 35-year-old businessman whom she met and became engaged to when she won the Miss Peru title.

Despite European Press reports to the contrary, Madeleine still considers herself engaged to Raul.

She has established two boutiques in Lima, where she has a luxury apartment and two cars. In preparation for her trip, she is studying English, reading about Australia, asking questions.

Second in the Miss World contest, Maria Sabaliauskas, of Argentina, is also 21 and has chestnut hair and honey-colored eyes.

Maria, who speaks French and Spanish, is a Law student who wants a diplomatic career after graduating. Like the other two, this is her first visit to Australia.

She's very natural and slightly nervous — worried that her lack of English will

spoil her trip to Australia, so she is squeezing in English lessons between her studies and her duties as Miss Argentina.

As Miss Argentina she appears in two television programs each week, which leaves little time for her favorite hobby — pistol-shooting.

Many of the places Shakira Baksh, of Guyana, will see in Australia will have a ring of familiarity about them.

For Shakira, 21, shares a flat in London's Chelsea with an Australian girl, who, with the help of other Australians, has given her a rundown on what to expect.

Shakira was born in Georgetown, Guyana, where her mother, who owns a dress

shop, and three younger brothers live. Her father died when she was five.

Until the Miss Guyana contest last year, Shakira worked as a secretary in the Civil Service. She hoped eventually to study languages at university level — but the competition interrupted her plans.

Loves London

"My boss persuaded me to enter — and I won," said Shakira. "I would still like to do a language course and get a degree. I hope to do it next year."

Shakira came to London for the Miss World contest late last year and decided to stay.

"I fell in love with Lon-

don," she said. "Life here is so different from home. It is much freer. For example, I love mini-skirts, but I wouldn't wear them at home. Everyone would stare."

At present Shakira is doing photographic modeling and is in great demand.

"It is very exciting," she said, "but after a while you get sick of it. This is one reason I would like to have a degree. I would then have something to fall back on later, like being an interpreter."

Shakira has had a small part in a film, "Some Girls Do," starring Richard Johnson.

"I met Richard Johnson at a party and he spoke to the producer about me," said Shakira. "I am a robot in the film."

"I walk around with a sten gun most of the time. It is a crazy James Bond-type of film with lots of girls."

The Miss World competition was responsible for another change in Shakira's life — a broken romance — but she has no regrets.

"My boyfriend and I were going to become engaged, but when I came to London I found my feelings had changed," she said.

"At home, people get married young. I now think you should be about 25. By that time you are settled to a certain extent—you know what you want."



MARIA Sabaliauskas in blue trousers and yellow top. Maria, who speaks French and Spanish, is taking English lessons.



MARIA shows a striped one-piece swimsuit. She has an unusual hobby — pistol-shooting.

WHERE TO SEE THEM

PARADE dates and times are:

MELBOURNE: Waltons, Bourke Street, September 30-October 4.

ADELAIDE: John Martins, October 7-11.

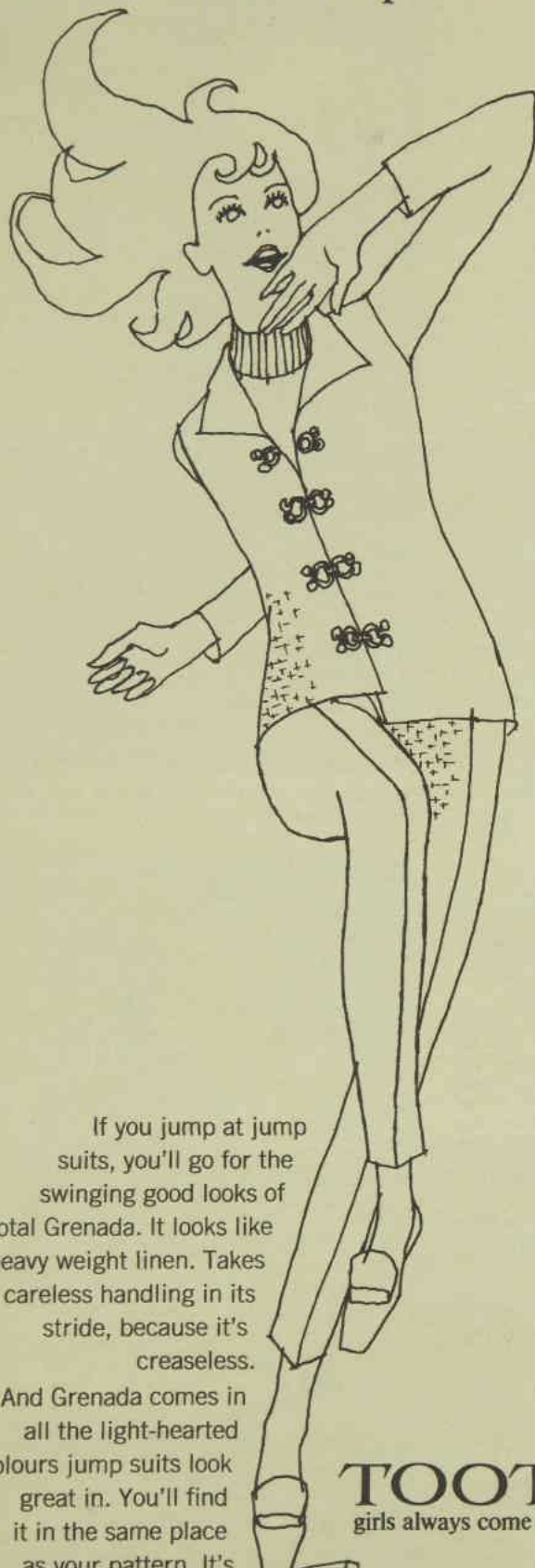
SYDNEY: Waltons, Town Hall, October 14-15; Waltons, Liverpool, October 16; Waltons, Bankstown, October 17.

CANBERRA: Waltons, October 18.

PERTH: Boans Ltd., Wellington and Murray Streets, October 21-25.

BRISBANE: Waltons, the Valley, visiting McWhirters and T.C. Beirne's, the Valley, October 28-November 1.

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girls always come out on top!



SOCIAL ROUNDABOUT

HIGHLY amused to hear of the trials and tribulations with which production manager Ken Southgate has had to cope for the Old Tote's new production, George Bernard Shaw's comedy, "You Never Can Tell." For the scenes in a dental surgery he has spent months trying to find a Victorian dentist's chair. He finally ran one to earth (for \$26) in a junk shop at Paddington, but had to buy a spittoon from a dental firm and bolt this to the chair. However, he's not the only person having troubles. Ken Shorter, who is supposed to be extracting teeth in one scene, has asked his dentist to let him "sit-in" one day while he's at work, so he'll know the correct way to manipulate the forceps and other instruments.

WHEN artist Justin O'Brien arrived by plane on September 3, with him came some much-travelled canvas. Eighteen months ago, when he left Australia, Justin took with him on the plane a large quantity of a special heavyweight canvas, difficult to get overseas. It went with him to Athens, the Greek Islands of Lesbos and Skyros, and finally to Rome, where he has now settled. He has brought back the canvas as 41 paintings and drawings (many of them showing the landscapes, fruit, and flowers of the Greek Islands), and they will go on show at his one-man exhibition at the Macquarie Galleries on October 16. Justin will spend two months in Australia.

BELIEVE the Donald Booths and their two children, Catherine and Philip, had a wonderful holiday at Bowral, where they stayed at Craigieburn. Fifth member of the party was Mr. Booth's mother, Mrs. James Booth.

AND I was glad to hear that Mrs. Booth's mother, Mrs. Norman Jenkyn, is out of hospital following some weeks in bed at home, and a three-week spell at the Mater.

SAW one of our smartest young matrons—Mrs. Brian Ettelson—during the week looking beautifully unruffled and casual in a superbly tailored cream gabardine shirt-maker dress, which featured an outside box pleat at the front, large patch pockets (with flaps) on the skirt, and gold buttons and cufflinks. Her smart sling-back Pierre Cardin shoes in the same color had gold "see-through" buckles.

I WAS most interested to hear from Lady Roberts news of her daughter Meredith, who has been living in Washington now for about two years. Meredith is working as assistant to the director of the Institute for American Democracy, a private body which fights extremists movements both Right and Left. Lady Roberts says Meredith loves her job and life in Washington, where she has a delightful apartment overlooking the Pentagon.

SPEAKING midweek with Mrs. Robert Melville, who told me that arrangements for the art show which the St. George Hospital Medical Association (of which her husband is president) will stage on September 14 are well under way. Money from the party (at which there'll be a champagne supper) is to go toward the cost of bringing out Dr. George Crile from the Cleveland Clinic in America, to be guest professor in October at the association's reunion week.

EXCITING news for the David Godfrey-Smiths, who received a cable to tell them that their son-in-law, Geoffrey Hughes, has been awarded his Ph.D. at the University of Illinois after three years' study. Although the family (Geoffrey, their daughter Gillian, and now ten-month-old Christopher) has lived abroad all that time, the Godfrey-Smiths visited them in the United States last year. They, and also Geoffrey's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Hughes, are looking forward to seeing them home for Christmas, after which they'll go back to Illinois for a further two years.

I'M hoping to get over to the gala opening of the Antique Dealers' Fair at Mosman Town Hall on September 30 to see three special pieces which will be on show. There's a pair of Queen Anne candlesticks of Irish silver made by David King in Dublin in 1790; an exquisite Dresden mirror with console table of applied turquoise porcelain over gold velvet with chiselled ormolu mounts (which I'm told was originally designed for a Viennese baroness), and an early 19th-century occasional table which will be the prize in a competition to aid the Truby King Mobile Clinic. The enthusiastic committee which works for the clinic is arranging the gala premiere.

DIARY stars . . . September 14, when a Spring Garden Fete will be held at "Mahratia," at Warrawee, to aid the Royal Blind Society; and September 22, when the International Centre Foundation Central Auxiliary are holding a Night in Spain at the Cabaret Espana.

SAMPLES of the Christmas cards which different charities have had printed this year have started arriving in my mailbox, and this week there's the cutest red, green, and white one from the Asthma Foundation. On the front it shows a little girl in a red nightgown, her long hair tied with a green bow, on her way to bed, holding a lighted candle. It's the work of university student Susan Kessler and, I'm told, is her first effort at designing Christmas cards.

IT sounds as if the party on September 13 to celebrate medical student Christopher Bambach's twenty-first birthday will be quite a gay one. Among the sixty guests will be several cousins from Melbourne and many of Christopher's friends from Sydney University.

THE chapel at The King's School, where Lieutenant Malcolm Robinson went to school, will be the setting on September 12 for his marriage with country girl Nancy Fraser, of "East Toorale," via Bourke. When they return from their honeymoon, the newlyweds will make their home on Malcolm's property, "Ellerslie," Enngonia, via Bourke.

—Mollie Lyons



MARRIED. Mr. and Mrs. Peter Bennett outside St. Luke's Church, Mosman, following their marriage. The bride was Miss Suzanne Sharp, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Sydney Sharp, of Mosman. The bridegroom is the only son of the late Mr. and Mrs. W. Bennett.

BELOW: Miss June Curach (at left) with Miss Wendie Sawyer at the luncheon and fashion parade at the Royal Motor Yacht Club at Point Piper which was arranged by members of The Undercover Girls committee to raise funds for the Civilian Maimed and Limbless Association.



ABOVE: Informal poolside setting for wedding of Mr. and Mrs. Anthony Everingham at the home of the bridegroom's parents, Colonel and Mrs. Aubrey Everingham, of "Green-sleeves," Park Orchards, Victoria. They are pictured with the bride's sister, matron-of-honor Mrs. John Drummond Young, flowergirl Louisa Stanford, and pageboy Hamish Drummond Young. The bride was Miss Penny Hall, daughter of Mrs. Bruce Hall, of Neutral Bay, and of the late Dr. Hall. The newlyweds are both members of the Marionette Theatre Company of Australia.



ABOVE: Mr. Malcolm McLaurin with Miss Margot Cooper and his sister, Miss Marilyn McLaurin (left to right), at the "Spanish Fiesta" dinner dance at Ye Olde Crusty Taverne which was arranged by members of the Oliver Twist Committee to aid the Waitara Babies' Home.



BIRTHDAY LUNCHEON. Mrs. William Crook, wife of the Ambassador for the United States (left), with Mrs. E. A. Holbrook, president of the American Women's Club, at the luncheon at the Australia Hotel to celebrate the club's 22nd birthday. Mrs. Crook came from Canberra to be guest-of-honor.



AT RIGHT: Sisters Marilyn Perry (second from left) and Jennifer Perry, who announced their engagements on the same day, pictured with their fiancés. Marilyn is engaged to Gregory Gardiner (far left) and Jennifer to Michael Johnson. The girls are the daughters of Mr. and Mrs. Ted Perry, of Edgecliff. Gregory is the son of Mr. and Mrs. Ted Gardiner, of Bondi. Michael is the son of Mr. and Mrs. W. Johnson, of England.

Hold it! this is a stick-up

BAND-AID Brand Dressings stick at a touch—stay put even under water. Next time a hurt happens, cover it quick!

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Film role for Luna the model

From ALAN HUNTER, in Hollywood

"**A**CTING comes natural to me. I think I'm always 'on'—I'm dramatic every hour of every day. But I know I've surprised a lot of people who thought I was too loony to ever be an actress."

Luna speaking. Dhonyale Luna, the Negro model, well known in New York, London, Paris, and Rome, now triumphant after her first major film role.

Lengthwise, there's a lot of Luna, and you will see her soon on the screen playing the mistress of Jackie Gleason in "Skidoo." It was a role once destined for Faye Dunaway, but she chose to break her contract with Otto Preminger and do "After the Fall" instead, whereupon Luna was quickly signed up and put to work.

(Preminger had met the striking six-foot-one model at a party for Twiggy in New York. In a way she reminded him of Twiggy—not shapely and for all her height carrying no more than 8st. 11lb. of weight; and with her grasshopper legs she looks six feet six!)

Now he remembered her. He heard she had made a screen test, and after he ran it he was so eager to sign her that he traced her to Rome.

He startled her with the long-distance call: "I want you to play 'God's' mistress." Then he explained that "God" in "Skidoo" is the irreverent albeit appropriate name given by gangsters to their chief—Jackie Gleason.

"Freaky-looking"

"I was surprised for another reason," Luna told me. "I was always so tall and kind of a freaky-looking girl, so that I never thought anyone would seriously give me a chance to act."

"I've been called freaky because I have this Nefertiti head. At times I've felt as old as Nefertiti, especially making the picture. It took a lot out of me, mentally more than physically."

Luna, now 22, is oddly beautiful.

"No one ever called me beautiful until I was 17," she said. "I was in Detroit, and I went to New York to find work, and suddenly I

found I was being called sensational, like wow! zoom! boom! and I got whisked away into a profession I had never really considered or wanted."

Her unusual name is her real one, and she is of Irish, Spanish, oriental, and Negro blood. She had the schoolgirl urge to become an actress, and later appeared on stage at the Detroit Civic Centre Theatre in dramas, comedy, and musicals.

In New York she still wanted to go on the stage, but instead went to work for "Harper's Bazaar" magazine as a high-fashion model and ultimately became the highest-paid Negro model anywhere.

"Skidoo" is not her first film appearance. While in Italy she played herself in "Qui Etes-Vous?" and also appeared in a TV special with Salvador Dali.

Likes being tall

"I'm grateful for my break in this picture," she told me, "because it is so rewarding, so creative. What is there creative about modelling?"

Despite her height, Luna wears high heels. "I hate to look short," she says. "I've got used to being tall and I like it."

Her choice in clothes runs mainly to slacks, from black velvet ("It is *tres chic*") to skin-tight levis, with a myriad array of blouses and sweaters ("colors are exciting—they make a woman LIVE"). All her dressing is "for fun."

She reads voraciously, loves rock-'n-roll—"the louder the better"—wears a Hindu-type caste-mark in the middle of her forehead ("my third eye"), and devotes herself to spreading love and happiness.

She would like to live in Italy.

"Of course I want to get married," she smiled to my question. "But I have plenty of time for that. Now I'm enjoying being a woman, and my constant companion is my Maltese terrier Christianne, who was with me even while I worked on the set of 'Skidoo.' Just a little old ball of white fluff, but so loving, so beautiful."

Luna's clothes for "Skidoo" were all designed by Rudi Gernreich. She will model them in Europe to promote the picture early in 1969.



DHONYALE LUNA in her dressing-room with script of "Skidoo" at the Hollywood studios.



RUDI GERNREICH, above and below, checks a design for the film. Luna visited Australia last year, spelling her first name Donyale and wearing her hair so long and wild she seemed to be peering through a swirling black cloud.



Johnson & Johnson

Women in retirement

AFTER 39 YEARS WITH ONE FIRM

— "It's nice to have time to do all the things you have wanted to do for so long," she says.

"SOMEONE said, 'Why not wait another year and make it your 40th?' But I thought, oh my, 40 sounds terrible, 39 sounds so much better for a woman, so I said, no, I would retire this year."

Tall, slim, vivacious Mary Cleary was relaxing at home after a lifetime of service with Woolworths.

"Time on my hands? My, oh my, certainly not. I am terribly busy. There's my garden, which I love, friends to see — and I do spend a lot of time on the telephone. And with your own home there is always something to do, isn't there?"

"It is nice to have time to do all the things you have wanted to do for so long. Not to have to get up early in the morning, not to have to cram your whole week's shopping into a Saturday morning. Time to relax and soak up the sun."

"I've been right around the world — long-service leave gave me the time — I've seen most of Australia, so the travel bug is well out of my system."

"Friends used to say, 'Oh, Mary, how can you travel overseas by yourself?' I couldn't see it that way. I had a simple upbringing, but I found by getting round on my own I learned to take care of myself."

"I could walk into any hotel anywhere in the world and meet people, make friends on the ships and the planes I used, and, in doing so, developed my character, gained poise."

"And an inquiring mind gives you such a lot of interests. Too many people worry about retiring because they have done nothing else but their job, made no outside life. When the time comes to leave, what have they got?"

Mary started her working life at Woolworths' Parramatta store in 1929, the fourth store the Australia-

wide chain opened after it was founded in 1924.

"I wasn't thinking about a job at that time," she said. "I was very young. But my father saw the store open and one day just walked in and asked for a job for me, came home and told me I was starting the next day."

"Changes? Have I noticed changes? Oh, dear, yes. In those early days it was quite

By
GLORIA NEWTON

informal, rather like belonging to one big family."

"If only one had had foresight! We were offered shares and given the chance to pay them off each week. Well, at that time Woolworths was only in a small way and you couldn't look 40 years ahead. Anyway, I didn't."

"I remember I started on £1 a week, but my parents were given to saving and taught me to value every penny. I remember I used to put 5/- a week in the bank

and give my mother something."

"What I did with the rest I just can't remember. Obviously, my parents must have dressed me, as I don't remember wanting for anything."

"Oh, wait, yes, now I remember. I was absolutely mad about rich cream cakes. There was one window I just couldn't pass. It is a wonder I am not the size of a house."

"I never dreamt for a moment that Woolworths would be the way it is now — offices overseas and 900 stores in Australia and New Zealand."

"When I started, people didn't like being seen shopping in Woolworths. As for working there, well, when you told people you did they treated you almost as if you had the plague."

"Oh, yes, there were times when I thought I would like to change jobs, but I had so many changes that it didn't seem the same job."

"I moved around a lot. And, remember, it was



MISS MARY CLEARY with some of the crystal presented to her when she retired recently.

something really big, really exciting for a young girl who had lived, been to school, and worked in Parramatta to be suddenly transferred to Sydney. It was a very big step to walk into an office filled with people."

"I worked in different city stores as cashier, head cashier, as liaison officer between staff and executives. I trained young girls as cashiers and, just before I retired, I was at the Silverwater office doing analyses for computer work."

Mary was born in her well-cared-for home. When her parents died, she felt she should move. There were too many things around to remind her of them."

But the thought of leaving was also hard, so she decided

to completely refurnish and redecorate it in modern style.

"For a time it was quite a riot," she said, laughing. "There was furniture disappearing out one door and new stuff coming in the other."

One of her proudest possessions is displayed in two china cabinets — the crystal given to her by the staff the day she left Woolworths.

"I was tired that last day," she said. "I was taken to lunch and, while I knew there was to be a small gathering for me that night, I was goggle-eyed at the large number of people who came to farewell me."

"That part of my life is over and I am looking forward to the new life ahead."

FOR 38 YEARS WITH A SYDNEY RADIO STATION



MRS. JOY MOORHOUSE—for 38 years with 2GB, Sydney, 30 of them on the station's switchboard.

JACK DAVEY,
George Edwards,
John Harper . . .

Radio personalities like these were part of Mrs. Joy Moorhouse's working life for 38 years. When she retired recently from 2GB, her reminiscences were many.

But they weren't all of the famous, nor of budding young actors who "blossomed" into Peter Finch, Rod Taylor.

The people Mrs. Moorhouse will always remember are the housewife who didn't know how to bake a fruit cake; the frantic husband who thought she could tell him how to get his wife out of a hypnotic trance . . .

The listeners themselves, who over the years jammed the 2GB switchboard with inquiries, expecting Mrs. Moorhouse — or Joy as they called her — to know all the answers.

She usually did. Sometimes it meant following long roads of inquiry, by phone, all over Sydney.

"The switchboard was sup-

posed to be the shop window of 2GB," Mrs. Moorhouse said. "So I couldn't say, 'Sorry, I can't help you.' I had to find an answer."

"Listeners phoned me at home, too," she said in her soft, friendly voice. "That was when I was working with Terry Dear. He had prizes that jackpotted, and the listeners would ask excitedly, 'Has the competition been won yet?'"

What did her draughtsman husband, John, who will retire later this year, think about the intrusions?

"He understood. He's a wonderful man, with the maddest, funniest, most teasing sense of humor."

Odd moments of humor down the years have warmed Mrs. Moorhouse, too. She told me about a dispute over the Welsh national emblem.

"A listener phoned, wanting to know what it was," she said. "I told her it was the leek, but someone else thought it was the daffodil, so I decided to check with the ABC."

"I didn't tell them who I was, and they asked me to hold the line. A minute later there was a call on our switch: 'This is the ABC. Could you tell us what the Welsh national emblem is, please?'"

"I hung up pretty smartly." She was a shy 15-year-old when she joined 2GB.

In those early days she had to be versatile. She sang Noel Coward-type songs to early morning listeners ("In those

By
VALERIE CARR

days they used any of the stuff with some talent").

She did secretarial work for a brief spell, and in the earliest soap operas she even crackled paper to make the sound of flames.

From having a go at everything, Mrs. Moorhouse moved to the switchboard — and began answering everything! That's where she stayed for 30 years.

"I was offered other jobs, but I loved the staggered hours, and I met so many famous people. Working at night you'd get them cups of coffee."

Who were the famous?

● Jack Davey. "He was the most quick-witted man I've met. He could rhyme anything with anything at the drop of a hat."

● Jack Lumsdaine. "He was one of the 'Radio Rascals.' A wonderful pianist and singer, too."

● Al Thomas, Harry Dearth, Charles Cousens . . . How could she, or anyone who belonged to that era, forget them?

The 'thirties and early 'forties were halcyon years, according to Mrs. Moorhouse. Radio was growing rapidly. Uncle George just had to mention he wanted a kitten and the station would be inundated with cats.

It wasn't only Jack Davey's natural wit that kept people listening, or breakfast announcer John Harper's gravelly voice.

Talented unknowns brought in new followers—Joy Nichols, Kitty Bluett, Dick Bentley, Peter Finch.

"Peter Finch was one of my contemporaries," Mrs. Moorhouse said. "We'd often lend each other two bob to buy sandwiches at lunchtime."

"I knew Kitty Bluett and Joy Nichols well, too. They always remember me in letters. 'Is she still there?' they ask, or 'Give her my love.'"

Until she retired, Mrs. Moorhouse was still mothering listeners. True, the inquiries concerned Vietnam and student demonstrations, but that warm, friendly feeling was still there.



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THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — September 18, 1968

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THE BUSH FOR ROLF

● Rolf Harris has only one complaint about his audiences these days—they want all his old songs over and over, clamor for "Tie Me Kangaroo Down," though he has a lot of new material.

ROLF HARRIS, the Western Australian who is now a popular figure on the world entertainment scene, hopes to spend three months in Australia next year.

If he manages it, the time will be spent in the bush.

"I've got to get away from the cities and entertaining, and spend a lot of time getting close to the country again," he said.

"I want to see some of the vital part of Australia, the north-west of Western Australia and the Territory."

Rolf told me this when he was in Australia in May. He was tired, worn out with work, exhausted emotionally.

He had just finished a BBC series of 26 "Rolf Harris Shows," had hit Australia in Perth, and, after appearances there, was in the throes of a two-shows-a-night season at Chequers, breaking all kinds of records.

Talking to Rolf away from an audience, I couldn't imagine it really was the effervescent character so well known to viewers, who bounds around singing, strumming, yarning.

"This season here has been overwhelming," he said. "People wishing me well, applauding, it has been just tremendous. But I must come back when I have more time, when I can relax more, see Australia, get back to it, to my beginnings."

I was worried about Rolf. He was quiet, without vivacity. But when he hit the family reunion (see picture overleaf), his mother and

By
NAN MUSGROVE

grandchildren, laughing, playing, growing up.

After the mammoth family reunion at her intriguing Vaucluse house, the whole party adjourned to Chequers and stayed on through both shows. Soon after that Rolf left for Melbourne, where he made the TCN9 special to be seen on Sunday, September 15, at 7.30 p.m.

In it Rolf draws, talks, sings all the good old numbers for which he is so well known.

★ ★ ★
WALT DISNEY, who died in December, 1966, has been honored by the United States with a commemorative postage stamp.

The stamp shows a parade of children hand-in-hand, who emerge from a tiny castle in one corner to surround a portrait of Disney.

Disney will never die while his famous cartoons and "Disneyland," probably the most consistently popular TV show ever (TCN9, Sundays, 6.30 p.m.), live.

Killing a snake with conviction

I WAS brought up in a house where the steel-lined handle of an ancient whip stood in a certain corner on the back veranda. If it wasn't standing in its corner it was being used to kill a snake.

Sometimes a snake got into the house. Once I found a red-bellied black snake, 6ft. long, behind my bedroom door. It was dealt with by the whip handle, and I watched it, its back broken, being eaten by ants on a nearby ant-hill, enjoying the gruesome sight.

Perhaps that is why I found "The Drover's Wife," ABC-TV's Australian documentary, a dramatized narrative of a Henry Lawson story, so evocative, so absorbing.

It is a simple story about a drover's wife, left alone with her four children for months on end while her husband is droving.

Her only protection is her stout spirit and her cattle dog, Alligator.

The story opens when, late one day, she sees a venomous snake disappear under the hut's bedroom floor. She goes into the kitchen, where there is a dirt floor—the bedroom has a slab floor with cracks a snake could slide through.

The wife beds the children down on the table, builds up the fire in the stove, and with Alligator, a



ROLF HARRIS — he's had a fantastic year; he's at the top of the tree. But next time he comes back home to Australia he wants a quiet spell in the Northern Territory.



THIS IS the American stamp issued as a tribute to a great showman — the late Walt Disney. The design includes figures of children, for whom he mainly worked.

snake-killing cattle dog, keeps vigil through the night, waiting for the snake.

As she sits by the fire she thinks, in filmed flashbacks, of what her life has been since she married.

Eventually, in the early morning, the snake appears, she kills it, and life goes on again without drama.

There were many admirable things about "The Drover's Wife" — Clarissa Kaye, as the wife, was one of them.

One of the notable things about actors and actresses is their inability to do simple things as if they'd done them before — use a typewriter, shovel some earth, chop some wood, and, in Clarissa Kaye's case, dispose of the dead body of a snake.

Miss Kaye hoisted the snake on the green sapling branch she killed it with, and with practised dexterity lifted the circular plate out of the fire-box of the old fuel stove and dropped the body into the flames. To see her, you'd think she'd done it hundreds of times.

I liked, too, the mouth organ background music, the family's Sunday walk, the united front the family and Alligator presented to the swagman, the wife's harsh manner that covered her obvious affection for her children, and that final poignant moment, in the quiet

following the snake-killing, when her eldest son told her: "Mother, I won't never go drovin'."

I didn't like Alan Ashbolt's narration. He sounded self-conscious, like a pedantic schoolteacher or a young curate trying out his new "pulpit" voice.

"The Drover's Wife" was directed by Italian Gian Carlo Manara, and is the ABC's entry in the documentary section of Ireland's Golden Harp Festival.

I think it is a great mistake not to have dated "The Drover's Wife," which was written by Lawson between 1896 and 1900, about the people and conditions of that time.

There was nothing in it to date it, except a passing reference to her husband buying her a buggy.

"The Drover's Wife" was filmed at Hermitdale, a little place about 40 miles from Nyngan, on the road to Bourke, N.S.W.

The hut used in the film was an original drover's hut, built of stringybark and papered on the inside with newspapers of the late 1880s, but you couldn't see the date in the documentary.

And there certainly was nothing about the timeless Australian bush, or the clothes, to show the Irish, or anyone else at the festival, that it was about the Australia of nearly 70 years ago.

TOMMY HANLON'S

Thought for the week

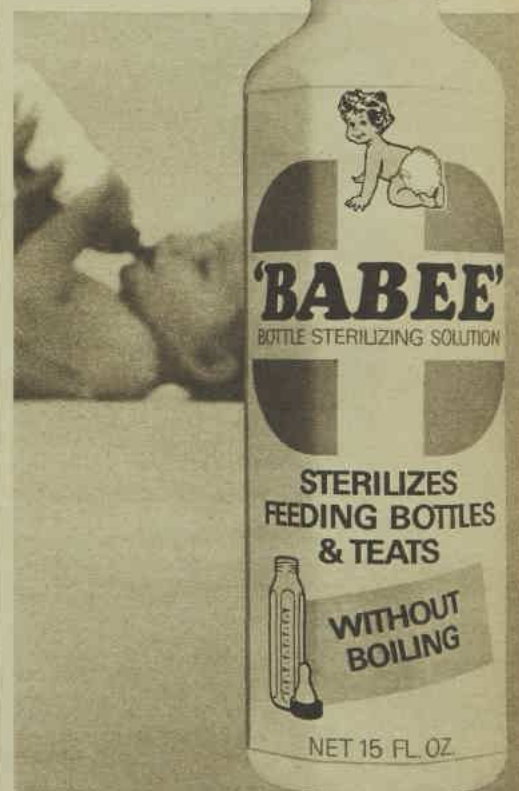
Momma once said, when I asked her secret for a happy marriage, "I think trust is one thing to start out with and other good words to remember are respect, share, teamwork, and forgiveness. And perhaps one of the most important words is honor." But I know her secret and I'll pass it on to you.

MOMMA'S MORAL: "The secret of a happy marriage is to find someone you could be happy arguing with."

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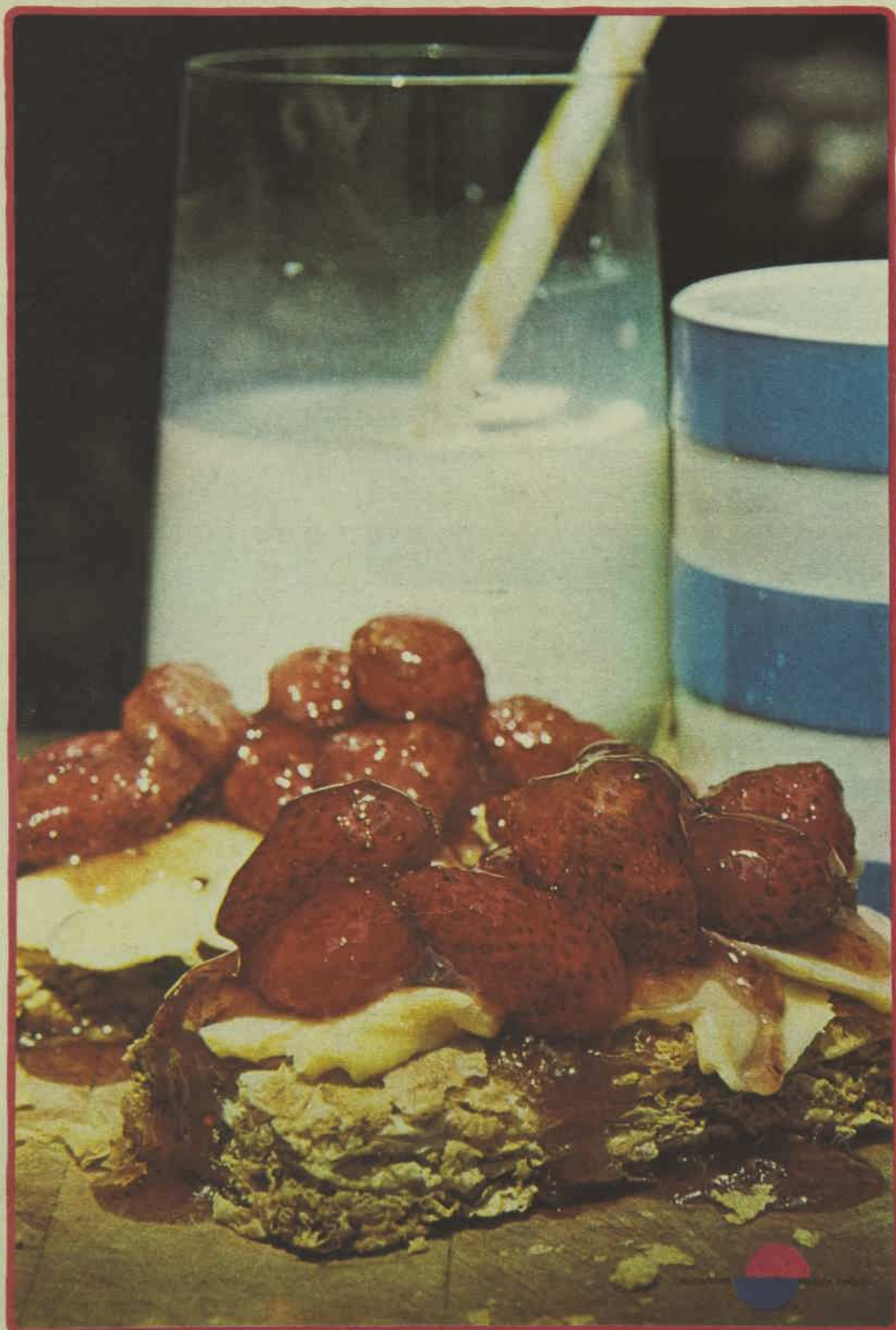
READ TV TIMES FOR FULL WEEK'S PROGRAMS

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — September 18, 1968

Page 15

A STRAWBERRY COVERED WEETBIX WELCOME

What a way to welcome them home from school



A big crisp Weet-Bix, smothered in butter and piles of strawberry jam. A little surprised? Could be you've forgotten the taste of a crisp Weet-Bix eaten like this. Remember today, when the kids bound in after school... have one with them, for old times sake. Maybe you'll remember another way you loved them. Have that tomorrow.



Don't put the Weet-Bix away after breakfast. They're too good. Sanitarium see to that.



IT'S ROLF'S TV YEAR

ROLF HARRIS, Australian entertainer at large, is at present the In Thing of TV round the world. His latest TV show, a special for the National Nine Network made on his last visit home, has that extra Harris touch that always seems to come with his Australian performances, when he has his own family watching and is refreshed and revitalised by the Australian scene.

His latest show, "Rolf Harris in Australia," rounds off his TV year. His BBC show is tops (ABC-TV, Saturdays, 7.30 p.m.). He is sought after everywhere for recordings, personal and Royal Command appearances, nightclub seasons.

I found Rolf at a family reunion with his parents and his favorite aunt, his father's sister, famous Australian artist Pixie O'Harris, and about 20 other relatives.

Between numerous cups of tea, the only tippie to which he is addicted (he doesn't touch alcohol), and exuberant family talk, staff photographer Ron Berg took this delightful study of Rolf, his wife, Alwen, and daughter, Bindi, 4.

Bindi, as enchanting as she looks, criticised me severely for mistaking her giraffe for a horse, before she gave an impromptu performance.

— NAN MUSGROVE

"Rolf Harris in Australia" may be seen at 7.30 p.m., Sydney, TCN9; Brisbane, QTQ9, September 15; Melbourne, GTV9; Perth, TVW7, September 16; Adelaide, NWS9, September 19; Hobart, TVT6, September 21.

AFLOAT WITH THE BURTONS



DINING-ROOM. Diners not speaking could take opposite ends of the table! Six of the chairs are genuine antiques, bought for \$1500; the other six were copied for about the same price. The glass-and-brass wall-light fitting which can be seen is one of six, and they cost over \$2000, excluding the designing fee paid to Arthur Barbosa.



● The new Richard Burton-Elizabeth Taylor yacht *Kalizma*, on the Thames, has been given a \$250,000 refit. During the work, reporter Susan Raven and photographer Terence Le Goubin were invited aboard for this report



MASTER BATHROOM, complete with bath-to-ceiling mirrors. A sudden untypical economy drive meant that the designer had to make do with some of the yacht's former fittings (there are also two peach pedestal basins). The paper was chosen to kill the color.

ARTHUR BARBOSA ("bar for bar, b.o. for B.O., s.a. for sex appeal") says it's the first time he has ever designed the interior of a boat, and it will be the last. Not because he doesn't like the results, but because "the whole thing has been such torment."

He looks up his engagement book for last summer, when he took on the job. "Hysterical writing—this is obviously it." And then he was doing only the saloon.

This spring, when he was doing all the principal rooms, the entries read: "torture"; "more torture." One Sunday in May was "indescribable."

The boat is the *Kalizma*, property of Elizabeth Taylor and Richard Burton. Built 62 years ago, it has been much dolled up over the years. The Burtons chartered it in the South of France last summer, when it was called the *Odyssia*.

They liked it so much they bought it for around \$200,000, and renamed it *Ka* . . . after Burton's daughter Kate, *liz* . . . after Mrs. Burton's daughter Liza Todd, and *ma* after their adopted daughter Maria. In the past year they have spent around \$250,000 on refitting it.

Barbosa—a half-Portuguese—got involved because he's a lifelong friend of Rex Harrison and had decorated a summerhouse for the Harrisons in Portofino which the Burtons admired.

Barbosa went to Italy to take measurements, and submitted designs to the Burtons at the Dorchester on July 27, 1967 ("in a crowd of film producers, various writers, and children in fancy-dress").

They were approved, and it was agreed that the saloon at least should be done within two weeks.

(Unfortunately \$1000 of Super Peerless Wilton carpet ordered from England was

delayed—first by someone who volunteered to deliver it being impounded with van and carpet at Calais, and then by the courier sent to accompany it through Customs "losing" the carpet because, after leaving the train at Basel to get a drink, he got back on to a different train to Milan.)

During the winter the *Kalizma* was moved to shipyards in Marseilles for its general overhaul. The major redecoration was to begin at the same time—Barbosa had his working drawings approved by the Burtons in Rome in November, and he had been working at his home in Sussex on his panels for the master bedroom.

But the estimates for the engine-room refit and structural repairs alone were so enormous—about \$360,000—that a financial adviser flew over from Nassau in February to see what economies could be made.

Barbosa's agent, Virgil Pomfret, of Artist Partners, almost inadvertently became general overseer of the entire Marseilles operation.

Both he and Barbosa commuted almost fortnightly to Marseilles. For Barbosa, who never flies if he can help it, it meant nearly a 24 hours' journey there and 24 hours back every time.

Stormy voyage

Barbosa had to supervise the translation of his designs into paint and plaster; it took ages to get the color of the dining-room right. He had to see that they understood his joinery instructions for the bar and all the bookshelves, for doors and fitted furniture—difficult, since his only foreign language is Portuguese—and polished all the woodwork correctly. Some things he had to leave and hope for the best.

Back in England he and Pomfret were buying furniture at Christie's, ordering other furniture to be made specially, and taking swatches and samples to the Burtons, then working at Elstree, for approval. ("Some



THE SALOON. It was redecorated for Elizabeth Taylor and Richard Burton when they bought the yacht early this year, and now most of it has been done again, including a \$1000 change of carpet. Installation alone of the stereo equipment cost nearly \$5000.

progress" was recorded in Barbosa's diary after one of these visits.)

Covers, curtains, and carpets had to be ordered. The Burtons' own china and silver would be flown over from Gstaad, and linen from Rome, but Virgil Pomfret had to buy glass for the dining-room.

In the middle of May the Kalizma finally left Marseilles, and after some anxious days—half the crew walked off in Spain, and there was severe weather in the Bay of Biscay—she was reported off the English coast. On the afternoon of May 28—eight days late—Tower Bridge was raised and she joined the Beatriz of Bolivia, the Burtons' chartered yacht moored off Tower Pier.

The Kalizma had been a bit bashed about, and water had got in through the main guest-room porthole; she'd need quite a bit of touching up. Virgil Pomfret and Arthur Barbosa went aboard and spent the afternoon making notes of what still needed doing and arranged for a telephone to be installed—a matter of urgency, not least because Arthur intended to place a bet on the Derby next day.

One of Virgil Pomfret's two young assistants—both old Etonians like himself—spent the afternoon arranging for painters and joiners to come as soon as possible and the carpets to be sent from the warehouses where they were being stored. A tender was hired at \$15 a day, to be on call for all journeys from ship to shore.

By the next morning the air was heavy with disapproval. In the master bedroom

Their latest yacht cost a cheerful fortune —and the saga of the interior redesigning has its hilarious side. No expense was spared, "for, after all, we're working for a queen!"

Arthur Barbosa was exclaiming, "They've got the lights the wrong way round—the double ones should be where the single ones are—and they're inches too high. They're obviously lousy where they are. And the shades! That hideous pink lining will have to come off."

In the dining-room Virgil Pomfret was groaning over the surface of the table: "They've made it look like a cheap radiogram. I suppose it's Marseilles' idea of sophistication. Of course, it will have to be redone."

The color of the dining-room walls was specially mixed, and no one now can find the tin for retouching; the sailor who was in charge of it was one of those who walked off the boat in Spain.

A wall-cupboard door "sticks"; the bolt will have to be moved, and the carpenters hope they won't scratch the paint. The plateglass door creaks when it swings shut; it will have to be rehung and someone found to translate the French instructions

under the brass plate at its foot. Whoever varnished the woodwork has smeared neighboring panes of glass.

Worse still, the \$1000 Super Peerless Wilton in the saloon, delivered to Santa Margherita after so much trouble, has—contrary to express instructions—been wet-cleaned. It has shrunk at least six inches and will have to be relegated to the principal guest bedroom.

The passageway carpet has also shrunk, by 18 inches, and will have to be replaced. And, apart from shrinkage, wet-cleaned carpets cannot be waterproofed—essential because of the Burtons' dogs.

Seepage has been discovered behind the panels in the master bedroom. The new saloon lampshades are actually fraying.

The man from Nu-Swift in Piccadilly ("We do the royal yacht, and Anna Neagle has our fire extinguishers") came aboard to inspect the fire safety precautions, and discovered that all the extinguishers were date-

stamped 1966 and would have to be replaced.

("Extinguishers are essential, Arthur," said Virgil. "You can paint them yellow with white flowers on if you like." "On no account," said Arthur.)

Some \$1700 of further fire precautions were ordered. "After all, she is more important than the expense," Mrs. Burton was generally referred to as She. "Their financial chap said we should spare no expense on safety. After all, he said, we're working for a queen."

Arthur reported that electricians had told him that the French wiring was first-class. "Just thought I'd mention it."

Quite new problems arose. The Burtons' four dogs had arrived in London back in February in the Beatriz of Bolivia, chartered, it was said, at more than \$22,000 a month to transport the dogs and assorted staff to Britain. To avoid quarantine the dogs remained on board. Now they were to be transferred—under the eye of the Customs men—to the Kalizma.

They were, to all intents and purposes, totally untrained. Subsequent reports that the owner of the Beatriz of Bolivia was putting in a three-figure bill for stains and general damage to carpets and upholstery caused no surprise.

The carpet-planner, who had come to work out what carpets were to be laid where, noticed the dog-dirt in the saloon and exclaimed, "My men won't clear that

Continued overleaf



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Page 20

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — September 18, 1968

Afloat with the Burtons



BURTONS' DOGS. Giorgio, Enzo, Catbird, and O Fie, on the afterdeck. On their account all the yacht's carpets have had to be waterproofed.



MASTER BEDROOM. The reproduction Chippendale mirror was made for \$1000, and the curtain and cushion material cost \$22 a yard wholesale. Canary-yellow is Elizabeth Taylor's favorite color.

From page 19

up. It's not part of their job. If it's left, they'll lay the carpet over the top of it."

By Friday the carpet-layers were at work: it took the two of them four days to lay it all. (The dog-dirt was removed by one of the crew, but from now on it's a constant battle to keep the dogs in the uncarpeted part.) Polythene was laid over it; even so there were dirty footmarks everywhere.

The upholsterer arrived to hang the curtains and do the bedheads: one of them is being nailed with yellow velvet on the afterdeck, amid a quantity of furniture and old carpets and rubbish waiting to go ashore.

All of it will be put into store, although when Virgil Pomfret fills in a form to insure it he rates it at only \$125. "But we're not throwing anything away. She never forgets a thing."

Pekes' chicken lunch

Pomfret's secretary Lucy brings him a list of things to do: "Rentokil to get for cockroaches; I haven't seen any, but I'm told there are some. Check radiator for leaks. New bulb for main bedroom. Ring engine-room expert. Get someone to remove furniture."

Eight marine painters, from the firm who did Tower Bridge, arrived to paint the superstructure; they had to wash the salt off first. There are 21 people to feed besides the crew. The food produced by the French chef, the captain's brother-in-law, is delicious, and the workmen are full of praise. "Steak it was today."

Their only criticism was that the first couple of days there was no tea aboard. One of the crew produces some 12-proof Algeriana which the Customs men had left out of bond.

On Saturday there is quite a party atmosphere, though the confusion is as great as ever. The dogs have fillet of chicken with croutons for lunch, and Mrs. Pomfret and Mrs. Barbosa come to have a look.

The Pomfrets actually moved house themselves on Friday, and Mrs. Pomfret jokingly threatens Virgil with divorce proceedings because he's diverted her painters and curtain-hanger to the Kalizma. Her drawing-room won't now be ready for months.

Two of the pekies fight savagely; but they are quieter when someone comes from the Beatriz to give them a bath, amid the piled-up deck furniture and rubbish on the afterdeck. Monsieur Raymond himself—"I'm chief steward, chief purser, chief interpreter," and he once managed a London nightclub—is switching from the Beatriz to the Kalizma; some of the Beatriz's crew are

following him. The stereo people are installing the stereo, which will pipe sound all over the boat. Three of the four lavatories are flushing all the time, the fourth won't flush at all: the plumber must be sent for.

From midstream comes the sound of the loudhailers on the tourist boats: the Kalizma featured in their commentaries on its first day, and now, Pomfret says, they're beginning to get their facts right.

On Sunday and Monday, which is a bank holiday, the workmen get double time; even so, there are fewer of them. No work is being done on the children's cabins, except carpeting and basic redecoration, but they are full of bric-a-brac and must be cleared.

People from household-problem firms begin to sort out the rubbish, and even do ordinary housework. A man is coming to clean all the porthole windows—and a couple of portholes will have to be chained to prevent them banging on Barbosa's bedroom light-fittings when opened. One of the Burtons' staff has taken away their clothes and shoes which were in the ward-ropes.

Everything is being repainted, it's easier than retouching. It is being done with impressively scrupulous care—even devotion—by the painters. The curtains have to come down, and the electrical fittings are disconnected.

On deck the superstructure is getting an extra coat: Sunday's downpour has made the paint bubble. There are plans to put the canvas up: they have to be vetted by the Burtons' entourage at the Dorchester. ("Everything has to be checked with Her.")

There is a rumor that She may come aboard at any moment to inspect progress: Virgil Pomfret hopes to dissuade her: "If she saw this chaos I don't know what would happen."

On Tuesday the Kalizma is ready to receive the new furniture. Most of it is coming from Malletts: "God's gift on this sort of job," said Barbosa.

They sent \$7400-worth of furniture and fittings: two beautiful Louis XVI chairs (about \$1500 the pair) upholstered in yellow silk for the main bedroom, a rosewood Regency sofa made to Barbosa's specifications and upholstered to match, two specially made Chippendale mirrors, six wall sconces for the dining-room designed by Barbosa, 12 dining chairs, and 35 lampshades. There is also a rosewood sideboard repaired and polished by them.

The wall sconces were Malletts' biggest operation. Their woodcarver had first to carve a pattern in limewood, which took him 45 hours. Then Mr. Pryor, of Jordan Son and Pryor, who was responsible for translating the pattern into brass, roughcast

in sand the 25 individual pieces for each sconce. The 150 pieces had to be cleaned and chased, and then brazed together with oxy-acetylene torches.

The whole operation took him about six weeks. The gilding—which he subcontracted—took a fortnight. Malletts then did the electrical work on them.

The six together, excluding the designer's fee, cost \$2315 ("Just little trinkets to hang on the wall," said Barbosa). Too fragile to be entrusted to furniture removers, they were brought, two at a time, by Barbosa ("Please note that I'm a workman in braces, nothing to do with the management") and one of Artist Partners' young men.

The Chippendale mirrors were copied from a photograph and cost \$2000 the pair. The original would not only have cost nearly \$5000 but would have been too large for the dimensions of the Burtons' bedroom.

Six of the dining chairs are original—bought by Virgil Pomfret at Christie's for \$1500 in February—and six are copies, for about the same price, by Malletts: to a casual glance they are indistinguishable.

"If it had rained!"

At lunchtime a crowd of newly upholstered grey and yellow chairs are to be seen waiting patiently and unprotected on the quayside. The canary-yellow sofa stands in the bottom of the tender for the voyage, and is hoisted over the side of the Kalizma by whoever is nearest—"I couldn't borrow you for something outside your normal duties?" says Pomfret to the first mate—with neither dust-sheet nor polythene to protect its polished feet and pale silk. "My God, has it come uncovered? Think if it had still been raining. What could we have done?"

And a family album

It is carried by Pomfret's assistants along the passageway. "Not so fast, Billy-boy," says Barbosa. There is no room for it to get through the bedroom door. "I'm sure it lifts off the hinges," says Barbosa. "Yes, I'm right. Arthur knows all."

"Arthur knows all, but carries nowt," says Pomfret, grinning.

"Of course not, my doctor says I must do absolutely nothing but shout."

The stereo men are back to check the sound: they have at last found the aerial wires. The dining table, having been stripped, is being french-polished; it will be dulled down tomorrow. The davits of the two lifeboats on deck are being tested; a Board of Trade man has come aboard to see what still needs doing for a Certificate of Safety to be issued.

There is a smell of Brasso. The captain is furious because the plumber has taken away part of his lavatory in an attempt to make it work. The cook—his brother-in-law—is furious because Pomfret's assistants go into the galley to help themselves to beer—their own—from the fridge.

"I have my own gin," says Barbosa. "I always have." He produces a hip flask. Later Pomfret finds it easier to order the "management's" food from the shore.

On Wednesday rubbish and unwanted furniture begin to be taken off; a punt is telephoned for. Monsieur Raymond retrieves the only ironing-board, which has gone ashore inadvertently; someone else rescues the children's underwater gear.

There is room at last to bring up the Burtons' books from down below; in the bedroom, the signed photograph of Noel Coward, the birthday card from Liza, the screenplays and a family album (with snapshots as endearingly bad as other people's) are put out.

Monsieur Raymond says there is not enough room by the bed for two packets of cigarettes apiece, a lighter, two books, chesssets and sweets, which they always have. Monsieur Raymond has better news: there is enough room for a deep-freezer in the galley. "She will want that." One will be ordered.

From now on it's finishing, polishing, general clearing-up, and cleaning. The covers of the deckchair squabs are changed for new ones; the drawing-room covers must be cleaned. The passageway panelling is being polished; two new office chairs have been ordered for the bridge, so the old ones must be taken ashore. The boys have brought some lino polish and are going to do the floor of the bridge.

At 5 p.m. all the new carpets will be dry-cleaned; at 6.30 they will be waterproofed and left to dry overnight. (Next day the efficacy of the process is soon tested by the dogs: it works brilliantly.)

The only major job is the repainting of the hull, which can't be done until the new crew arrives and washes the saltwater off it, and the deck. When the hull is painted, a boat will have to be in attendance to pick up any painter who may fall from his cradle. Every day, all the time, there is a constant stream of details to attend to. Nothing is too small or unimportant to escape someone's eye.

Flowers begin to arrive: the boat is suddenly a possible home, waiting only for its occupants. On June 12 Barbosa feels free to get away. He leaves ("by boat and train, of course") with his wife for Italy, to join the Rex Harrisons on a cruise. "I'm going yachting for a change."

On the DALY RIVER...

*in the calm of the "dry" —
billabongs and waterlilies, and
mirrored reflections*

These pictures of a fascinating, beautiful, and little known corner of Australia were taken by PETER PURCELL, a geophysicist, when he was on a survey of the Daly River area. He also wrote the story.



AT THE CROSSING, heart of the Daly, a stone weir takes the road across the river. Tents cluster on the sandy bank, which is the beach for the area.

THE Daly River, curving across the sparse, hot plains of the Northern Territory on its way to the Timor Sea, is a river of two moods.

In the dry season it is rich in fish, its billabongs alive with ducks and wading birds, the tall grasses of its plain concealing wallabies, wild pig, and a dwindling population of water buffalo. The river then is peaceful and gentle.

The rain in the wet season turns the area into a boggy swamp. The river floods often, and vast areas are covered with water, a flooding which produces a dense undergrowth and gives the plain a surface which can be described only as dried mud.

Since the heyday of the copper and

silver prospectors at the beginning of the century, the Daly River area had slipped from public mind until the birth, earlier this year, of the Jimarin Aboriginal quads at the Daly River Mission, 150 miles south of Darwin.

But when anyone does talk about the Daly, what he usually means is the 30 miles or so of river which centres on the Daly River crossing.

A small weir of stones crosses the river here. The top of the weir is also the road. Beside it, a huge sand-pebble bank extends about a quarter of a mile along the river. It might be called the Daly River beach.

In the dry season there are always one or two tents pitched on it. Their occupants may be tourists from another State, people down from Darwin to relax and

fish, or people from a nearby station. On long weekends it is a very popular spot. Latecomers are hard pressed to find a site for their tent.

There is a store at the crossing, and a police station. The store displays two magnificent crocodile skulls, souvenirs of not so long ago, and sells everything from alcohol to cameras.

The land about is flat. To the north of the crossing, long ridges rise dramatically out of the plain. Geologically, they are composed of schist, a metamorphic rock.

(A local Aboriginal has a more colorful explanation. The gods in the early days, he says, dug holes in the earth to make the billabongs, and piled the earth behind them. He even went as far as to state which hill was the dirt from a particular billabong.)

Away from these ridges, only Mt. Litchfield breaks the horizon, and one other smaller hill, known as Mt. Marion, is said to be named after the young daughter of pioneers in the area.

Among the trees of the plains the undergrowth varies from thistle to sporadic clumps of grass, and over vast areas there is a tall, even grass.

Driving through this grass can be hazardous because of wallow holes dug by the pigs in the wet season. Some of the holes are 2ft. deep and can damage jeep and driver.

The pigs are not true wild pigs. They were kept by the Americans during World War II, and released when they moved out. Over the years they have reverted to a wild existence.

The Daly is a mirror to its landscapes.





WHITE CRANES and ghostly trees, standing leggily about in the billabongs, reflect themselves in the placid waters.

At dawn and dusk, the water is so smooth, its reflections so perfect, that it is hard to decide whether the photographs you take are the right way up.

B. T. Finnis discovered the river in 1865, and named it in honor of Sir Dominic Daly, Governor of South Australia.

McKinley examined the region in 1866 and recommended that the chief settlement of the territory be established at the mouth of the Daly, but the site now occupied by Darwin was considered more suitable. Settlers and prospectors followed McKinley, and life on the Daly began.

The region was mined extensively by the Chinese in the early years of this century. The ridges were rich in copper, and few of them did not have at least one mine.

The largest of the mines bears the river's name, the Daly River Copper Mine. It is an open-cut mine, some 200ft. long and more than 50ft. deep — small compared to the mines of today, but this one was mined entirely by hand.

The copper was in shallow, dish-shaped zones in the schist, and most of the mines are simply troughs, from two to 20ft. deep.

The ore was also rich in silver, and legend says that the Chinese paid all their expenses with the silver. The copper was straight profit.

One mine on a small, rocky mound was particularly rich in silver and has passed into history as the Wallaby Silver Mine.

Recently a mineral company did a survey over this area, hoping to find a mother lode.

The remnants of the Daly's former lives are hidden on the ridges and on the plain, among the trees and the long grass and the thistle.

An old stockyard, almost hidden by the grass, slowly rots away. A bedframe sits, forgotten, on a hilltop. Around it lie the sheets of tin that once sheltered a family. Still marking the earth is the square concrete floor.

Elsewhere, beside an old track almost overgrown, a wheelbarrow rests on its side.

Around the area, too, are fragments of old clay bottles, handmade by the Chinese to carry their homemade brews. Occasionally someone happens on an old campsite and finds some abandoned "empties." Complete bottles are considered a rarity and bring a good price in Darwin.

Wild cotton hides part of the old structure on the Empire Mine, one of the biggest on the field, and the Daly River Copper Mine has remnants of the old furnaces and smelters all round it.

And there are signs of an earlier life when the dawn was greeted only by primitive man in search of food. He sharpened his spears on a slab of stone, and so did his sons and their sons, till they had ground, with their circular rubbing, a hole six inches deep in the rock.

Thousands upon thousands of strokes would be needed to achieve such an effect. One wonders how many generations of men must have walked to one of these sharpening stones, worked on his spear blade, and hurried away.

The many billabongs in the area are rich in birdlife. Large flocks of ducks are common, but the cranes are the most memorable.

There is a large billabong behind the Daly River Copper Mine, and looking down upon it from the hill each tree seems to have two or three cranes resting in it. Once I counted about 70 visible from this point.



LEFT: Burnished trees throw a perfect reflection upon the river at dawn and at dusk.

RIGHT: Waterlilies float on the reedy stillness of this backwater — the Silver Billabong.



THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY - September 18, 1966

Page 94

Revlon turns it on. Pale-power!

'^{The} Powder Pales' for lips by Revlon

6 paler-than-pale lipshades.

Powerful pales.

Impossible-till-now-pales.

The palest pales ever made!

Look. Look twice. These cream-of-pales are the Big Change now. Cool, cunning little colors. (For all their innocent airs, they know *exactly* where they're going.)

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The 'Powder Pales'. Revlon sees them looming up large. Gather all six. Now.



BREATH OF BEIGE. BREATH OF IVORY. BREATH OF PEACH. BREATH OF PINK. BREATH OF ROSE. BREATH OF TAN. ALL IN 'MOON DROPS' WET LIPSTICK, ALL KEYED TO THE 'POWDER PALE' NAIL ENAMELS.

'Moon Drops' wet lipstick

The rich-and-famous 'Moon Drops' formula that makes dry lips a thing of the past.

MANGO-SEED SWAGMEN

She scrubs, scrapes, sculpts, and paints discarded mango seeds to make faces of Australia's oldtimers with whiskers — and gumnut pipes.



ARTISTIC Mrs. E. Ransome, of Kulnura, N.S.W., an 82-year-old grandmother, whose work is shown in these four pictures.

FROM freshly scrubbed mango seed to oldtimer's head, right, four stages in the life of a mango seed in Mrs. Ransome's clever hands. "Hair" on the seed is fluffed out by comb for hair and whiskers.



FROM mango seeds that usually finish up in the garbage tin, an artistic 82-year-old grandmother fashions delightful mango-seed swagmen.

Mrs. Edna Ransome, of Kulnura, on the N.S.W. Central Coast, gathers as many cast-away mango seeds as she can.

She scrubs, scrapes, sculpts, and paints them — and they emerge as weatherbeaten, old-style sundowners with gumnut pipes, hair and whiskers of teased seed-fuzz, and clothing fashioned from any colorful scraps of material.

Mrs. Ransome was born in South Africa. She came to Australia 17

years ago to be near her son-in-law and daughter, Mr. and Mrs. Harold Jeavons, and her grandchildren, Susan, 18, Andrew, 16, Mary, 13, and Sally, 11.

Now her home is a one-roomed cottage near her daughter's house at Kulnura.

All proceeds for charity

There she makes her colorful mango-men — and Australian wildflower pictures and bushland scenes, in oils and in embroidery, as well. All proceeds from the sale of her work go to charity.

Mrs. Ransome was once an arts-and-crafts teacher in South Africa,

By
LORRAINE SMITH

where she also worked for a time with a leading botanist.

It's hardly surprising, then, that her garden is full of Australian native shrubs, bulbs, and flowering plants; that she is meticulous about technical accuracy in reproducing her swagmen, her wildflowers, and her bushland scenes.

In fact, she is now looking for a photograph of a genuine swagman, because she feels her figures are not completely correct.

To make the mango-seed oldtimers' faces, Mrs. Ransome first thoroughly scrubs the seeds. When they are dry, she scrapes off an area of each seed for a face and

sketches in features with a pencil.

Next the "hair" on the seeds is combed with a steel comb to fluff it out for hair and whiskers.

Noses are built up using oil paints, and the features painted in. Then Mrs. Ransome bores a hole in several gumnuts, inserts a small thin twig in each for a stem, and the old men have pipes.

Hats are made from scraps of linen stiffened with glue; hatbands and scarves from other scraps of brightly colored material. Feathers for the hatbands are collected by her grandchildren.

No two of these characters are the same.

Mrs. Ransome's love of Australian extends to birds. Many semi-tame finches will come whenever she calls them—if there are no strangers around.

But at feeding time, precisely four o'clock, the finches overcome their fear

of outsiders and flock to her garden and into the cottage, perching on backs of chairs and twittering excitedly as she gets out their seed.

As a child in South Africa, Mrs. Ransome had a love of wildflowers and of creating from scrap materials. But her life was not always as tranquil as it is today.

As a young woman, she lived in a predominantly Negro area and was accepted by the colored population as a friend to turn to in times of distress. They sought her, rather than a doctor, to patch up their broken bones and tend their illnesses.

Resourceful, humorous

But on one occasion her errand was prevention, not cure, of broken bones. Late one night a young Negro girl came running to her house and knocked on the door with great urgency, crying, "Quick, my father is

chasing Mother round the house with an axe, and says he's going to kill her!"

Mrs. Ransome had a gun — old, unloaded, never fired. She grabbed it, ran to join the race round the house, and threatened, "I'll shoot you if you don't drop that axe."

The man dropped the axe and peace was preserved. He had been, said Mrs. Ransome, under the influence of a local narcotic weed many of the Negroes smoked to forget their miseries.

Now, at 82, this resourceful, humorous woman has lost none of her alertness and sparkling charm.

Her zest for life is undiminished. "The days are never long enough," she said, "for all the things I want to do."

Footnote: As well as all this work, a wool picture Mrs. Ransome embroidered, "South African Vineyard," hangs in South Africa House, London.



BRIGHTLY colored scarves for the mango-seed men, like the one left, are made from scraps of material. Mrs. Ransome paints the features, which are amazingly lifelike, on each seed.



AUSTRALIAN wild-flowers, above, by Mrs. Ransome. Her garden is full of native shrubs, bulbs, and flowering plants and she is meticulous about accuracy in embroidering them.

AGAINST a bushland setting, another oldtimer and his dog, left, painted by Mrs. Ransome. She was born in South Africa, where she was an arts-and-crafts teacher.

Pictures by staff photographer RON BERG



SKINNIKINS—COOLEST THINGS GOING ON THIS SUMMER



These are the coolest little things going on this Summer. Under everything that goes into action... under fashion! Bond's little Skinnikins stay so smooth... fit so sleekly. Not a wrinkle shows! Bond's fine cotton beauties stay so close, yet feel so free! It's the coolest way to stay fresh this Summer. In Skinnikins. By Bond's. Vests 99c, Pantee \$1.10, Brief 99c.

BOND'S SKINNIKINS

ARTIST'S HOME ON BALI



AUSTRALIAN artist Donald Friend with one of his Balinese paintings, left, and the house he has built, above, with sweeping views, six miles from Den Pasar, Bali's main town. Studio is above the living quarters, open on all sides, and only 15 yards from the sea.

—Lovely "Island of the gods" has captivated Donald Friend

AUSTRALIAN artist Donald Friend has built a house and studio on the island of Bali and started a new series of paintings portraying life on this "Island of the gods."

His Balinese-style house is at Sanur Beach, six miles from Den Pasar, Bali's main town.

Of his decision to build it, he said:

"I have been pleased, and astonished, to find a nation to whom art is a daily necessity, and where one

form or other of it is an essential ingredient of all activity. Even the scarecrows in the ricefields are made with a wild imagination and great skill."

Bali is providing a new source of inspiration to the artist, who has travelled and painted in many parts of the world.

Eight degrees south of the equator, it is one of a chain of Indonesian islands that sweep in an arc from South-East Asia almost to Australia.

"Since childhood I have wanted to visit Bali to paint," said Donald Friend. "But it wasn't until Christmas Eve,

1966, that I first visited the island, while on my way to Europe. The second visit was in mid-1967, and I returned last February determined to set up a studio."

The traditional Balinese-style bungalow, called "Batu Djimbar," was designed by Donald Friend and the Indonesian architect Woworuntu.

The finishing touches to the house were being made at the time of my visit. Balinese craftsmen in sarong and baju were tiling the patio, while women helpers carried cement and tiles.

Others were fitting cupboards with delicately carved

antique doors, and putting up old printed cotton cloth as wall murals.

The artist was proud of his studio. Above the living quarters, it is open on all sides and only 15 yards from the sea.

"The house was designed to meet my needs as an artist, but we followed traditional Balinese building methods," said Donald Friend.

"The wooden corner posts, called tiangs, support the whole structure, since earth tremors happen every now and then, and the posts, rather than the walls, are more able to take the strain of movement."

In Balinese construction, the house must stand upright — the bottom of the posts should be the nearest to where the roots were in the tree. The beams supporting the roof are fitted together without nails, and are held in place with pegs made of the heart of coconut wood.

The roof is of lalang grass sewn on the long ribs of coconut leaves, placed close together like shingles. These are lashed to the bamboo skeleton of the roof with cords of sugar-palm fibre, with an extra thickness of grass on the corners.

Housewarming

The final job looks very like a thatched English cottage. Such a roof is said to last up to 50 years.

Hibiscus, frangipani, bougainvillea, elephant ears, and papaw trees have been planted around the house.

"The great housewarming took place on a day selected by the Balinese astrologer as especially auspicious," said Donald Friend. "All morning, offerings were made

by an ancient priest who performed the Melaspasin, the ceremony of inauguration, saying his prayers over each part of the house and grounds, burying little offerings of fruit and flowers to protect the inmates from evil influences.

"There was the beating of the bounds, the perimeter of the property, accompanied by a gamelan—a traditional Balinese orchestra using special musical instruments including polished bronze bowls arranged in low to high notes, great bronze gongs, and many kinds of small cymbals and drums.

"I had to dress in traditional Balinese costume,

paintings, working in tempera on special art paper from Australia.

"I hope to have enough paintings for an exhibition in about eight months in Sydney and possibly other cities," he said.

Many festivals

Balinese beliefs in gods, spirits, and demons fascinate him. In one painting, "The Cockfight," the birds' heads are drawn in demoniacal form.

"I could see the cockfight as a battle of spirits in which only one would survive," he said.

The many festivals, dances, processions, and rituals also provide inspiration.

"The mythical creatures of Balinese folklore are fascinating," he said.

"Kangda, the child-eating queen of the witches, and Barong, the fantastic lion antidote to evil, are great favorites of the Balinese, and the Barong dance is enjoyed by children and adults. The costumes are very colorful."

Another subject depicted by Donald Friend is the Ketjak, or monkey dance, which is an epic in the Ramayana story.

Describing the dance, he said, "It is usually performed after sunset by a group of from 100 to 150 sitting in five or six concentric circles, in the middle of which stands a big branched torch with a flickering light.

"It is a very moving ceremony. At a signal they begin to sway their bodies back and forth, circling and bending, throwing up their arms and stretching out their hands. At the same time they make a series of cries, hissing, bellowing, and uttering a variety of inarticulate sounds. All this is performed with remarkable precision."

Story and pictures by DENNIS PILE

wearing fine batik and a silver kris.

"But the real party began in the evening. There were 200 guests, including the Governor and numerous princes.

"The famous Ketjak monkey dance was staged by 200 Balinese. Other traditional dances were performed after dinner.

"At least 1000 villagers came, and for them I had a special Wayang Kulit (shadow puppets) from 10 p.m. until dawn. There was no electric light, only coconut-oil lamps.

"The feast was magnificent — suckling pigs, roasted on spits over charcoal, and all the traditional Balinese delicacies served on festive occasions.

"My nine servants enjoyed themselves. The Balinese love a party."

Despite involvement in building the house, Donald Friend has completed eight



DONALD FRIEND with another Balinese work.



PENSHURST PLACE, above, when the scene is set to film "Beverly Hillbillies." Visitors to the stately home got a bonus: stars on view.

BEVERLY HILLBILLIES

● The Beverly Hillbillies are at large in Britain — Penshurst Place, to be precise. The stately home of Viscount De L'Isle, former Governor-General of Australia, was invaded by all the people and paraphernalia of a top-rating, high-budget television series. Jed, the script decreed, wanted to give the Queen \$80 million toward Britain's national debt.

THE raucous voice echoed round the well-clipped hedges, the carefully cultivated rose gardens, and through the 600-year-old baronial hall of Penshurst Place:

"You're after my title. I'm telling the Queen on you."

The broad-shouldered, dark and handsome man voicing his indignation was not the lord of the manor, Australia's former Governor-General, Viscount De L'Isle.

It was Sir Jethro de Bodine, better known as Jethro of the "Beverly Hillbillies" television series, and in real life Max Baer, the son of the famous boxer.

Along with the rest of the "Hillbillies" cast he was disturbing "the calm beauty of the house and its lovely gar-

RARE CHANGE OF COSTUME for Granny Clampett, left — and a brisk departure from her all-American role to a mock-Scottish one.

dens" — Lord De L'Isle's phrasing for his publicity for the stately home.

Also disturbing the peace: technicians, cameramen, and backroom boys flown from Hollywood to make four episodes of the series at a "real, live castle."

Leaving aside the debatable point about whether a castle can be live (and, anyway, Penshurst is a stately home, not a castle), the series was costing £2500 (\$A.5375) a day and the director reckoned he wasn't getting his money's worth.

The opening series of the Hillbillies' seventh year was originally intended to be shot in Hawaii.

"But then we heard we could use the castle for two weeks' filming, so we changed locations," said director Joe Depew. "It's the second time we've been here—we came over for two weeks last year when Jed Clampett inherited a castle in the script—and had two weeks of continuous sunshine."

"But this time it hasn't stopped raining since we arrived."

While most people watched

and waited for a break in the clouds, caustically commenting that this must be Britain's longest winter, Jed Clampett (in real life Buddy Ebsen) dozed under his battered old hat — and occasionally disappeared to his caravan to strum on a guitar.

Granny Clampett (actress Irene Ryan) was there, too,

By CAMILLA BEACH, of our London staff

adjusting her gold-rimmed spectacles now and then, and lifting her kilt to show that an American dressed in Scots' clothing wears large bloomers under her kilt.

Elly May, her head full of curlers, chatted with hordes of schoolchildren watching from the gardens, and signed autographs in her real name of Donna Douglas.

Mr. Drysdale (actor Raymond Bailey) kept a constant eye on his watch. He wanted to be back in London in time to take his Australian wife to a matinee in the West End.

And while Nancy Culp, who plays his secretary, Miss

Hathaway, knowledgeably said the Viscount was at home because his standard was flying over the "castle," production supervisor George King was full of praise for Lord De L'Isle:

"He's a hell of a nice guy. A real gentleman. He keeps well out of the way. Just says 'good morning' when he leaves."

Unless the "Beverly Hillbillies" series is cancelled (which is hardly likely at present, because it has a viewing audience of about 100 million round the world), location shooting abroad may take place in Australia.

"If we stay on the air long enough, our producer's idea is to try to film in as many countries as we can," said Max Baer.

"Now, we could easily incorporate Australia into the script. I'm not a writer, but, for instance, Jethro used to swim across a cement pond. And so he talks as though the ocean is just a big cement pond — and so he could swim to Australia. You see, he would think that Australia is just over the hill."



BACKING BRITAIN

CAST of the show, above, includes Buddy Ebsen (Jed), back to camera, hat tilted forward; Donna Douglas (Elly May), in jeans; Iona Rogers, Jethro's screen girlfriend (in beret); and Granny (Irene Ryan).

The Hillbillies' current escapade is just as crazy as Jethro's possible attempt to cross the Pacific on waterwings. Director Joe Depew explained:

"This year the Clampetts are back in England to present the Queen with the deeds to Canada. You see, Jed has heard that Britain is in bad financial trouble.

"And when he reads that the Queen Elizabeth and the Queen Mary have been sold to the United States, he thinks it's the real Queen and, perhaps, her mother.

"So he decides to give the Queen \$80 million. Naturally, this upsets Mr. Drysdale, the bank manager, and he sends along an actor impersonating a government minister to tell the Clampetts the Queen doesn't really need the money.

"But the actor is a con man, and when he realises the Clampetts have so much money he sells them the deeds to Canada, because, he says, the Queen has to sell some of her land to get money."

Before the fraud collects his millions for the Canadian deal, Mr. Drysdale comes on the scene. A harum-scarum, rip-roaring journey to their English castle follows.

The Clampetts are set on giving the deeds to the Queen—and Mr. Drysdale is equally determined to prevent them.

His secretary finally regains the deeds by imper-

sonating the Queen, and knights Jethro in the process.

Jethro is delighted with the title, but as Max Baer he is indifferent to this aristocratic trimming.

"I don't really know what English titles stand for," he said at the close of the day's filming.

He looked very much the affluent aristocrat at the wheel of a Rolls-Royce, puffing a large cigar.

"But I've met counts and dukes, and the prince — Prince Philip — a number of years ago when I was very small. I was here in England with my parents.

"My dad, now he used to train in Hyde Park while he was fighting the war over here. Queen Elizabeth (she was then a princess) and Princess Margaret used to ride with their governesses in the park.

"They used to say, 'Good morning, champion' to my father. And he used to say, 'Good morning, ladies,' and talk to them."

Buddy Ebsen is the only member of the cast who appears to know the difference between a stately home and a castle. And castles are a sore point with him.

"I've been looking for a castle in Scotland and I can't find one I want," he said. "Well, I can — but the ones I want are all State-owned and open to the public."



JED (Buddy Ebsen) and screen daughter Elly May (Donna Douglas), above, in a break in filming. The television production "took over" rambling, beautiful Penshurst Place for two weeks. Future episodes could be filmed in Australia.



JETHRO (Max Baer), above, Granny (Irene Ryan), and Elly May (Donna Douglas) in a scene of "Beverly Hillbillies" filmed at Penshurst Place.



RUGGED UP against inclement weather, Nancy Culp, left, who plays Miss Hathaway, secretary to the Hillbillies' bank manager.

A MERRY GO-ROUND OF GOOD THINGS



Arno

There's an Arnott's Cream Biscuit to please everyone.

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SHORTBREAD CREAM. Two good flavours: light and fine shortbread and vanilla cream.

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Arnott's famous Biscuits

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Some women will find them intoxicating. Some may not.

Ask yourself:

- 1) Do I like to be a little different?
- 2) Am I slightly dissatisfied with the commonplace hair colours?

If you answered yes, we'd like to tell you about Mr. Steiner's three newest Glo-Ahead colour rinses, the Wines.

The first colour hints at burgundy highlights in your hair. It's called, logically enough, Light Burgundy.

The second defies words. Ask for Plum-Glo. The third has a light hearted, bubbly warmth. The name is Wine Beige.

Like the other eighteen colours in Mr. Steiner's Glo-Ahead range, all three go on in a five minute foaming action, will last through five or six shampoos.

All three provide foolproof controlled colour absorption.

And all three identify you as a woman who

likes to assert her individuality now and again.

If you're that woman, Mr. Steiner thinks his new Wines will go to your head.

Steiner Glo-Ahead

From the Authority on hair care. Available from leading department stores and selected pharmacies throughout Australia.

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — September 18, 1968

SEEING EUROPE by 'BATMOBILE'

— Family's holiday in a brave old taxi

"WHAT this family needs is an old London cab!" I was only joking, but my husband's gasp at my remark was the start of our adventure with the Batmobile.

The awesome old cab we bought was to take us all — my mother, our sons, Stephen, 7, Geoffrey, 6, David, 4, my husband, and me — not only through the English countryside but on holiday in Belgium, Holland, and France.

A sudden and unexpected offer of a year in England had found us in a house in rural Berkshire. Graham's job involved being away all the week and I held a part-time teaching post in the opposite direction to the boys' school, so transport was a major problem. Hence my remark about needing a cab.

But Graham's reaction immediately turned the idea into a possibility. So eventually we went to London and paid a deposit on a cab. It had crumpled mudguards and looked generally derelict, but we were assured it would pass the registration test after a week's work on it.

The family received the news with varied reactions. David was frankly delighted we were to have a car. My mother doubted whether anything costing so little could be safe. Stephen pleaded desperately would we please never pick him up from school in it. Geoffrey reserved judgment.

Tent-erecting party held

We duly collected it, driving home from London, me at the wheel, with the empty luggage well beside me and the sliding glass partition behind, and Graham lounging in the passenger section giving directions from a road map. We entered triumphantly our rather select cul-de-sac of modern houses, all with their two modern cars.

Next day we took the road for our first picnic.

"Graham, can you smell something?" I asked. "Yes," he said, "something's burning."

"Never mind," volunteered David. "It's only bat gas."

So the cab immediately became the Batmobile.

Three months later, friends who had come to accept the Batmobile as a normal mode

of transport began to fill our heads with dreams of cheap camping holidays abroad, assuring us we couldn't possibly return to Australia without seeing a little of Europe.

We deemed it wise to have a Frame Tent Erecting Party on the Friday evening before our departure on our two-week summer holiday. Neighbors insisted on helping. Beer, coffee, and biscuits were broken out, and among unkind comments and unhelpful suggestions we began to sort out the enormous wire, steel, and canvas jigsaw puzzle which was to be our home.

Just as well daylight lasted till 10 in summer, as it took us two hours to erect it securely the first time.

By departure day our driveway was a sight to behold.

There stood the Batmobile, 14ft. long and 5ft. 6in. wide.

TRAVELLER'S TALE

by

ROSEMARY LITTLE

The roof had a rack designed for a Mini, but turned sideways and with lengthened stay-rods. On it were piled one folding bed, two small mattresses, a roll of blankets, a large plastic bag of jumpers, and a big overnight bag. The lot was covered by a black groundsheet.

The luggage well beside the driver's seat was stuffed with three canvas bundles containing the two-bedroom tent, tent pegs, cooking stove, container of bottled gas, plus Mum's suitcase and an overnight bag.

In the back, wedged under the two jump seats, was a banana box (called the Tucker Box) containing food, gas lantern, eating equipment, and tinned food.

Strapped to the door handles were string bags holding orange juice, biscuits, vacuum flask, cups, tea-bags, tissues, and maps.

The boot, originally intended to hold only the spare wheel, was crammed with washing and washing-up gear, spare cans of tinned food, children's balls, two badminton racquets, cricket bat and ball, plus "quiet"

games for children and swim gear.

Into this ill-used vehicle we poured the human cargo, and at 7 a.m. set off in glorious weather for Reading.

I had chosen routes to Dover which I thought would be interesting and at the same time easy for the overloaded and aging Batmobile. The first target was Bath by way of the Cotswolds and across the Salisbury Plain to Stonehenge before heading for the south coast. The farther west we went the more lorries we met.

Several sodden hours later

It was always the same. Halfway up a hill, the driver ahead would see a London cab in his rear-vision mirror and ease his foot off the accelerator while reassuring himself his eyes were not deceiving him. Jerked back to reality by a complaining engine, we would both change down, and the protesting Bat had to be held back and crawl in the truck's fumes until the top, when we could safely show him our awesome back view as well.

The camping site at Bath turned out to be a rough field behind a country pub, six miles out of town. Water, toilets, and non-existent washing facilities were three-quarters of a mile from where we were directed to camp.

Of course, we had to unload all our equipment before we found the tent frame. Hindered by "helping" children, encouraged by the arrival of other cars and the first drops of rain, we rushed into erecting the tent.

One should never rush such operations, for it is difficult to alter the legs and exchange a leg post with a porch post once a tent is up, pegged, and especially if the rain is pouring down. In this instance, three sodden, swearing hours later, the tent was up, beds in and made, and a salad lunch with scalding tea devoured.

Before we left home, we had decided that Geoffrey and Stephen would sleep in the Batmobile, David and luggage in one bedroom, Mum in the other, and Graham and I in the body of the tent. But when it came to the point only

Continued overleaf



THE LITTLES, of Sydney, at a motor camp in Holland with their renovated old taxi-cab bought in London. The Batmobile, as they called it, served them well through the holiday, in which they travelled 1300 miles.



SWIMMING-POOL INTERLUDE. The trip — through Belgium, Holland, Germany, Luxembourg, France, and south England — was made in summer, and fine weather alternated with some severe thunderstorms.



A CAMPSITE in beautiful little Luxembourg. The family found Europeans everywhere prompt to help them with their camping problems, such as pitching the unfamiliar tent in a gale or in darkness.



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SEEING EUROPE by 'BATMOBILE'



THE ANCIENT Flanders city of Ghent, in Belgium.

From page 35

Geoffrey wanted to be in the Bat, and Stephen moved in with David. All that night, in drizzling rain, Graham and I became colder and colder as the canvas on our cots reacted to the damp air. The others in the tent felt the same way, but Geoffrey declared the Bat warm and comfortable.

Next morning we bought more waterproof gear, and enough cutlery to replace the set I had so carefully left behind.

We had a lovely day exploring Bath, then on to Stonehenge, Salisbury, Fareham, and Arundel.

From Arundel we followed all the trucks and cars in England down to Dover, where by this stage the washing accumulated by six people was reaching alarming proportions, so off to a laundromat.

Next morning the ferry officials were amused and interested in the Batmobile, the mad Australians in it, and our hope of touring Europe. With great consideration we were guided into our place on the parking deck, then settled ourselves in the lounge for the 3½-hour crossing.

We had intended to stay the night at Ostend, but were so efficiently directed off the ship that within minutes we were on a broad, flat highway stretching across fields and over the horizon. It was only 7.30 p.m., still daylight, so we decided to carry on to Ghent.

That wonderful feeling

Mile after mile we sped along — making the day of all who saw us on the road — past only occasional farmhouses, all with beautifully kept flower gardens and nurseries.

After a little difficulty we

found the Ghent campsite and were welcomed by the entire family of owners plus friends in the little cafe-bar-office. We had the tent up and food on the stove by about 9 p.m. The light was just beginning to fade by the time the boys were showered and in bed.

We awoke late with that wonderful feeling of happy anticipation of an interesting day, with time our own. I decided it was high time that the eggs, which had travelled from Berkshire, were scrambled out of their shells, and after huge piles of egg, toast, and coffee we packed up, bade farewell to the owner and his family, still sitting, it seemed, exactly as we'd left them, drinking beer in the cafe, and set off to explore Ghent.

As usual, our departure from Ghent was delayed by urgent pleas for toilets as soon as we were ready to leave. We may not have visited every great building and public monument in the world, but there isn't a public toilet from Wellington to Panama and across half of Europe that we haven't visited!

At last we set off for Antwerp, through broad, old streets whose every post and pole was hung with baskets of flowering plants. Past more nurseries and through small towns, continuing to surprise old men basking in the sun.

We plunged down into the huge tunnel under the River Meuse. It seemed endless. Roaring trucks, screaming sports cars, and the burdened Batmobile ground through to emerge in a bewildering mass of signs, turns, arrows, and lights. I seized on the nearest arrow labelled "Nederlands" and set off.

At the Dutch border, the Customs man was so overcome at the sight of the Batmobile that we were waved through without pause.

Our arrival at the campsite near Eindhoven caused a mild sensation. This was our first experience of a big European campsite where families spend two or three weeks each year under canvas or in caravans, complete with TV sets and washing-machines.

Whole fields of camps

A Dutchman clung like a postilion to the edge of the luggage well and guided us through the maze of paths skirting supermarket, bath blocks, swimming-pools, children's playground, and service station, past field after field of tents, caravans, and A-frame cottages to our allotted tent space.

Dismounting, he became the local authority on what the Bat was and who we were. A neighbor ordered his 18-year-old son to help Graham, and in half an hour the Bat was empty and everything installed in the tent.

By this time, curious men, youths, and children began arriving on foot, scooter, bike, and motor-scooter to see for themselves just what this thing could be.

Unable to cope with the questions in English, Dutch, and Belgian, I opened up both sides of the bonnet, threw open all the doors, and retired to the tent porch to sip coffee while the curious clambered and exclaimed over the Batmobile.

Stephen, Geoffrey, and David patronisingly explained to the younger fry with complete disregard of language barriers. When all were satisfied, the crowd dispersed to gather around various coffee-pots to compare notes and discuss impressions. From then on we were assured of a friendly

Continued overleaf

Sunday



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Ingredients:

- 1 can Edgell Mushroom or Edgell Vegetable Soup • ½ cup milk • ½ cup grated cheddar cheese • 1½ cups rice
- Dash of pepper • 1 can Edgell Whole Peeled Tomatoes • 1 cup water
- ½ onion, thinly sliced • 2 cans (6½ oz) Tuna • ½ cup stuffed olives • ½ cup

finely crushed potato chips, straws or dry breadcrumbs.

Method:

Heat soup, milk and cheese until cheese is melted, stirring occasionally. Boil rice and combine with pepper in greased 1½ qt. shallow baking dish. Drain tomatoes, measuring ½ cup juice. Stir juice and water into rice. Slice tomatoes. Arrange most of the tomatoes on rice. Add onion, tuna and sliced olives. Pour on sauce; sprinkle with potato chips, straws or breadcrumbs. Arrange remaining tomatoes on top. Bake in mod. oven (375°F) for 20 to 25 mins. Makes 6 generous — and delicious servings.

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SEEING EUROPE by 'BATMOBILE'

From page 37

wave and any assistance we needed anywhere in the camp.

We found Dutch people perfectly charming. After dinner the boys were soon in the midst of youngsters learning to play shuttlecock and in turn teaching their version of cricket. On mentioning that we would be staying a few days and had never been in Holland before, neighbors inundated us with maps and advice.

A thing which had struck us and our consciences was that we had not seen an unhappy child or a chastising parent since we crossed into Holland. What was the secret?

A Dutch acquaintance said he expected it was due to the weather. In winter a long time is spent indoors, with all the family forced to respond to each other all the time, so that in spring and summer everyone is so happy to be outdoors again and to be able to pursue individual interests that peace reigns and children are too busy to be really naughty.

We visited Oisterwijk, an old-world town which was obviously a favorite with the many bicycle clubs. We passed or met sometimes as many as 50 singing children or mixtures of parents and children out for a day's bike ride through quiet towns and villages and wooded countryside to enjoy the day and eat their lunch from the small knapsacks they carried.

Then to Skoptjke, where we found a children's playground and parents' beer-garden which were a delight to all.

Back to camp in time for a swim, and the children joined the Dutch children and fathers in the national sport of kite-flying till shower and dinner time.

We made our farewells early in the morning, as we wanted to reach Aix-la-Chapelle (Aachen) for lunch. Once again crowds gathered to watch and help with the packing of the Batmobile, wishing us happiness and a good journey.

Bat protests at long climb

More flat, fast roads through corn and hay-cutting farms and lovely examples of thick, Dutch thatching on broad, high houses, often with flowering plants on the windowsills.

Being so thrilled with the Bat's performance of 55-60 m.p.h. in glorious weather, I overdid it. Just outside Aix, the poor overloaded thing decided I should be taught a lesson. It grunted, stalled and bucked, and dripped oil. I booted it on to Aix, and at a park in the centre of the city threw open both sides of the bonnet and left it to cool off while we did

the same by a fountain and duckpond, with the aid of the trusty Tucker Box.

By the time we had finished lunch the Bat seemed to have recovered. Hopefully, I poured a quart of oil down its throat and we set off for the cathedral, parts of which date from the 8th century.

Continuing its journey, the Bat was inclined to groan and grind, and wasn't helped by a long discussion with the German frontier guard about how much tea or coffee we carried.

By the time I realised that we were in for a solid mountain climb, it was too late to turn back. About three-quarters of the way up the mountain we paused to admire the view — an endless series of smaller roads up and down hills and mountains to right and left; almost hidden beneath thick, black pines were the turreted rooftops of a fairytale village, with a ruined abbey perched above.

The continued climbing had eaten a lot of petrol as well as causing the oil to fall below safety level.

We crawled to the top of the mountain, only to find that it plunged down to the fairytale village on the valley floor, which, according to the maps, was Monschau.

At least it will probably have a garage, I consoled myself. The farther down we went the more cars, and we realised that Monschau was a tourist attraction. The road narrowed to a 6ft. path, between shops of all types.

Driver's hands blistered

I pulled off to the side of a shop and asked Graham to walk through the town to see if the road we wanted really did come off the end of the village. There was no garage at all.

The tourists seized on us as part of the attractions. Cooks in tall hats rushed out of cafes, a waiter complete with dicky and serviette on arm appeared, followed by the customers. A continuous stream of cars kept crawling past, pointing excitedly.

Eventually Graham reappeared, having been won over by the charm of the village, and confirmed my fears that this was the only road. Despairingly, I forced the Bat back into the stream of traffic and inched through the village.

Finally we glided down the last four miles, passed the campsite, and came to rest at a garage with about one teaspoonful of petrol in the tank and the poor Batmobile fairly gasping. The temperature inside the unlined cabin was in the high nineties, and my hands were a mass of blisters from urg-

ing the Bat on. By diagrams and pidgin German, the garageman was finally persuaded to check the oil leak and give the Bat a grease and oil change.

Almost simultaneously, Graham and I suggested giving camping a miss if we could book into the lovely hotel next to the garage. Shouts of approval from the boys and a happy nod from Mum decided the matter.

Deep in feather mattresses

Our rooms were a connecting suite high up under the steep sloping roof and the beds tempting. Huge feather mattresses on a horse-hair base, the only bed linen a down quilt about 4in. thick, inside a crisp, white damask cover. Fluffed out, it gave tremendous warmth; flattened down it was cool. Much more inviting than campbeds and sleeping-bags!

Our hotel waiter gave us a beautifully appointed banquet table, and was most understanding about sizes of meals for such a varied group. Eventually he brought a tureen of thick beef-and-vegetable soup and a basket of crisp rolls. This was followed by a big platter of the most melting Wiener Schnitzel we had ever tasted, then an ice-cream confection, a platter of pastries, and a cheese-board containing eight types of cheese, curls of butter, thin, crisp rye-bread, and biscuits. Added to this was milk for the children and a huge percolator of strong black coffee with individual cream-mugs for ourselves.

A wonderful sleep deep in the feather mattresses made us happy to greet another warm morning. Graham and the boys walked to the campsite and spent the morning in the pool, while Mum and I packed, then explored the squares and park before making a few purchases for souvenirs.

The Bat was a much happier vehicle on the long, steep climb out of the valley. Our next stop was a Luxembourg campsite.

This camp we found beautifully laid out in a series of double terraces. The lowest area, quite broad, housed a large inn, a restaurant, and a small supermarket, a gift shop, and the camp office and a wash block. We found a space on the first terrace, just as the strong cold wind preceding a storm began. The tent bundles were thrown off as quickly as possible, and Graham began struggling while I unpacked the rest, and the first heavy drops began.

A Dutchman, a Frenchman, and two Belgians soon appeared to offer assistance

Continued overleaf

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EUROPE

From page 38

and weren't satisfied until the tent was satisfactory to them.

Soon Mum was at her usual station of potato-peeling, washing-up, and bread-buttering. Wherever we stopped she immediately got out her camp-stool and treasured Women's Weekly as a lap covering and steady base for activities, then sailed in to whatever was needed.

We spent the next morning drying out, reorganising the tent for a two-night stay, then set off for the camp swimming-pools.

We lunched at a restaurant at two tables inside the aspidistra-clogged window. This proved fortunate, because, as soon as we'd given our orders, another sudden thunderstorm broke. Outdoor tables and umbrellas were soon dripping and their former occupants trying to crowd into the restaurant itself. This, of course, slowed down the service and the boys fell back to their usual device of demanding a trip to the toilets.

In the centre of the restaurant was a glass tank of freshwater trout. When trout was ordered, a waiter would net one and convey it flapping and wriggling to the kitchen.

The boys treated this as a special entertainment provided for their benefit, and spent the rest of the waiting period clustered around the tank, treating the poor waiters who approached the net as Frankenstein's of the worst type.

We all gave up the idea of returning to camp to view the washing we'd left out, deciding that it would be no worse for being left for a few hours, and voted instead for a run down to the Moselle to see the vineyards.

Village's wine co-operative

The sun had come out again, and the water sparkled. We stayed on the Luxembourg side of the river and drove for about four miles along the bank, then turned up a side road to Wellenstein.

Wellenstein boasted about 40 stone houses, all built like small dark prisons. The vineyards round about belonged to the village co-operative.

The wine cellars were open, but not for viewing. We went into the reception hall past an enormous model of a champagne bottle, and were offered, and accepted, glasses of Wellenstein moselle. We talked for a while with the English-speaking barman, who was particularly enthusiastic about the harvest festival due to begin at the end of September. Obviously Wellenstein really celebrated the end of a year's hard work! Clutching two samples of their produce which Mum bought us, we headed back.

Our next-tent neighbors were a Dutch Army officer, his wife, and two charming small daughters whose brightly painted clogs allowed them to ignore the mud which our boys seemed to attract to every part of them. That night the Dutch couple invited us to join them for coffee, and again we were amazed by the excellent command of English most Dutch people have.

I mentioned how practical and pretty their daughters' clogs were, and the couple burst out laughing. It appeared that they lived in a small town in the northernmost tip of Holland where it is the custom to dress boys in girls' clothes until they are three.

Foiling the bad spirits

This dates back to the times when it was thought necessary to foil the bad spirits who might steal away little boys to serve them in their magic! After the coffee we opened one of the bottles of wine for our hosts to sample.

We got to bed at about 11.30 p.m., just as another thunderstorm cracked open over our heads. I worried about Geoffrey, who hates electrical storms, alone in the Bat. By 12.30 p.m. I was certain I could hear him trying to open the car door and come to us.

Wifely, I nudged Graham, who'd been deeply asleep, and said, "Geoffrey is calling." Stupid with sleep, Graham jumped sideways out of bed. Doing this in a sleeping-bag was unwise! While I groped for my torch, he crashed about among the plates and stove, and having freed himself of the sleeping-bag tried to undo the wrong side of the tent, all the while calling out encouragement to Geoffrey.

Graham floundered and slithered down the muddy bank to the Bat. He returned wet and muddy after finding Geoffrey sound asleep, changed his clothes, and rescued his sleeping-bag, muttering darkly all the time about over-imaginative mothers.

The next morning we packed our sodden belongings early and left for the west coast on our return journey.

As far as the Ardennes Mountains, we made good progress through pleasant, lightly wooded country and few small villages. Once in the Ardennes, climbing and twisting roads slowed us, especially as timber lorries were frequent. After the sombre grandeur of the pines we had been used to for the past week, the paler green leaves and shimmering trunks of larches, beech, poplars, and cedars gave the Ardennes forests and the air a sparkling appearance. We sang our way up and down to the French Customs barrier.

Here, cars and caravans

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — September 18, 1968

by 'BATMOBILE'

were lined up, being methodically searched while drivers and passengers sat around gloomily waiting for the return of their passports and papers.

When we appeared, a French and a Belgian Customs officer threw up their arms. They gathered around with cries of, "Tres ancien!" and "Qu'est-ce que c'est, votre voiture?"

A quick glance at our passports and insurance cards, more questions about the Bat, and many wishes for good luck, and they laughingly waved us on, then swung grimly back to the other cars.

As we proceeded across northern France, we felt more and more that houses and buildings had been painted only once in their lives, then allowed to peel and decay. An unexpected surprise caught our attention going through the sad little township of Le Cateau.

Here, in the Town Hall in his own village, was a collection of souvenirs of Henri Matisse. There were rough and finished drawings, etchings, letters, engravings, and personal belongings of the artist and his family.

The road surfaces had been getting worse and worse, and the day was terribly hot and close, aggravated by rain.

Exactly six hours and 188

miles after leaving Luxembourg, we pulled thankfully off some of the worst road I've ever driven over into a tiny campsite at Douai. The ground was only as big as a large lawn, surrounded by willows, but had toilets, a washing block, and playgrounds, and its owner kept a general store across the road. He was exactly like every burly villain in any French film, complete with hat and thick moustache, but proved to be very kindly indeed.

At this camp we met mostly English and a few Australian people, who had come off the early morning Calais ferry.

Wheatfields and factories

Mum and I cooked a large grill, while Graham explored the small village nearby and the town of Douai, just over the river, and the boys played happily. The high-speed part of the trip was over, with only about 70 miles to go to Calais and hopes of a peaceful night close by the ferry terminal.

We rolled along through pleasant open wheat country, watching the harvesters at work, to Arras, where the Tucker Box and bags provided lunch. We enjoyed

exploring the 17-century colonnaded squares, all disgracefully neglected. The idea seemed to be, "Build something quite beautiful and then let it moulder away until it falls down." Even the beautiful carvings on the cathedral facade had been allowed to weather away.

As we pushed on we suddenly found ourselves in a vastly different countryside, with mining and industrial buildings and grime replacing the sweet wheat country.

We pulled into another beautiful square, in St. Omer, a city of modern pretensions but maintaining a warming elegance.

I was beginning to feel anxious about getting on to Calais to book in, but Graham insisted that his beer education would be incomplete unless he sat in a pavement cafe and chose a lager from a list longer than most restaurant wine lists. Apparently it was satisfactory, as he returned looking very cheerful and approved of the fact that his lager had been ice-cold.

The Calais campsite was perched on a barren, gritty cliff-top overlooking the Channel. There was a gale blowing, and as all the boys seemed to be in urgent need of a toilet all at once I had to leave Graham to battle alone with the wind.

The boys dashed into toilets and out again almost as quickly, all talking at once, objecting violently to the design of French toilets. One of the women's cubicles boasted a conventional suite, so they unhappily queued for that one. When we eventually returned to the Batmobile, it was to find Graham and a Frenchman battling with acres of writhing, flapping blue canvas and swaying aluminium poles.

Ready for the Channel

Graham swore that until the Frenchman offered to help he thought that he would have been the first man to cross the Channel by tent. Now the tent was up, but we were unanimous in the decision to eat in a civilised place instead of having buckets of grit thrown in our faces and food at the site.

We picked a pavement cafe in order to watch the world go by, and enjoyed a magnificent meal of hors-d'oeuvre, steak, salad, and beer.

These meals and odd nights in inns or hotels were real highlights of the trip, for as well as breaking the monotony of hurried camp meals and complicated clean-ups, they allowed us to talk to local people and sample local cooking.

After dinner the wind had dropped a little but was still quite fierce against the tent until I manoeuvred the Bat into position to serve as a windbreak.

We were up and cleaned and fed early. We had left

ourselves a little time to see the magnificent Town Hall and Rodin's "Six Burghers of Calais" by daylight, then down to the ferry queues. A short time spent in the duty-free shop buying perfume, then on to the ferry. Stocked up on our quota of cigarettes, wine, and spirits, we sat back in the lounge to enjoy a perfect crossing on a brilliant day.

Except for Mum, who still managed to look clean and neat, we looked like gipsies.

We were among the first off, and after a quick raising of the eyebrows our official beckoned us sharply to his station. I didn't know whether he meant that he wanted me, our landing card, the car, or the lot. He decided on the lot and was put out when he found he either had to lean in an undignified position across the luggage-well junk or leave his station and come round to the driver's side. As he obviously didn't want to do either, I got out and went to him. He barked, "Was this vehicle purchased abroad?" I merely chuckled.

"Have you had any repairs, alterations, or additions made to this vehicle in Europe?"

"Yes," I replied. His eyes lit up and he drew out a form. "A grease and oil change in Germany which cost about £3/5/-."

He slammed the form back again. "Have you souvenirs or goods above the cost of £100 sterling?"

"Apart from the duty-free quota we have a small doll from Luxembourg, a weather station, and a

Hansel and Gretel toy. Oh, and two French dresses for a six-month-old baby."

Again the form was slammed back in disgust. "Have you purchased any electrical or household goods in any foreign country?"

"You're joking," I said. "We couldn't even afford to take our £50 allowance each!"

He finally cracked a grin and said, "Go on, off with you, and good luck." Once again, a meeting with the Batmobile and its crew had made somebody's day.

The drive up to Canterbury was pleasant, and again we were full of admiration for the softness and the varied greens of the English countryside. Canterbury itself and, of course, the cathedral we found fascinating.

Two hours later we set off for what was to have been a quick 50-mile run home. How wrong can you be! At least every two miles the road was under repair, with only a single line of traffic moving along narrow, winding roads, bumper to bumper.

It took us four and a half hours to do those 50 miles, and it was 6.30 p.m. by the time a groaning Batmobile was relieved of its assorted cargo and installed in its own garage again.

The noble old thing had done 1300 miles in 12 days and given untold pleasure to its proud owners. Now it has been treated to a cosmetic face-lift for its dented mudguards and to a new set of brakes. Our saddest thought on leaving England will probably be that we can't afford to freight our dear old Bat home.



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Page 41

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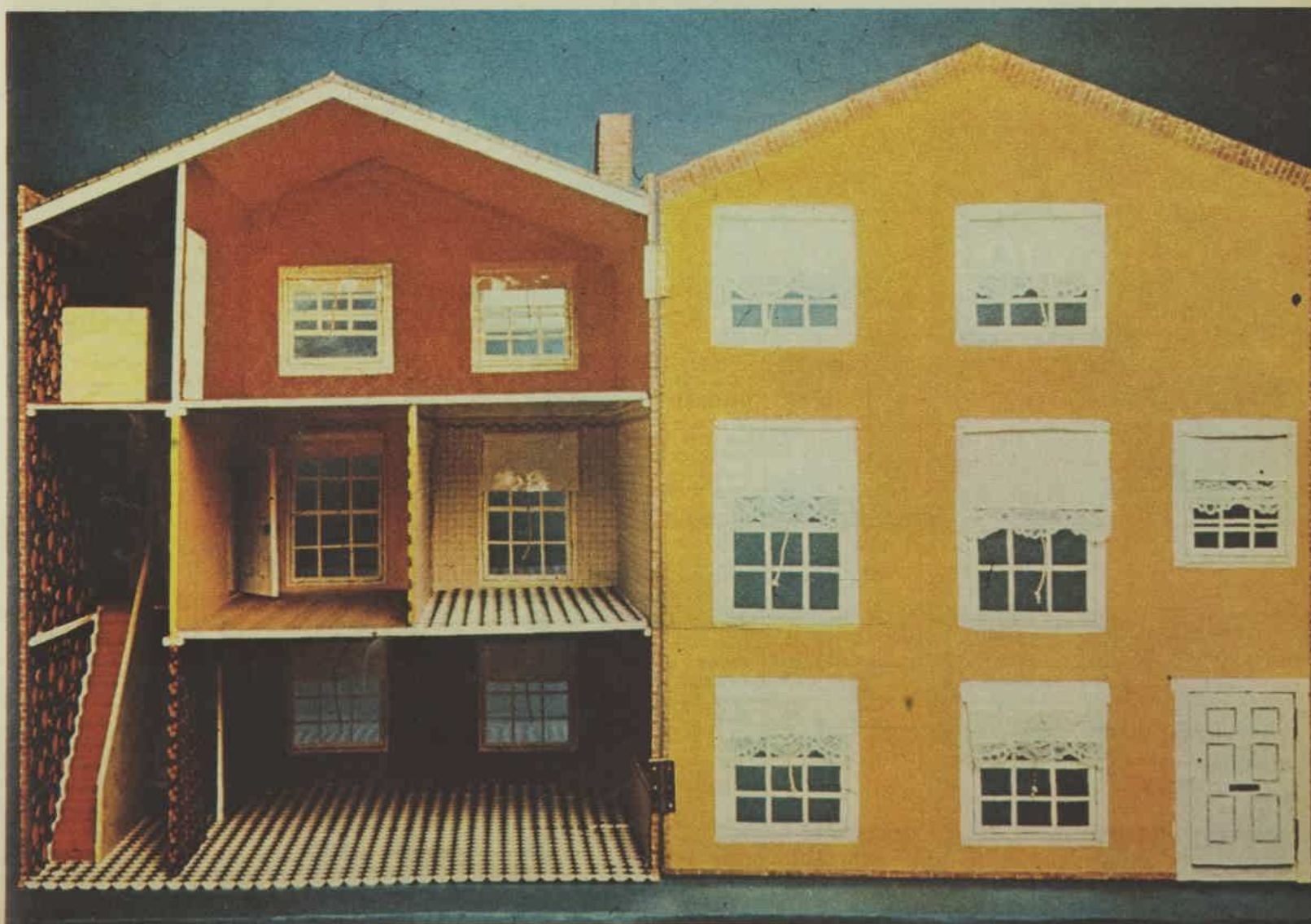
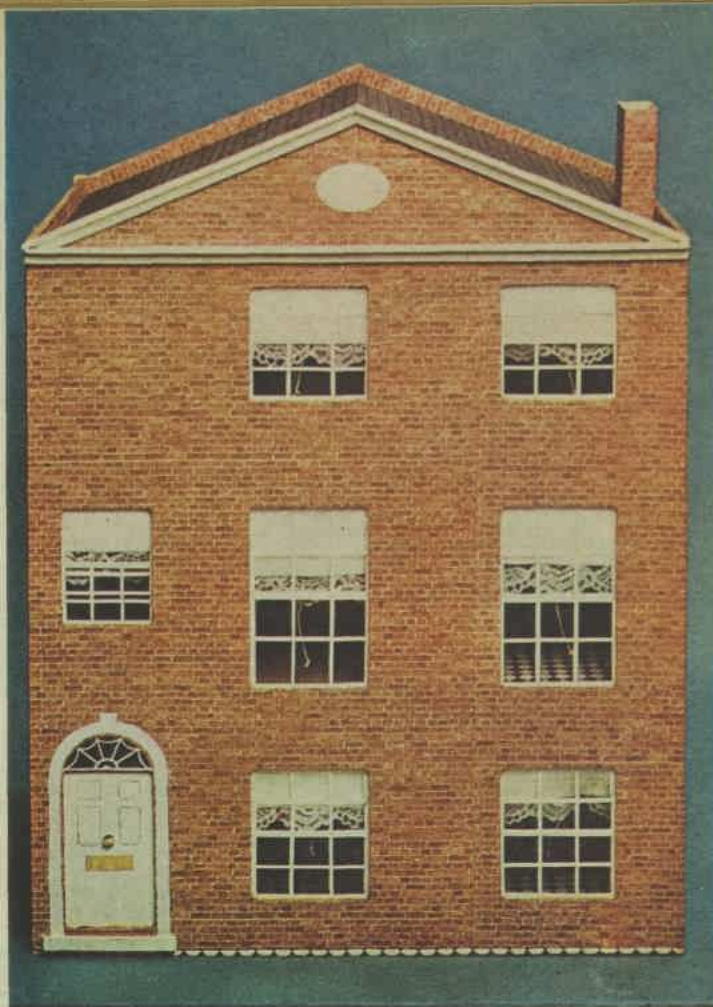


MAKE THIS BEAUTIFUL DOLLS' HOUSE

● Delight a little girl with a real home for her doll family. Any handyman can make this spacious three-storey house with its big living-room-kitchen, two bedrooms, and bathroom. Doors open and shut, window-blinds roll up, and there's a proper staircase. Directions and diagrams are given overleaf.

FRONT wall of dolls' house (back also) hinges open for easy access to the interior. Two flights of stairs lead to landings outside bedrooms. Screw-eyes hold blinds on the windows, which are made from clear plastic and strips of adhesive tape.

PATTERNED "brickpaper" on outside of the dolls' house gives the effect of bricks. Made mainly from plywood and battening the house, when completed, is 27½ in. wide, 18½ in. deep, and 33½ in. high to top of pediment. Front door opens.



MAKE THIS BEAUTIFUL DOLLS' HOUSE

...continued

THE house measures 27½ in. wide, 33½ in. high to the top of the pediment, and 18½ in. deep including the front wall. For strength, floor, side walls, and roof are constructed of two thicknesses of plywood with a frame of battening (½ in. x ½ in.) between.

Roof and intermediate floors rest on battening fixed to the inner walls and, for easy removal, the front wall clips on to the side walls with magnetic catches. Back and front of the dolls' house are identical, with doors on the same side.

Materials

For outer construction, plywood ½ in. thick: Side walls (2 pieces 18 in. x 28 in.); floor (1 piece 18 in. x 26 in.); back and front (2 pieces 33½ in. x 27½ in.); roof (2 pieces 18 in. x 13½ in.).

For inner construction, plywood ½ in. thick: Hall floor (1 piece 18 in. x 6½ in.); living-room floor (1 piece 18 in. x 19½ in.); upper floors (2 pieces 18 in. x 18½ in.); landings (2 pieces 6 in. x 5½ in.); side walls (2 pieces 18 in. x 27 in.); stairway partition (1 piece 18 in. x 29 in.); bathroom partition (1 piece 18 in. x 8½ in.); top bedroom ceiling (1 piece 18 in. x 13½ in., another 18 in. x 6½ in.); stairway ceiling (1 piece 18 in. x

6½ in.); for six doors, balusters, etc. (1 piece 18 in. x 36 in.).

For frame and roof support, 39 ft. battening (½ in. x ½ in.); 9 ft. battening (½ in. x ½ in.) to support upper floors and landings; 4½ ft. picture moulding for framing pediment; 18 in. battening (2 in. x 2 in.) for staircases.

Thick clear plastic for windows; panel pins; small screw eyes; 4 magnetic catches; 12 tiny brass hinges; 12 brass studs; strong glue suitable for wood; white adhesive tape.

"Brick" paper (available at hobby shops and often sold for model railways) or you can make a "timber" house by using a timber-grain wallpaper; "slate" paper or a blue-grey paper for roof; for covering for floors and walls use suitably designed adhesive papers or other materials; black and white gloss paint.

Name all pieces and, if cut to size by timber merchant, check sizes before starting construction.

Construction

Step 1: Referring to diagram 1 (below left), cut back and front single walls to shape, mark doors (all same size, 4½ in. x 7 in.) and windows, drill a hole in corners, and cut out with pad saw. Referring to diagram 3 (below right), cut out doors in stairway and bathroom partitions.

Step 2: Cut six doors (4½ in. x 6½ in.), and hinge in place. Fix brass studs for

door handles. Cut windows from plastic and make panes with white adhesive tape cut into narrow strips. Fix windows in place with cellulose tape.

Above each window fix 2 screw eyes for blinds or curtains. Paint doors white, draw panels in grey. Mitre-ing corners, fix picture moulding on front of house to mark pediment.

Step 3: Referring to diagram 3 (below right), pin ½ in. x ½ in. battening flush to edges around outer side walls, hall, and living-room floor (leaving ½ in. division to accept partition).

Step 4: Pin inner to outer floor. Pin outer side walls and frame to floor.

Step 5: Referring to diagram 2 (right), cut two flights of stairs from two 17½ in. lengths of battening (2 in. x 2 in.) and pin on plywood balusters as shown.

Pin first flight of stairs to inner side wall so that top step (the extension supports landing) occurs 6 in. from back edge.

Pin second flight to partition wall between first and second floors to support right side of landing on top floor front.

Step 6: Pin battening (½ in. x ½ in.) to support roof along each inner side wall. At heights marked (see diagram 3) glue battening (½ in. x ½ in.) along inner right-hand wall, back wall (leaving ½ in. space for bathroom partition), and, to match, on living-room side

of partition (allowing for extra length at base).

Glue 6 in. battening (½ in. x ½ in.) on the other side of partition at the back, and a length on back wall, at same height, to support first-floor landing. Glue 6 in. along front of side wall to support second-floor landing.

Step 7: Cutting angles carefully, pin ½ in. x ½ in. frame on back and front of outer roof, leaving ½ in. space to take partition. Pin stairway and upper bedroom ceiling to it. Pin completed roof to battening on side walls.

Step 8: Pin on back wall. Fix magnetic catches on front wall and thicknesses of side walls.

Step 9: Insert stairway partition and landings. Cut landing balusters to fit "dangerous" spaces. Insert other floors, wedge in bathroom partition, and stick to back wall and ceiling.

Finishing touches

Cover floors with suitable paper or other materials. In our dolls' house, a parquetry design paper was used on one

bedroom floor and black-and-white check paper on living-room, hall, and bathroom floors.

Paint or paper walls and ceilings. Cover exterior walls with brick paper (or alternative) or paint. Cover roof with "slate" paper and stick a line of matchboxes along side of roof. Paint fanlight, above front door, black (see picture previous page), and decorate with door surround in white.

Make blinds from plastic, cotton, or other suitable material.

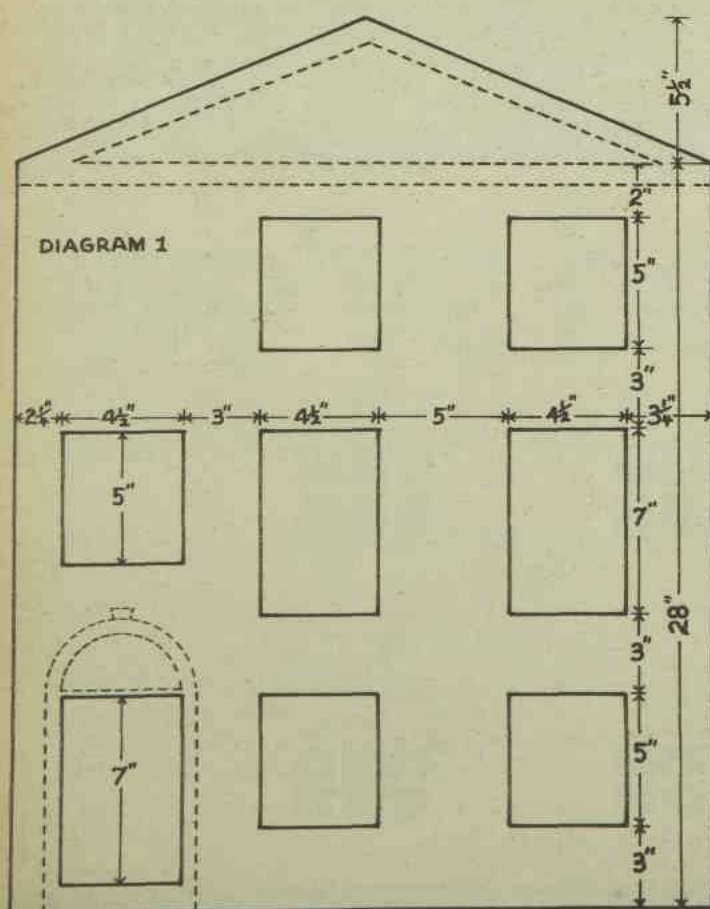
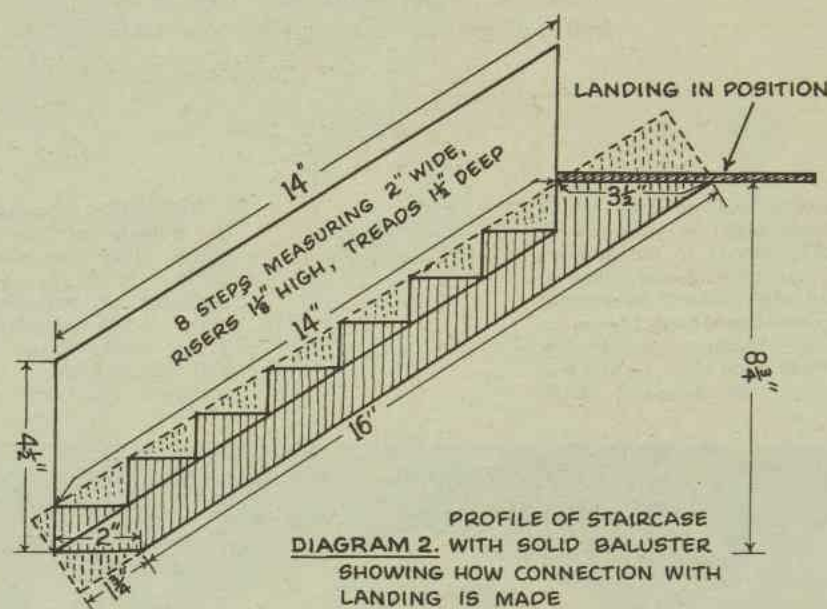
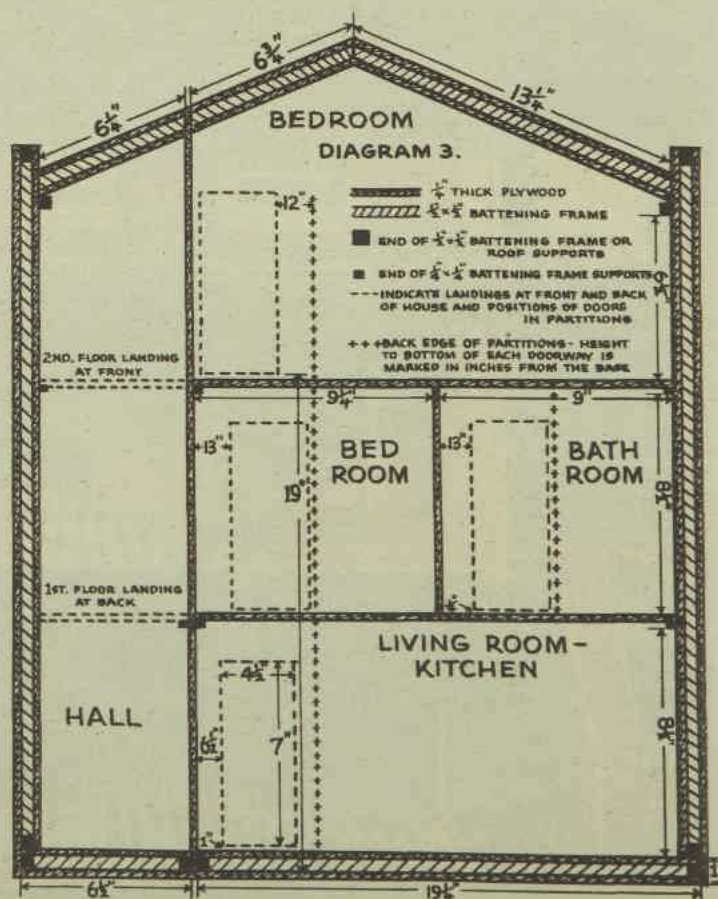


DIAGRAM 1 (left) shows where to cut openings for windows and doors on front and back single walls. See Step 1 of directions.

DIAGRAM 2 (above right) is a guide to construction of the staircase. See Step 5 of directions above.

DIAGRAM 3 (right) shows general construction of frame, inner walls and doors, floors and landings.



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"I would like to try my first hair colour.
I want something that's really easy to use...
I'd just die if the results weren't natural!"



Polycolor Cream Shampoo Hair Colouring is the answer. Polycolor is extremely simple to apply, just like an ordinary shampoo. You could use Polycolor No. 23 Light Brown, a true brown that will freshen up your natural hair shade; or No. 17 Titian Blonde, a delightful colour that will add warm attractive highlights to your hair. With Polycolor there are 20 shades to choose from. The colour covers up to 30% grey and lasts a month or more... then just shampoo in Polycolor again.

No need to worry about results either. Polycolor was first developed on the Continent and is now used successfully by women all over the world. It's completely mistake-proof, and special conditioners leave your hair sleek and shining with health.

P.S. For very grey hair you should use Polycolor Cream Hair Tint.

If you have a hair problem, write Pauline "Polly" Reynolds, Polycolor Hair Beauty Consultant, P.O. Box 18, Villawood, N.S.W. 2163 or call her in person at Sydney 72-0461.

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THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY - September 18, 1968

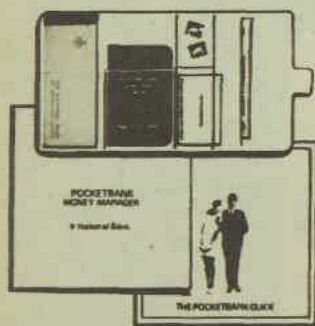
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Page 45

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With Pocketbank you'll get three things. You keep two of them at home, and carry the third like a wallet. Together these items form a complete system of personal money management. The **POCKETBANK GUIDE** and **MONEY MANAGER** show you how to plan all your spending. When you follow your Pocketbank plan, week by week, you'll always be in a position to pay each bill as it falls due, and to save regular amounts at the same time. Your **POCKETBANK WALLET** contains cheque book, savings account book, provision for pay-in slips... and has space for cash and other personal items.

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National Bank.

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THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — September 18, 1968

Daughters going overseas alone

LIKE "Worried Mum," a friend had misgivings about her 19-year-old daughter wanting to go overseas alone. She advertised in the daily papers, asking if a girl of similar age would like company on an overseas working holiday. Seven replies were received, five suitable. The girl chosen proved an ideal travelling mate. The two girls spent a few weekends together before sailing, and got to know each other. Some months after returning home, one acted as bridesmaid at the other's wedding.

\$2 to Mrs. E. Hooper, Hamilton, Vic.

OUR daughter was still 17 when she sailed for England on a working holiday. In the 18 months she has been away she has visited Germany, Italy, Spain, France, and Ireland. She was quite level-headed when she left, but when we read her letters we are amazed how much she has matured. Provided your daughter has had solid home training, I am convinced there is nothing to worry about.

\$2 to Mrs. E. Jenkins, Church Point, N.S.W.

WHEN I, I travelled overseas with two friends. We couldn't agree on anything, arguments developed, and we split up. I then travelled alone, and found I made many more friends and saw the places I wanted to see.

\$2 to "Don't Worry" (name supplied), Lorn, N.S.W.

UNLESS a girl has previously travelled or worked away from home, I would say she has not enough experience to "go it alone." It is essential to have someone to talk to and plan with when you are away, and a girl by herself can easily fall into hidden traps. Contact a girl with similar ideas through an advertisement or clubs such as the YWCA.

\$2 to S. J. Fowles, Highgate, W.A.

I HAVE just returned from a working holiday in England, and although I set out alone I thoroughly enjoyed myself. In a ship it takes a very short while to make friends with others like yourself. The major part of my travels throughout Britain I did alone, staying at youth hostels. But I think it important to have someone to whom you can report your whereabouts and to whom to turn if in any trouble.

\$2 to Miss Sylvia F. Pearce, Goulburn, N.S.W.

YOUR daughter is evidently mature or she would not wish to travel alone. Many girls say that they receive more attention, consideration, and courtesy when alone. They can pick and choose friends and are not saddled with them for the rest of the time if they don't prove to be compatible.

\$2 to Clare Hill, Toowoomba, Qld.



LETTER BOX

Taxable progress

NO wonder we complain about taxes. As children, we thought nothing of walking four miles to school and home again each day. Now we spend four or five thousand dollars on a bus to pick the children up so they don't have to walk. Next we have to spend some fifty thousand dollars to build a gymnasium, so they can get exercise!

\$2 to "Maidi" (name supplied), Sheffield, Tas.

Idle chit-chat

ONE accusation commonly levelled against television is that it kills conversation. That may be true, but is it a bad thing? If I find a program boring, I can push a button — and that's that. I wish it were as easy to dispose of Mrs. Citizen when she describes her latest illness in detail, or of Mr. Citizen when he rambles on about the way he told the boss off. Those who have something worth saying still say it and those who care enough still listen. It's not conversation that's being killed, but idle chit-chat, and for that I weep no tears.

\$2 to Mrs. Cath Worthington, Murwillumbah, N.S.W.

Literally so

WARNING my three-year-old son to hold my hand tightly as we crossed a bridge with a raging river below, I said, "You know what will happen if you fall in, don't you?" meaning he would drown. "Yes," was the reply, "I'll get wet."

\$2 to "Lara" (name supplied), Booval, Qld.

Family arguments

I WAS saddened recently to hear a family quarrelling bitterly, but was told cheerfully by one of the participants, "Everyone needs to fight with his relations sometimes." Can this really be true, or is our family unique in never feeling the need?

\$2 to Mrs. E. Ainsworth, Garden City, Vic.

Cutting food bill

ONE of the best ways I have found to save money is to plan household menus a week in advance, write a shopping list, and only buy what is listed, doing the shopping once a week. It is amazing how much is saved — I cut my food bill in halves, from \$20 to \$10. It also saves time.

\$2 to "Scrounger" (name supplied), Mount Gambier, S.A.

Ross Campbell
writes...

FASHION PARADE

THE standard of dressing has been high in the school-holiday crowds in Sydney.

Each fine day large numbers of boys and girls, escorted by their mothers, came into town.

Among them I noted some eye-catching outfits.

Wendy Jobling, 9, on a visit to "The Sound of Music," chose an A-line frock of turquoise corduroy, with matching hair-ribbon and beige tights.

Sue-Anne McPhillamy, 12, who was going to "The Ten Commandments," wore a tartan mini-skirt and white blouse with ruffles at the neck and front.

Paul Benevento, 8, on the way to

the Museum, was smartly attired in a tailored charcoal ensemble. His accessories included a red bow-tie and a badge inscribed "I Like Snoopy."

Gazing at the immaculate throng, I could not help thinking of all the woman-hours that had gone into their preparation.

What devoted ironing of blouses, pressing of pants, tying of ribbons,



and washing of shirts! What careful brushing of hair had been needed before setting off for town!

One result of these holiday outings to the city was a rise in the consumption of pies.

A big store astutely held a "pie festival" and did very well out of it. The pies looked much the same as usual — there were no festive garlands on them — but more were sold.

● We pay \$2 for all letters published. Letters must be original, not previously published. Preference is given to letters with signatures.



Guesswork

● False rumors about his age have annoyed a Sydney Labor politician. "I am only 57," he said, "fit for many more years' service to the workers."

It's terrible that folk should lie, Discussing one's departed youth, Though, for myself, I can't deny I'm more resentful of the truth.

— Dorothy Drain

Accent barrier

RECENTLY my daughter spent a year as a student at a junior high school in Colorado, U.S.A. One of her friends was from a southern State and her accent was difficult for my daughter to understand. The feeling was mutual. "Do all Australians talk like you?" she asked in her southern drawl. My daughter replied, "Yes." "Well," said her friend, "however do you understand each other?"

\$2 to Mrs. Dorothy Stove, Box Hill North, Vic.

Restful hour

MANY people speak of the spiritual uplift they experience when attending church services. But I was amused to hear a busy mother stress the physical aspect. "I love going to church," she said. "I can sit there for one whole hour and no one will ask me to do anything."

\$2 to Mrs. Mary Sweeney, Guildford, N.S.W.

Funny mini-skirt

WHILE I was waiting for a bus, a young girl came along in a very, very short mini-skirt. "Well," said a bystander, "if brevity be the soul of wit, that is the funniest thing I have ever seen!"

\$2 to C.A.B. (name supplied), Deception Bay, Qld.

Grumpy yesterday?



Gleeful today.

Billy's really on the ball today. Laughing and full of energy. "But yesterday," says Billy's mother, "he was so grumpy. Wouldn't eat. Wouldn't play. Lucky I remembered Laxettes. Today his appetite's back—and so is his smile."

Usually Mother Nature keeps children regular. When Nature forgets, remember Laxettes, the gentle laxative. Chocolate Laxettes work safely and surely to restore your child's regularity. Laxettes tonight, tomorrow they're right. 40 cents.

(Advertisement)

Nourish Your Complexion

Youthful, line-free loveliness is restored to the complexion when it is generously nourished at night. After removing your make-up, massage gently with Ulan vitalizing night cream, paying particular attention to the crow's-feet area where ageing lines and wrinkles first appear. The vital blend of vitalizing elements and moist oils contained in the Ulan cream protects against wrinkle-dryness and renders the skin wonderfully soft and velvety. This skin nourishment should be maintained during the day by smoothing in a film of oil of Ulan before making-up.




"PERSONNIA" tablets are an effective aid in obtaining relief from mental strain, over-excitement, nervous tension. "PERSONNIA" induces healthy, relaxing sleep free from any after effects.





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more to grow on
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AWW 2.

MY HUSBAND ROBERTO

First of two parts

by

**MARGOT
FONTEYN**



● Famous ballerina Margot Fonteyn fondly supports her husband, Dr. Roberto Arias, in a swimming-pool. He is paralysed from the assassination attempt four years ago.



● Roberto and Margot on the night of a Buckingham Palace Ball eight years ago.

ON June 8, 1964, I was in the old city of Bath in the west of England. Each summer Yehudi Menuhin organises his own Bath Festival of Music, inviting other famous artists to take part with him. On this occasion he had commissioned a special new work for Rudolf Nureyev to dance to his playing of the Bartok *Divertimento*.

The three of us had been rehearsing all day and then stopped for dinner before returning, near midnight, to the hotel.

The first performance was to take place the following night. Menuhin, who loves the ballet and whose wife, Diana, is a former dancer,

seemed excited about playing for us, and we for our part found it marvellous to dance to the accompaniment of this great and sensitive musician.

As we arrived back at the hotel and I stepped out of the taxi, Diana Menuhin came up to me and said, "Margot, I am afraid there is bad news from Panama. Don't worry, Roberto is all right, he is alive, but he has been shot. He is in the hospital; they say he is all right."

Roberto is my husband, Roberto Arias, the man I love. Without him I would not want to live. He is a lawyer, diplomat, newspaper publisher, and sometime revolutionary, not in the anarchistic, bomb-throwing sense but in his own unusual way.

Born into one of the big ruling families of Panama, he has never quite conformed to some of their rather feudalistic ideas. In their eyes he is an *enfant terrible*; they are never sure what he will do next, but they are rather frightened of whatever it might be.

To many of the poorer people of Panama he is a sort of Robin Hood character, sometimes defying the established ruling power, the oligarchy; always patient, compassionate, and humorous. He is a man unafraid of anyone or anything. Some believe him to be wicked and ruthless, a view sponsored by his enemies, particularly the Chief of the *Guardia Nacional* (Panama's armed police), whom Roberto had tried to overthrow several times.

Roberto's six or seven revolutions were all more or less unsuccessful. As he says, "It is better to make

unsuccessful revolutions — they cause less bloodshed, but the unrest they create forces the authorities to make changes or concessions they would not otherwise have done."

He himself hates violence. He would never even carry a gun, although his brother and friends made him keep one at our home.

I had always been aware of the danger that someone might, one day, try to shoot him. I had worried that he was too vulnerable in our ground-level house by the sea in Panama City. It would have been easy for anyone to creep up at night and fire through a window. Even so, I never really believed it.

NOW it had happened and, like most things in life, the event and its consequences were completely different from anything I could have foreseen.

It was not only that the man who fired the shots turned out to be a person I had thought was a friend. He and Roberto had been campaigning together all the previous weeks; I had been with them to several political rallies earlier in the year and rather liked his wife, who was a quiet, serious school-teacher.

Undoubtedly, campaigning with Roberto had been advantageous to this man, Alfredo Jimenez, who was almost a newcomer to politics. Roberto had always treated him as a friend and had lent him money only two days before the shooting. I was amazed when I learnt, late during that first night in Bath, that Jimenez was the assailant.

When Diana Menuhin first broke the news to me I heard only the words, "He is all right." In retrospect I realise that when I had sometimes been afraid of an assassination attempt on my husband I had thought only in black-and-white terms; I was afraid they would kill him. So the fact that the dreaded thing had happened and he was still alive meant that, of course, he would recover and everything would be as before.

The possibility of his suffering permanent serious injury did not occur to me at all. In fact, I did not fully grasp it for some long time.

This trait might be due to stupidity or to my strong instinct for self-preservation — I do not know which, but my mind shuts out ideas which would be intolerable to it, only later admitting them gradually when I am better able to accept them. At first I could only hold on to the idea that Roberto was alive.

Anxious and in suspense, I went straight to my hotel room. The newspapers were phoning to know my reaction and plans, and they were my only source of information for several hours.

I remember that at one point a friend, who had been coping with all the calls in another part of the hotel (English country hotels are notoriously short of telephones), came to me and started to say something as though she was preparing me for a shock.

She was trying to tell me that his condition was very, very grave, but the moment I sensed there was a possibility he might yet die, I

Continued overleaf

rapid relief of mouth ulcers



with 'SM-33'

mouth ulcers 'SM-33' provides rapid relief from pain of mouth ulcers, under-denture ulcers and inflamed gums. It inhibits germs in the mouth safely, soothingly and swiftly. 'SM-33' promotes quick healing of the sore areas or tender gums after extractions. baby teething 'SM-33' is indispensable during the teething period. It soothes pain and heals gums quickly. Safe and simple to apply. use 'SM-33' the family preparation for treatment of mouth ulcers, sore gums and teething troubles.



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new for rheumatic sufferers

all round symptomatic relief

RheumaKare Tablets concentrate a new scientific formula which gives prompt relief from rheumatic symptoms and muscular stiffness.

First to go is the pain. This quickly subsides, while an anti-inflammatory ingredient helps to reduce swelling or stiffness.

RheumaKare acts, with comforting speed to help dispel immediate rheumatic symptoms and continues to act for sustained relief from them. From your chemist only

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A Product of S.E.R.A.

From page 49

found myself rushing away down the hotel corridor to escape the unendurable words.

I fled into some dark, deserted lounge and was starting to break down completely when they called me to speak to Roberto's brother phoning from the hospital in Panama.

The line was very indistinct, everything had to be repeated desperately several times. I heard him say, "He is out of the operating theatre... fine... wiggling his toes."

"What?" I shouted back. "Wiggling his toes. He is all right," came the reply.

"What should I do?" I asked. "I am supposed to have a premiere here tomorrow. Should I leave now or immediately after the premiere? Are you sure he is out of danger?"

"Yes... operation was very serious... through it... OK."

"But do you think it would be all right for me to stay here tomorrow?" I asked. "Is Tito really all right?"

"OK... out of danger now."

"Then I will leave immediately after the show with Roberto. Tell Tito..." The connection broke. Tito is Roberto's nickname in Panama. Roberto is his son.

I PICTURED Roberto sitting up in bed, weak, but smiling, and out of danger. I did not know where he had been operated on, but imagined a bullet being removed from his chest or leg. Why had his brother mentioned him wiggling his toes? I could not understand that remark. Perhaps he had been shot in both, I thought.

But now I felt sure he would recover and everything be all right again. It was almost dawn, so I slept for three hours before going to the rehearsal, the final costume fitting, lunch, a short sleep, and the performance, until at last I was free to rush to London airport.

Robertito had come over from the school he was attending not far from Bath. He was 16 and very like his father, rather thoughtful, intelligent, considerate, and sometimes inclined to absent-mindedness. Roberto used to say of himself in Panama that he "enjoyed a reputation for amnesia." He said it was enjoyable because it left him free to think his own thoughts.

Robertito and I left London in the early morning for the 17-hour flight to Panama. We had not slept all night, because of the drive from Bath to the airport and because of our frustrated attempts to get through again to Panama by telephone. Before boarding the plane we got the morning papers headlining the shooting.

At first glance I noticed that they mentioned paralysis. After a moment of surprise I remembered my conversation with Roberto's brother and, secure in the knowledge that my husband was "out of danger and wiggling his toes," I hastily put the papers down out of Roberto's reach.

I felt sure I knew better than the journalists and I did not want Roberto to be upset and anxious the whole long journey on account of exaggerated reports of paralysis. Some weeks later he told me that he had read the papers before we boarded the aircraft and was trying to keep them away from me because he did not want me to be upset and anxious all the long journey.

So the papers stayed unopened and neither of us mentioned the subject. Finally arriving at Panama and met by the grave faces of the family, we drove straight to the hospital. As we walked down the long corridor to Roberto's room, we clutched each other's arm in apprehension, despite the picture I still had in my imagination of Roberto propped up on pillows, very weak, but with a slight tired smile of welcome.

We entered an enormous, empty, half-darkened room. It was about 8 p.m. and Roberto was in a corner of the big post-operative ward where patients remain until out of danger. There were no other patients, as it was a weekend, and Roberto was, apparently, the only emergency. I was completely unprepared for what we saw.

He was lying flat on his back, not on a bed, but on some kind of narrow board without pillows, bedclothes, or pyjamas; just a small draw-sheet over half his body. His right arm, in a plaster cast with the elbow bent, was suspended from some sort of a stand beside the bed, which was barely wider than his shoulders.

Toward his feet there were more stands suspending bottles and tubes which fed him intravenously through his ankles. He was breathing through another tube which emerged from a hole at the base of his throat. The next day I had time to observe yet more contraptions draining a bullet wound, but, that first night, the shock of seeing him thus was so great that I realised he must be more than desperately ill and I should not risk tiring him even just by my presence.

I went up to him and whispered very gently in his ear, "Darling, I am here." He opened his eyes and turned them toward me without moving his head. His eyes indicated that he recognised me and understood.

He tried the faintest of smiles. I repeated in his ear, "I am here now, darling. I won't tire you any more. I will come back in the morning." Robertito spoke to him very quietly, too, and he seemed pleased that we were both there.

The surgeon said that the paralysis might be only the temporary result of swelling from the operation to remove a bullet lodged against the spine just below the base of his neck. In three days the

swelling would subside and he would know more.

The next morning I was back at the hospital and was relieved to find that he had the strength to say a few words, provided one closed the breathing hole in his throat as he spoke. Still fearful of taxing him and knowing the doctors were against visitors, I stayed only a short while, but returned in the afternoon.

AN armed guard was constantly outside his door to protect him and also to discourage visitors, but even so his family and closest friends naturally wanted to see him.

Finally, the doctors were able to ration the callers and I somehow managed, once inside the room, just to stay

the shoulder. The head was also a problem; he could not turn it to one side as people normally do when lying face-down.

A support was placed across his chin and another across his forehead, but if they were not exactly right he was miserably uncomfortable; and, in addition, he could scarcely breathe unless the throat tube was also in the right place.

Neither could he speak to tell anyone he was suffocating. When I think now of his suffering during those first days and terrible nights, I still feel quite sick.

He developed a way of making a sharp sound with his lips to attract attention, then tried to indicate with his eyes and eyebrows the particular source of unendurable discomfort.



● Margot Fonteyn and her husband at their wedding reception in the Plaza Athenee Hotel in Paris. They married on February 6, 1955.

there all day, sitting quietly on a nearby bed and watching him.

I learnt that he was lying on a special striker bed. Paralyzed, people have to be moved every few hours to prevent pressure sores from forming. The striker bed seemed to me like a cross between an ironing board and waffle-iron.

Every two hours a board similar to the one he lay on would be placed on top of him and firmly strapped around; then a locking device at the head and foot of the bed was released and the whole Roberto sandwich revolved over until he was lying face-down on the second board.

The straps and the top board were removed and he would remain face-down for half an hour before the process was repeated and he was swung on to his back again.

Hair-raising difficulties resulted from the right arm, in its heavy plaster cast, having to be swung over quickly without wrenching

The surgeon came in every morning with a special little hammer and a special pin; with these he would test Roberto's body and limbs for sensitivity. His chest and upper arms felt the pin-pricks, but the rest of his body did not react.

On the third morning I noticed the doctor make a face indicative of bad news as he completed the examination. My heart seemed suddenly to fall over itself for a minute, until my natural optimism came again to my rescue.

I just could not believe that Roberto would not somehow manage to recover. However, I knew what he himself must be thinking, and later that day I whispered to him that I had been thinking over all the possibilities for the future, the best and the worst, and that I was not afraid of whatever might happen.

AS I watched over my husband in the hospital day by day there was little that I could do for him. Two

nurses tended him constantly. I started to think about our lives together, and how Roberto had often said that they were "separately intertwined."

It always seems to me that although we did not meet until we were 18, I have loved the person that Roberto is, or represents, during all my conscious life, which I reckon to be since I was almost five.

Somewhere around that age I was overwhelmed one day by the sudden realisation that there was only one me in the world. It was in this moment of revelation of individuality that I first sensed loneliness. I did not run to my parents or tell anyone of my new awareness, but I believe if Roberto had been there, a little dark-eyed five-year-old boy, I would also have sensed the existence of true love.

As it turned out, I was already in the early years of my long ballet career by the time I met Roberto. He and his elder brother were studying at Cambridge University. Since I was 14 I have danced with what is now the Royal Ballet.

In 1936 the company gave the inaugural performance at the tiny Arts Theatre in Cambridge, and subsequently we danced there for two weeks each year in May.

It was the glorious time in pre-war England, or so it seems to me now. Perhaps in reality it rained and young people took life seriously, but that is not at all the impression I have; in fact, I know that we were carefree, almost irresponsible.

It was quite unfashionable to want to work studiously at anything. During my first earnest weeks in the ballet I had overheard someone say, "Look at that awful child showing off again. She is always practising arabesques in a corner of the studio." I was deeply hurt, knowing that my arabesque was lamentably bad and needed much work, but after that I took care not to practise when older dancers were about.

Roberto, in Cambridge, had the reputation of passing all his exams without ever bothering to study. He told me later that really he worked extremely hard, but had to pretend he had been at the cinema or otherwise idling his time.

The arrival of the ballet company each year coincided with the undergraduates' final examinations, which they somehow managed to take in a haze of hangovers from the many parties at which we were entertained. Despite my intense shyness, I longed to be at all the parties with my more extrovert companions.

At one such party I silently watched two dark-haired boys dancing to records of Lecuona Cuban Boys. I was fascinated by the Latin rhythms and steps.

Did Roberto see me or speak to me that night? I do not know. I only know

Continued overleaf

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FuntAsia sounds too good to be true...let me know more...Remember, I'm under no obligation!

NAME

ADDRESS



My husband Roberto

From page 50

that when I awoke and stepped out of bed the next morning I had the strangest sensation of lightness. My feet did not feel the floor.

I was perplexed as I crossed the room; what had happened to me? In a flash I thought of the expression "walking on air," used of people who are in love.

That was it, I was walking on air! And only then did I remember the boy from Panama, dancing a rumba with a red handkerchief in his hand. "Tito," they called him. I was in love with Tito.

THE remaining days in Cambridge I lived in a new, strange world; happy when Tito was near, in suspense and lovesick when he was not in sight. I never knew where he was or when I would see him next — he seemed to appear and vanish like the Cheshire cat.

Faced with the choice of two parties, I was terrified I might miss him altogether. Sometimes, standing miserably in a room full of "other" people, I would suddenly find him close beside me.

He would hold my hand for a while and mumble a few vague words. Sometimes

he would sit silently on the floor of my dressing-room while I put on my theatre make-up. One whole Sunday spent on the river is memorable because he moved across from the other side of the group to sit beside me for a few minutes while we were all picnicking in an orchard.

Sometimes at parties when it was late and the lights were low he would hold me very close and still; I was absolutely happy, not wanting to speak or even breathe. He telephoned when I was back in London and we walked all across Hyde Park one very summery afternoon. He even took me to dinner and a nightclub.

Although I was 18 and I liked to drink wine or champagne, I would have nothing but fruit-juice, not wanting to blur the moments I spent listening to him talk about Panama, where he had to return next day for his vacation.

No letters came from Panama, and I felt mortally ashamed to be in love with one who did not return my feelings. By my simple code there could be no greater humiliation than that in the world, so I went out with other boys and tried to forget my mistaken love.

The next spring, 1938, we were again together at Cambridge. I was still in

love, but its first intensity had not been able to survive the suffering of those long winter months without a word of any kind. My pure heart had been too vulnerable and was now already a little hardened.

To my surprise, Tito seemed upset to find me changed. I had hardly expected that he would even remember me, but at least I would make no pretence to him. And once again I was happy every minute I was with him.

During the holidays I was in Paris and so was he. He took me out once to dinner and once to lunch. Being with him was idyllic; everything else went out of my mind. But I knew he could have seen me far more often had he wished.

I do not remember seeing him at all in 1939. Cambridge friends said he was in Paris at the Sorbonne. I carried his photograph with me everywhere and dreamed of him secretly, but without hope. In September that year war was declared with Germany.

For me there followed six years of dancing, dancing, and dancing; in the English provincial cities and in London, in the black-out, and sometimes in air-raids, in times of desperate gaiety, of tragedy, and of a general lowering of all standards of

life. It was lucky for me that I was kept so occupied with six and seven performances each week, and that our ballet company was able to stay together despite the call to service for most of our boys.

FINALLY we emerged from those long dismal years, and by 1949 our ballet company visited the United States for the first time.

The opening night in New York launched a new

era of success for the ballet and for me. I became very much engrossed in trying to live up to the reputation I had somehow achieved as a leading ballerina, to be counted perhaps among the first ten in the world.

I was 30; I was suddenly and unexpectedly a star, and at the same time I was entering the loneliest years of my emotional life. All my contemporaries had married long ago; only I seemed unable to find the man I could love. One day I reasoned that I had so many of the things

other people coveted so much in life that I should not expect love as well. Then I decided to marry anyway by the time I was 35, and make the best of it.

Roberto found me four years later in the nick of time.

During the 14 years that passed between our meeting and our refinding each other, I only once heard anything of him, and it happened in a typically Roberto way. It was in

To page 57



● At their London Embassy residence in the summer of 1955.

Clean your silver* today Still shining three months away



Cleans table silver in seconds!
No rubbing. Just dip, rinse and wipe. Silver Dip's unique formula instantly dissolves tarnish from between prongs of forks. Swab it onto intricately embossed or filigreed silver, then rinse and wipe. Saves hours.



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Rub on Goddard's Long Term Silver Foam—rinse off! Easy as that. Shine lasts 12 weeks or more. Pack contains special applicator.



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'Long Term' is a Goddard's breakthrough in silver polish. An exclusive active ingredient forms a tarnish barrier that keeps your silver shining three months or more.

Goddard's new three-way plan for silver care.

*Goddard's Brass and Copper Polish gives long term protection to Brass and Copper ware.

QUITE A FUNNY STORY, TELLER!

• We were tickled by a bright little piece in an Australian insurance company's house magazine.

It seems that in the strongroom of each Australian bank is an itemised roster of the jobs each member of the staff has to do during and after a hold-up.

After attending a film and lecture entitled "The Bank Robber" at a police auditorium, a bank staff member here returned to his branch with lots of ideas on how to foil robbers.

He put up a second notice, which read:

ACCOUNTANT — come out of broom cupboard and put kettle on.

TELLER — close mouth and collapse in box.

GENERAL HAND — poke head out of strong-room and ask if it is safe to come out.

JUNIOR — look up, ask if anything is wrong, then complain that no one tells you anything.

LEDGER SUPERVISOR — stop sorting vouchers into ledger tray. Help accountant prepare tea.

JUNIOR GIRL — throw bucket of cold water on manager, who has fainted.

MANAGER—find towel.



★ Finnish composer M. A. Numminen finds lyrics for his pop songs in strange places.

One of his hit tune's words came from Army regulations for the care of horses!



HER MINI WON THE MONEY

■ Meet Helen Cummings, 19-year-old East Sydney Technical College fashion design student.

Helen is wearing the white wool twill mini-dress and cape that recently won her the Australian Wool Board Annual Prize of \$100.

The prize was awarded for the best fashion garment designed in, and made from, pure Australian wool by a student designer.

The judges were Mrs. Betty Keep, The Australian Women's Weekly's Fashion Editor; Mr. John J. Hilton; and Mrs. Joy Jobbins, of the Australian Wool Board.

Tree tea for two...



• Maybe it doesn't look it, but this little hut at the top of a banyan tree lays claim to being the most exclusive restaurant in the world. Situated in Honolulu, Hawaii, it seats TWO!

COMPACT

★ Sign in a Sydney veterinary surgery: "Humans must be accompanied by a n animal."

Bring your Monet with you...

A USTRALIAN super-markets go in for give-aways, but—to our knowledge—they haven't got it down to such a fine art as some in Holland.

The word "art" can be taken quite literally.

For in the land of windmills one firm (with a chain of more than 400 self-service stores) offers its customers reproductions of famous paintings at low prices.

The stores currently offer six different paintings in return for special stamps saved by customers.

The reproductions are in color, on canvas, and closely resemble originals.

If any proof is needed that the idea is apt, con-

sider that one painting is a mod-art piece, which the customer is invited to name personally.

Self-service?

★ What's a definition of a perfect hostess?

One we saw recently explains that she is the hostess who when her guests arrive greets them with outstretched hands and says: "At last!"

And when they prepare to leave she says with disappointment: "Already?"

• A staff member overheard two teenage girls' conversation while waiting for a lift...

One: "Your birthday today? How old are you?"

Other: "I'm not telling—but, oh boy, sometimes I feel 30!"



FACTS ABOUT PREGNANCY AND YOUR FIGURE

Q Why do Berlei Maternity bras have such low backs? Do they support as well as other more regular bras?

A Berlei Maternity bras were designed in conjunction with leading hospitals to give you correct support and control. There's a reason for the low back...besides letting you wear cool, low-backed dresses, it helps maintain a much higher uplift for your bustline and relieves any pressure at the diaphragm level...this is particularly important towards the 8th month.

Q I've heard I should be wearing a bra to bed at night while I'm pregnant. Is that so important?

A If you really care for your bustline, a bra for sleeping is essential. It gives extra comfort in the early days of pregnancy, especially...and gives you continuous support later on.

Q I feel that my back needs more support. I'm conscientious about standing straight...and doing my exercises. Would a girdle help?

A I advise you to get one. A Berlei Maternity girdle will support your back, help you feel more comfortable...even help prevent backache. Besides, the right foundation garments throughout your pregnancy go a long way to helping you regain your figure once the baby is born.

Berlei Maternity garments are designed with one real purpose...to give you comfort during pregnancy, to help restore your figure afterwards. So, best you get fitted with a Berlei Maternity Wardrobe soon.

For a Free colour leaflet showing Berlei Maternity garments and a helpful list of suggestions for baby's name, write Berlei Limited, 39 Regent Street, Sydney 2000.

Berlei

A Berlei maternity outfit can cost so little.

Bras from \$3.95. Girdles or pantie girdles from \$6.95.

Pretty lace bra shown, Style 888, A-CC, 32-44, \$5.00.

LET'S PLAY PICK-A-SANDWICH

Heaven knows, every Mum runs fresh out of sandwich ideas occasionally. That's why we thought you might like a hand. Besides, wouldn't the whole thing be more fun if the family chose their own favourites? (There's no better way to make certain the kids eat their school lunches.)



Fisherman's Roll - Remove centre of a roll, butter and line with lettuce. Fill with GREENSEAS® Tuna and cover with KRAFT Cheddar Cheese.



KRAFT Cheddar Cheese and **KRAFT Peanut Butter**.



KRAFT Cheddar Cheese with slices of apple sprinkled with lemon juice.



KRAFT Cheddar Cheese, tomato sauce and roast beef or lamb.



Oslo Lunch - 3 slices buttered wholemeal bread, 2 or 3 CHEESTIK®, an apple or orange, ½ pint milk.



KRAFT Cheddar Cheese, grated carrot and chopped celery.



French Breadstick - Fill a buttered breadstick with lettuce leaves, KRAFT Cheddar Cheese, tomato and pork sausage. Cut into three.



KRAFT Cheddar Cheese and lettuce with brown bread.



The Sandwich you can live on - White bread and butter, VEGEMITE® yeast extract, tomato and KRAFT Cheddar Cheese.



More good food ideas from Kraft.



Reg'd. Trade Mark. ©Kraft

Sparkling cold drink a prizewinner

A PARTY fruit punch with lots of flavor wins this week's prize of \$10 in our regular recipe contest. The recipe makes approximately five pints; for a large party, double quantities.

PARTY-TIME PUNCH

½ bottle fruit-cup cordial

1 small can fruit salad
4 passionfruit
1 cup strawberries
2 oranges
1 lemon
2 large bottles dry ginger ale
1 large bottle lemonade
½ bottle white wine
ice cubes

Combine in punch bowl fruit-cup cordial, undrained fruit salad, passionfruit pulp, straw-

berries (reserving few for decoration), and orange and lemon juice. Place in refrigerator until ready to serve. Add chilled ginger ale, lemonade, and wine. Pour into glasses, top with 2 or 3 ice cubes. Decorate with reserved strawberries. See picture, right. Makes approximately 5 pints. Note: For non-alcoholic punch, omit wine.

\$10 to Miss Jenny Machin, "Kalora," Warra, Qld. 4411.



\$2 PRIZES FOR READERS' HINTS

• This week some practical hints for housewives, mothers.

To clean tiled floors of bathroom or shower recess, rub with a bleach powder cleanser and water, then leave for 20 minutes before mopping over. This will bleach out stains, especially in the grooves between tiles. — Mrs. P. Legg, Lardner's Track, Gellibrand River, Vic. 3239.

★ ★ ★

A half slip with a band of embroidery or lace on the hem is an ideal basis to make a baby's christening robe from. — Mrs. O. E. Hetherington, 1112 Nash Place, Nightcliff, Darwin, N.T. 5790.

★ ★ ★

Don't throw out those used tealeaves. Instead, strain them well, and when you have a small canful mix with 1 tablespoon vinegar and 1 tablespoon lavender disinfectant and use to clean your carpets. Spread mixture over carpet, using a straw broom, then sweep well. The vinegar brightens colors, dust clings to the tealeaves, and the lavender leaves your carpet with a fresh, clean fragrance. — Miss B. Daenke, 45 The Boulevard, Shepparton, Vic. 3630.

★ ★ ★

When retinting faded curtains, mix the dye with starch and do the job of starching and tinting in one operation and so save time. — Mrs. J. Grant, Young Town, Tas. 7250.

★ ★ ★

When removing a splinter from a wriggling child use a needle threaded with cotton, then if it is dropped it can be found immediately. — Mrs. L. Wilton, Braemar Court, Unit 11, 15 Stuart St., Manly, N.S.W. 2095.

★ ★ ★

To make an attractive shopping bag, buy a colorful teatowel and two small round 15-cent hand-bag handles. Fold teatowel in half, inside out and double sew halfway up both sides. Sew the two tops on to handles gathering as you go. If you line the bag with plastic it also makes an attractive beach bag. You could also use a piece of towelling instead of a teatowel. Trim the bag as liked. — Mrs. Y. G. Darker, 66 Biarra St., Deagon, Qld. 4017.

★ ★ ★

Protect your screen door from young children by lining the inside lower half with pegboard which looks attractive and allows light and air to enter. It also eliminates footholds for children to swing on. A cotton-reel low down on the outside provides a doorknob for little ones. — Mrs. C. Scully, 2 Dalgarno St., Coonabarabran, N.S.W. 2857.

It's not very Breck to label our Creme Rinse conditioner with 'Save 20¢'

It's unusual, yes. But then, we wanted to create an unusual opportunity for you. The woman who washes and sets her own hair.

For a very limited time, Breck Creme Rinse conditioner will be available at your chemist for only 65 cents for a generous 4 oz. bottle.

You save 20¢. And you also see what we mean by beautiful hair.



Breck Creme Rinse is a remarkable preparation. A conditioner, applied directly after your Breck Shampoo. First, it does away with snarls and tangles; your comb "floats" through wet, knotty hair. Second, it helps your set, because it adds extra bounce, body and shine to your hair; makes it instantly manageable. Above all, it conditions naturally.

Offer available from N.S.W. and Victorian chemists and department stores only.

If your toilet is not as white as this page,
maybe you should be using this:



the most effective disinfectant toilet cleanser.

My husband Roberto

From page 52

Atlanta, Georgia, on our second U.S. tour.

I was not appearing in the program that night, so I sat in the audience to watch Moira Shearer dance in "Aurora's Wedding." To my surprise I was called to the telephone in the manager's office during the intermission. No one, I thought, could possibly have known where I was.

Expecting, perhaps, a local journalist or just a stranger wanting to get an autograph, I picked up the telephone. The voice said casually, "This is Tito." "Tito!" I exclaimed. "Yes," he replied, sounding as he always had sounded. "I am in New York and I have to return to Panama tomorrow."

"There is a flight which stops at Atlanta at 12.10. If you will come to see me at the airport I will take that plane."

"Twelve-ten midday or midnight?" I asked in confusion.

"Midday," he said. I thought of the charming but vague Tito of long ago and said, "How can I be sure you will be really on the plane? If you phone before you leave New York I will go out to the airport."

"All right, I will call you at nine in the morning," he said, and that was the last I heard of him until two years later. I wondered whether to go to the airport anyway but decided not, which was just as well, because the explanation, when I finally got it with the usual gentle laugh, was, "Oh, darling, one of my revolutions suddenly went wrong and I had to rush straight to Panama. I had no time to call."

So time lapsed again until the third U.S. tour of the Royal Ballet in 1953. On September 16 I was in my costume just before the curtain rose on a performance of "The Sleeping Beauty" at the Metropolitan Opera House in New York.

The stage-door keeper came up to me saying, "A gentleman left this card for you and went away. He wishes to see you after the performance." I read "Dr. Roberto E. Arias, Ambassador of Panama to the United Nations."

"Please bring him to my dressing-room when he comes back after the show," I said, and I ran to tell my special friends in the ballet who had known him at Cambridge.

"I wonder what he is like now," someone said. "Probably very fat with lots of children," I laughed, but I was also very curious to see again the man who had affected me so deeply when I was still almost a child.

Having said he would come back at the end, Roberto arrived instead in the intermission. He came with a friend and I said only a few words. He wanted me to join them for supper, but

I had already accepted another invitation. After the performance he returned and sat silently in my dressing-room while everyone else talked.

The next morning, at nine, the phone rang. "I am coming to breakfast," he announced. I said, but he had to leave for Panama at noon and I was to order breakfast for him as he insisted on seeing me before he left.

So he arrived and sat on the floor of my hotel room with his back against the wall, which was quite typical of the slender, carefree boy I remembered; except that this was a rather fat, form-

to be a Latin-American playboy, who spent his time dancing the then newly popular rumba, and living wildly in the European capital cities. Now I began to discover a wise, responsible man who combined a quite original humor with a slight air of little-boy-lost. The new picture superimposed over the old image of the playboy did not fit, except in his generous ideal of entertaining.

He returned from Panama almost immediately after that day of the breakfast conversation, to tell me that his wife had agreed to a divorce. There followed a courtship, more like a Mack Sennett chase, round the United States.

Tito of Cambridge days made him point out the difference between being "in love," which implies a state one can get out of, and "loving," which is irremissible.

Our marriage in Paris on February 6, 1955, was chaotic. The office of the Panamanian Consul-General was so small that only my family and half a dozen closest friends were invited to the ceremony.

As I arrived in the doorway I could not believe my eyes: the room was packed tight with people, most of whom I had never seen before. At first I could not even find Roberto in the crowd. The wedding proceeded in Spanish, of which I did not understand one word, to the sound of thirty-odd cameras of all kinds clicking, snapping, and whirring.

Exasperated by this disruption of what I had expected to be the most moving and important moment of my life, I nudged Roberto and whispered, "Can't you stop the ceremony, throw out all the cameramen, and start again?" He murmured, "It is almost finished." He put the ring on my finger, the Consul asked me to sign my name, and I found myself married.

That day I count as the beginning of my real life.

When I decided to marry Roberto I thought that, whatever might happen to us, at least I was never likely to be bored with such a man; my life would always be interesting and eventful.

And so it has turned out to be. A man almost totally incapacitated and speaking only with great difficulty, who can still alarm his enemies and inspire his friends, is indeed a man to reckon with.

IN the hospital in Panama Roberto gained strength each day; the lung drained and healed, the trachea hole in his throat closed. He could talk perfectly. After a good deal of discussion about his safety he was moved to a private room at the other end of the hospital.

It had two doors, so one was locked and the armed guard took his position outside the other. Beside him a large notice said that visitors were strictly prohibited by order of the doctors, which reduced them to almost manageable numbers.

The private nurses were still in attendance day and night, but I was now able to sleep there, too, as he was on his striker bed, which left a free bed for me.

His limbs were massaged each day, but he could not move even a finger, nor could he wiggle a toe. Roberto's surgeon, Dr. Gonzalez Revilla, who undoubtedly saved his life, thought that he should be transferred as

Continued overleaf



● Leaving the stage door at the Royal Opera House in Covent Garden in 1963.

ally dressed man in his mid-thirties.

Out of the blue he said, "You are going to marry me and be very happy." Laughingly I replied, "That will be rather difficult, as you told me a minute ago that you are married and have three children." But he remained serious and said, "My wife will divorce me."

"What if I, too, married meanwhile?" I asked, still thinking the conversation was some strange kind of joke.

"You would still marry me in the end," he replied, and left for the airport.

The next morning one hundred red roses arrived in my room, with no card. I did not know what to think. I, too, had changed in the years since Cambridge.

Superficially I was not so shy — I realised that it was ridiculous to be so at my age and apparently so successful in life, so I overcame and concealed it as best I could. But I was lost and despairing at heart, and usually laughing a little too much. I had never really known Roberto's character; he had rarely talked seriously except about his father, who was President of Panama, a most deeply respected man who made a great contribution to the progress of his country.

Roberto I really believed

As I went from city to city trying to find strength to dance endless performances of "Swan Lake," Roberto would arrive and leave abruptly with no warning, showering me with presents from Cartier, telephoning from New York or Panama, or suddenly reappearing when I thought him safely far away.

He grew visibly thinner by the week, and happier, too. He laughed as he told me how, in Panama, he was now "swimming in yards of white linen" and had to order all new tropical suits.

This time I was not so suddenly swept off my feet. I begged him to give me time to think, but his policy was just the opposite.

One day, when I believed myself out of reach at last on a three-day train journey across Canada, the train broke down near some tiny halt. The stationmaster walked out along the track to bring a telegram; it read: "See you in Vancouver."

By January I had reached Los Angeles, where, on a boat trip to Catalina Island, I realised that Roberto was right. I did want to marry him, and I knew I would be very happy.

Telling him how much I had been in love with the apparently very different

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This is the New Mornny Beauty Bath Collection



So suddenly, everything you use at bath-time's Mornny!

What is the collection?
It's four Mornny bath preparations:
bath foam, bath gelee,
body lotion and cologne.
Carefully chosen by Mornny to include
everything you need at bath-time.

Carefully chosen to caress, soothe,
your hard-working skin. Chosen, then
given a unique, subtle fragrance
of pine woods and bracken.
The Mornny Beauty Bath Collection
is made for you—beautifully.

MORNNY
is a million marvellous feelings

PO. 5 FPC.

My husband Roberto

From page 57

soon as he was strong enough to travel to Stoke Mandeville Hospital in England for rehabilitation treatment.

My absence in Panama was breaking my contract to dance with the Royal Ballet in London, so I asked if he thought I could go on ahead to England, as Roberto would probably follow in a couple of weeks.

Dr. Revilla said, "Roberto is getting on well so far, but I must warn you there is one danger in cases such as his. At any moment he could suffer a thrombosis."

I said, "In that case I would fly back immediately." He replied simply, "You would be too late."

THIS conversation disquieted me a good deal, but I could not tell Roberto. We had already discussed my return. Everything appeared to be going well, he was in the best care, his family were all around. He thought it made sense for me to go back to my performances. He hoped to arrive in England before I was due to leave for a short Continental tour.

Sadly, I flew back to the ballet.

I had been in Panama two weeks. Although I had managed to practise a little most days, I still strained a calf muscle during one of the London performances, with bizarre results as I limped through the second act with too much novocaine in the left leg.

From the knee down was completely numb, which caused the strange illusion that the stage was a step lower wherever that foot touched it.

Annette Page stood in the wings in her costume ready to take my place if necessary, but I obstinately continued as the novocaine gradually wore off, leaving, of course, only the pain of the original injury. Such strains can easily occur if a dancer is not performing at least each week. Hence the amount of time I have to spend away from my husband; but as he says, "Our separations are only geographical."

Thus it was a godsend to me that Stoke Mandeville is only one hour's journey from London, where I normally dance the major part of each year.

Roberto made the journey from Panama via New York, still on his revolving bed. He was accompanied by a doctor, a nurse, his brother

Harmodio, his secretary Marlene, and five teddy bears which were strewn around the empty first-class seats with nonchalant expressions on their fur faces.

The bears, mostly of the koala variety, had been on a chaise-longue in our bedroom since the first time I toured Australia. The day after I left Panama for London Roberto asked for them to be taken to his hospital room and they remained constantly with him, multiplying from time to time, until his return home two and a half years later. He gave them names like Autipodal, Miraflores, and Augustus.

There was a big Press gathering as the party

system is luckily not yet so mechanised. The patients are ingeniously packed on pillows and moved every three hours night and day by shifts of orderlies. At the slightest suspicion of a sore developing on the skin a sister arrives with a big torch and, if necessary, calls a doctor to inspect the patient's rear.

The procedure seemed very amusing to me until I saw the unhappy plight of patients arriving from abroad who had not been well cared for and had to lie face down for months waiting for a bed sore to heal. Then I really appreciated the striker bed. Roberto arrived at the

Again with her first few words I found myself on my feet ready to run, but this time I had to listen. She was quite pale. "They telephoned from the hospital to say you must return at once. A plane leaves Rome at 2.30 this afternoon. I have ordered a car to take you, and Alitalia say they will have someone waiting at the airport to take care of you."

Of course I had been telephoning to Roberto each day since my arrival in Italy, despite the terrible Italian provincial communication services. "Whatever can have happened?" I asked.

"The line was very bad, they did not say anything except that you should return immediately."

I remembered that he sounded very tired the day before. I had thought it probably a late reaction from the long journey, as he had seemed so cheerful before.

RUDOLPH NU-

REYEV came into the room. The ballet we were to dance was "Raymonda," his first production of a three-act ballet. It was very important to him and no one was ready to take my place the next day, but he just hugged me impetuously and said, "You must leave immediately — don't think about the ballet."

They took me back to the hotel quite dazed. My poor mother was packing. She had arrived two days earlier expecting to spend a three weeks' holiday in "sunny Italy." It had been cold and raining, the food was rather bad, and now she had to go home again.

The old Spoleto taxi-driver set off at a steady old-taxi-driver's speed. The journey to Rome would take two and a half hours anyway. I knew nothing about what had happened to Roberto since I had spoken to him the day before. My mother and I sat silent in the taxi.

I knew she was praying; I didn't know exactly what I was doing. It was like holding him tightly in a constant thought. Then suddenly that thought became empty; I tried to find him again but he was no longer there, and I ceased to feel anything at all; so I carefully noted the time. In England it would be just before midday.

There is a bypass auto-strada which I knew we had

To page 62



● The paralysed Dr. Arias arrives from Panama to enter a London hospital.

changed planes in New York, and, of course, a tremendous welcome as he arrived, smiling, in London. So many photographs had to be taken before he vanished into the ambulance that I was afraid he would catch pneumonia right there on the tarmac in the weak English summer sun.

We quickly tucked a thick blanket around him and he laughed, thinking we would probably bring him a cup of tea, the British panacea for everything. He once mocked me terribly for thinking a cup of tea the best thing for a girl who had just narrowly escaped drowning and still had water in her lungs.

At the hospital, to my relief, he was immediately removed from the alarming bed and never saw it again.

The Stoke Mandeville

hospital on July 4. The next day I had to leave for Italy for final rehearsals of a new production to take place at the Spoleto Festival. On the morning of the 9th, one month and one day after the shooting, I went very early to the theatre to put on make-up for the final dress rehearsal.

I had been unhappy from the moment I awoke. Walking alone to the theatre through the melancholy mountain town, I was thinking that had Roberto died when he was shot I would be absolutely unable to go on with dancing or living. Half an hour later, my make-up nearly completed, the same friend who in Bath had tried to tell me the grave news of Roberto's condition came into my dressing-room.

FOR THE CHILDREN

Wuff, Snuff & Tuff



by TIM

Avoid Embarrassment of FALSE TEETH Dropping or Slipping

Don't be embarrassed again by having your false teeth slip or drop when you eat, talk, laugh or sneeze. Just sprinkle a little FASTEETH on your plates. This new, fine powder gives a wonderful sense of comfort and security. No gummy, gooey taste or feeling. Any chemist has FASTEETH. Refuse substitutes.

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Scholl know just how your legs ache when you have varicose veins. That's why they make Soft Grip to stretch two ways for the firm control and real relief you need. Soft Grip Stockings support your legs so firmly yet so gently you'll forget you have varicose veins. And Scholl understand that you do care how you look. So Soft Grip Stockings do more than hide those unsightly veins — they are made without a tell-tale seam or hem or ridge. Under ordinary nylons no one will know you have them on. What people will notice is the new lightness Soft Grip have given your step.

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STOCKINGS

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you'll feel fabulous after a
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bath Heaven for tired and aching limbs. 'RADOX' is as important to the enjoyment of your bath as the water itself. ... softens the water ... relaxes tired and aching limbs ... refreshes the skin ... (leaves no bath-tub ring either).

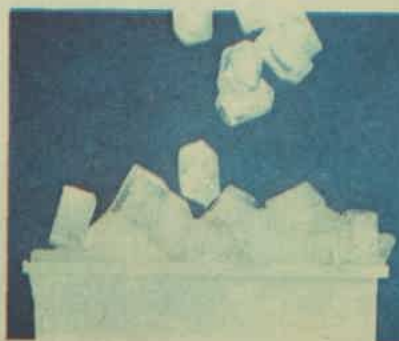


try 'RADOX' yourself and feel the difference.

AVAILABLE EVERYWHERE.



This meat keeper keeps meat really fresh for a week.



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3-position butter conditioner makes butter really behave.

Park a Kelvinator 2-door convertible in your kitchen.

It's the most advanced "No-Frost" refrigerator freezer in the country.

Our 15 cubic foot 2-door convertible. You can see how good it looks outside. But there are a few things inside, behind its convertible doors, well worth looking into. Our "No Frost" system, for example. And why it's ahead of the crowd.

Four reasons: 1. We don't fool around with a lot of electric heating elements like other manufacturers. They're costly to run and expensive to replace. (Some makers use up to nine. Nine!) Instead, (with the exception of one tiny element for use in very humid climates) we use the hot gas which is already part of our "No Frost" system. It makes more sense. It costs you less to run. 2. We've worked out a way to keep the cold, "No Frost" air moving through both compartments through a special mixing chamber, which gives you two "No Frost" compartments. And no defrosting in either. 3. Since the freezer and refrigerator are separate compartments with separate functions, we figure it makes sense to give them separate temperature controls. (You get the right temperature in the right place at the right time.) 4. Finally, we've designed our "No Frost" refrigerator-freezer to work at peak efficiency in all climates; hot, humid, cold, dry—the lot.

Along with the best "No Frost" system your money can buy, you get this thumping list of features—everything you've ever wanted. Check it through. There are nine other Kelvinator refrigerators where this one came from—in the size you're looking for, at the price you want to pay. And they all have one thing in common—a degree of quality and reliability of which no one else can get within shouting distance. There isn't room to talk about them here. But your Kelvinator retailer will be delighted to show them to you.

Check these features:

- 1 Big, 126 lb capacity freezer.
- 2 Large, air-chilled meat pantry keeps fresh meat really fresh for a week.
- 3 A 3-position butter conditioner makes butter really behave—the way you want it.
- 4 A fast-chill shelf for Dad's beer.
- 5 Two cavernous vegetable crispers with sealable lids keep contents crisp fresh.
- 6 Lift-out ice-cube storage. Holds all the ice you need to keep you on the rocks.
- 7 Quick release ice-cube trays.
- 8 Lift-out egg basket holds 24 eggs.
- 9 Twin, unbreakable liquid dispensers for cold water, cordial or fresh fruit juices.
- 10 Strong, slide-out shelves. More shelves in the doors, more in the freezer.
- 11 "Polarsphere" Sealed Unit with full 5-year warranty.
- 12 "Fashion Plates": Over 60 different colours and designs. Made by Formica. Exclusive to Kelvinator.



Lift-out 2-dozen egg basket.



You can always slide out "Fashion Plates" and go back to nature.



Signal red



Olive green



Florentine

Kelvinator is the one to buy

REFRIGERATORS • WASHERS • AIR CONDITIONERS • FREEZERS

KL 59B

Page 61

How to Make Your Skin Lovelier



Beauty Skin
Care
Consultant

A COMPLEXION that is exquisitely smooth and fine-grained in texture can be yours with just a few simple steps of basic skin care. These beauty suggestions will help you to attain a youthful, flawless complexion for a lifetime.

Dewy Complexion

PRESERVE that natural dewy complexion when spending the day out-of-doors by smoothing a film of oil of Ulan over the skin before making-up. When you come home counteract the effects of open-air dryness by slipping into a lukewarm bath, patting dry, and then massaging oil of Ulan into the skin — paying particular attention to the face, neck, and shoulders.

A Lovely Complexion

YOUR most precious complexion is beautified and protected when you smooth a film of tropical moist oil over the face and neck every day. This moist oil of Ulan has special isotonic properties that help nature to maintain the natural oil and moisture balance of the skin and reveal the soft, flower-like bloom of your skin. Used as an invisible base beneath make-up, the unique beauty fluid not only guards your skin against the drying effects of the weather and cosmetic pigments, but it also serves to ensure that your complexion will look beautifully milky-matt and flawless all through the day.

A Beauty Tonic

TO keep your skin clear and fair and to tone and condition your complexion to a new clarity and fine-grained texture, saturate a cotton-wool pad in lemon Delph skin freshener and gently press the face and neck. The beautifying properties of lemons in the Delph Freshener help stimulate the surface cells, clear out stubborn blemish-inducing and pore-clogging particles, smoothing and refining the complexion to a new beauty. To protect and nourish the new milky loveliness, smooth on a film of moist Ulan oil.

Tender Care For Eyes

THE tissue-thin skin area surrounding your eyes needs the gentlest and tenderest of care. Finger-pat moist oil of Ulan around the eyes before you apply make-up, working from the nose and over the upper eyelid, then down and around the eyes towards the nose again. The special isotonic properties of the tropical beauty fluid make it invaluable for keeping wrinkle-dryness at bay and protecting the youthful appearance of pretty eyes.

Water-Lily
SWIMSUITS

BALETTE HAYES*
One of Australia's most vital and exciting interior decorators — we bring attractive budget-style ideas in the **AUSTRALIAN HOME JOURNAL**

SKIN ITCH & TINEA
To clear your skin soft and smooth — free from pimples, itching, eczema, red blotches, blemishes and tinea, use NIXODERM. Get NIXODERM from your chemist. Clears skin while you sleep.

My husband Roberto

From page 59

to take to reach the airport on the far side of Rome. I came out of my deadened condition and back into despair when I noticed that we were entering the crowded city with all its traffic. I hoped the old driver knew the way.

Twenty minutes later, as we passed by St. Peter's, I knew for sure that he didn't. I started shouting at him to stop and inquire. At a petrol station we picked up an eight-year-old boy who, we soon discovered, for all his confidence also did not know the way.

When we stopped at some traffic lights in a big square I was desperate. I jumped out of the cab and started hysterically pulling my mother and the luggage out while shouting, "Taxi, taxi" at the top of my voice.

An astounded passerby, realising the situation was urgent, did not stop to ask questions but immediately fetched his own car and drove us to the airport, which we reached eight minutes before the plane took off. I did not have enough Italian to explain what was happening, but he understood that we were in great distress and he saved us.

There was no one from the airline waiting for us, nor had anyone heard of us, but by this time I was really fighting and they soon pushed us on to the plane, glad to be rid of me. Our chauffeur, who has been with us almost since we were married, was waiting at London airport. I was expecting to hear the worst. "He is still alive—that was announced on the radio just now. The hospital won't give any further information."

ANOTHER hour and we were at Roberto's bedside. This time I had imagined him dead, so again I was not prepared to find him instead in a coma. One feels very helpless beside someone in a coma; there is absolutely nothing one can say or do, no communication whatever. I just stared at the grisly object in his mouth, which I supposed allowed him to breathe without danger of suffocation by swallowing his tongue.

Dr. Ludwig Guttman came into the room.

He is a precise and sometimes peppery genius who opened the spinal injuries unit at Stoke Mandeville in preparation for casualties of the Normandy invasion in World War II. For over 20 years he has concentrated on the treatment and rehabilitation of the paralysed, for which great work he has been honored by the Queen and is now Sir Ludwig.

Despite all his years in England he retains a good German accent, which can be most effective at times in maintaining discipline over his now enormous hospital. He said, "Your husband is still alive—just. He suffered

a convulsion and his heart stopped, he was dead. But we pulled him back from heaven by von foot."

Roberto lay there barely breathing. Sometimes he would miss a breath or two altogether. I was frightened and spoke to the male nurse.

"It's all right," he said. "When that happens I just belt him," with which he pounded him a bit about the chest and the breathing restarted. I was greatly reassured, and reasoned that the body knew when it had sufficient oxygen to spare itself the possibly lethal effort of those two light breaths.

Consternation started to grow about Roberto, who had left his school at noon and should have reached the hospital long ago. The police were asked to look out for him at stations along the line, but no one could make out

come out of the coma, would he be as before?"

Of course, I wanted and expected the answer "yes." With his reply I felt suddenly sick, not just for myself, but because I had been so appallingly stupid as to ask that question with Roberto standing by. "As I have never known a man to live after such a temperature, I cannot possibly tell what effects it might have."

Roberto was brave; he showed no emotion; and I noted that one should never ask a doctor what is going to happen. He can tell only the facts he knows. He is not there to raise hope, and yet one must have hope and faith to help the very sick.

VERY late that night I was talking to a nurse across the bed. He was a young man from a seminary, and compassionate, which led him to say, "It is tragic," as he looked down at the unconscious Roberto. I was a little stung, and said quickly, "You don't think he will live, do you?" He only looked very sad, but did not reply.

I did not feel strong enough to tell him that Roberto almost always managed to do the unexpected. It was strange, though, that when he regained consciousness Roberto was always frightened of that man, and did not want to let him near.

The second day went by. Roberto still lived. His breathing was stronger and the coma lighter. In the evening Dr. Guttman started to lean over him and shout very loudly, "Wake up, Arias," and slap his face lightly.

On the third day this treatment had the desired effect. Early in the evening Roberto stirred for the first time. Quickly I spoke to him. Some while later he managed to mumble a little. I was sure the words he tried to say were the nickname he uses for me.

The nightmare of the coma was over and I was happy, not realising the less obvious terrors yet to come in the following months.

On the fifth day I went out of the hospital for the first time, just to have dinner. But I became nervous and we all hurried back to find the room full of doctors and nurses. The familiar bottles and tubes to his ankles were running through ice, his bare torso was being washed in cold water, and a fan was blowing on him. Roberto's temperature had started to rise again.

This time it was controlled after a few anxious hours.

Several months later a formal letter from the hospital read, "Dear Mme Arias—We are happy to tell you that your husband, Roberto E. Arias, has been removed from the hospital list of critically ill patients. He is now placed on the seriously ill list."

World copyright Roberto E. Arias 1968.



ARE YOU TOO FAT TOO FAT TOO FAT

Gentle, natural Ford Pills help rid you of ugly surplus fat, restore your lithe, trim figure and bring back buoyant good health. Take Ford Pills regularly and follow the Ford Pills Diet Chart. Safe and gentle for all your family with never any unpleasant side effects.

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Quick Help for KIDNEY & BLADDER IRRITATION

Simple infections of the urinary tract are very common at all ages, and probably bother twice as many women as men. These infections by irritating the Kidneys and Bladder may cause frequent burning, itching urination, thus embarrassing you during the day and disturbing your sleep at night. Secondly, backache and muscular aches and pains may result. For quick, soothing relief of urinary tract symptoms try CYSTEX which has been sold and recommended by registered chemists throughout the free world for 40 years.

THE BOYFRIEND



"This should help him get over his inferiority complex!"

CONTEST'S LAST WEEK

WOULD you like to be Bake - Off Princess 1968?

Are you an attractive young woman who likes cooking and entertaining? Then why not enter our Princess contest, you have the qualifications. But hurry, it closes September 16.

The tempting prize — two weeks on Hayman Island, a new wardrobe, \$100 cash, and a \$350 cooking-range. Some lucky young woman in Australia must win. It's simple to enter. Just send a recent photograph of yourself, details of a dinner-party menu you might serve, your full name, age, and address to: "Bake-Off Princess," The Australian Women's Weekly, Box 7052, G.P.O., Sydney 2001.

Contest will be judged in



Vicki-Lauren Nicholls, from Brisbane. Her menu is outlined in the panel.

Melbourne on October 4, finalists having been flown there by Ansett-ANA to take part.

Entrant photographed, Vicki-Lauren Nicholls, comes from Greenslopes, Qld.

PRE-DINNER DRINKS

HORS-D'OEUVRE: Avocado Canapes, Devils on Horseback, Olives, and Cocktail Onions.

SOUP: Tomato Cod Bisque.

ENTREE: Creole Prawns.

MAIN COURSE: Tournedos Parisienne garnished with Asparagus Tips and Bearnaise Sauce, Duchesse Potatoes, French Beans with Almonds, Buttered Baby Carrots.

DESSERT: Charlotte Russe.

CHEESE: Danish Blue and Gouda, with Crackers.

DEMITASSE: Black Coffee with Tia Maria.

MRS. H. WIFE



"Nothing special, just a few vegetables."



THIS IS A WOMAN

It has taken two million years or so for her to develop to this stage of perfection. And if some are more beautiful than others, all are equally deserving of the best. They require the finest in all things. Their jewellery, their homes, their clothes. Most importantly, their clothes. That is why most women turn instinctively to clothes made from the finest of fabrics — Bradmill.

FOR HER NOTHING BUT THE BEST



A dress by Kenneth Pirrie in fabric by **BRADMILL**

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This year your best accessory is your figure.

Give first thoughts to a pretty shape. Flownet by Formfit.

Make yourself over with the persuasion of Flownet. Bra and girdle match flower for flower. Bra cups of nylon tricot lace hold soft as petals do, with the added shaping of fiberfill. And feel free as Lycra powers side panels and adjustable straps to stretch easily. The panty is all light and Lycra; smooths your tummy twice, sleeks down thighs — and not a seam to show. New Flownet by Formfit.

'Side Show' Bra, style 586: A32-36, B&C32-38. \$5.00

'Flownet' girdle, style 936: \$5.99

4" leg panty, style 834: \$6.99

6" leg panty, style 836: \$7.99

All in sizes S, M, L, XL.



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Now. Unsheath one of the 12 new
Charade colours from its elegant new
case—and gently play up your lovely lips.

Just for you. From Cutex. A magnificent collection of
new fashion colours. In an elegant new gold and white case.
Very special softly glowing colours to match your
own very special moods. Charades Lip Colour Collection.
Go see them. Then use them. Add soft new colour to your life.

CUTEX CHARADES LIPSTICK JUST 85¢



CUTEX

DRESS SENSE

By BETTY KEEP

● This American-designed dress has a matching double-breasted jacket (not illustrated). The design is chosen for a New South Wales reader.

HERE is part of her letter and my reply:

"I have 5½ yds. of 36in. fabric — it is a black linen-type material — and would like a design to make it into a sleeveless one-piece dress. I like tailored clothes and prefer American designs to those from Paris. I am in my thirties and am size 16."

You have sufficient mater-

ial to make a sleeveless dress and matching jacket. The dress is illustrated below. The pattern also includes a design for a double-breasted, long-sleeved jacket. The outfit is American-designed and a pattern is available in your size. Beside the illustration are how-to-order details.

"What style do you recommend for a figure with a large bust?"

A dress with a crossover bodice. This line was popular in St. Laurent's spring col-

lection and is very flattering to a figure with a large bosom.

"I am being married in spring and am having three bridesmaids, all under 20. I would like them to wear floor-length organdie dresses and some type of summer hat. Would this be suitable?"

I can't think of anything prettier for bridesmaids than ankle-length pastel organdie dresses worn with matching wide-brimmed organdie hats. A pretty color scheme would be apple-green for the dresses and white for shoes and gloves. The girls could then carry bouquets of white flowers.

"I have a calf-length black velvet skirt I wear with a white lacy blouse. Could I wear the outfit with white stockings?"

My choice would be lacy black stockings worn with black shoes. By the way, the shoe with a higher heel — and it's not slender — has returned to fashion.

"Could you suggest something new and smart for a blouse for a beige silk suit? The suit is to wear in the afternoon."

A white organdie shirt-blouse is very new, but it does need rather a lot of upkeep. An alternative idea would be white cotton, coin-spotted in brown.

"I like swinging fashions and wondered if you could give me an idea for a daytime outfit. I have some yellow material finished with multi-colored stripes and want to use it for the style you suggest. I am 16 and about size 12."

If you feel like going a little wild with fashion, a dress with matching short pants or bloomers is still being worn. I think this fashion is attractive for your age group and figure.

1776. — Dress and matching jacket, jacket not illustrated, in sizes 10, 12, 14, and 16 for 31, 32, 34, and 36in. bust. 1776 original Americana Vogue pattern by Chuck Howard, the price 95c includes postage. Pattern available from Betty Keep, Box 4, P.O., Croydon, N.S.W. 2132. No C.O.D. orders accepted.



THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — September 18, 1968

A RED GLASS MUG FROM MAGGIE

By MARY HUTCHINSON

Everyone was buying red glass at the Melbourne Exhibition of 1910. The three children chose pieces to take home as presents for their mother.

"TO Mother, from Maggie." That was the inscription on the broken cup of crystal and ruby glass. See, if you fit the pieces, it is quite clear. 1910—nearly 60 years.

Maggie, Katie, and Tom made the trip by train from Bendigo, a "day excursion." They used to talk about it. A great day it was, a real carnival. Such days were rare enough.

That was where they saw the red glass. Everyone was buying it. Unbreakable, the stall-holder said, and he used the crystal base of a jug to hammer a nail into a board. A small nail, it was true, but imagine! And you could have it engraved, too.

And so, a big red bowl "To Mother, from Tom" — and a graceful little jug for Katie. Poor Katie never did have any money, but Maggie bought the mug, and a little vase for Bride, too, but that was lost, of course, in the fire.

A long day. So much to carry, presents for everyone. At last, the long walk from the station, in the dusk, under the pepper trees, and the light on the veranda.

Mother was at the door. Oh, the excitement, the chatter; unwrapping the parcels. Oh, lovely! Yes — unbreakable, too. The man hammered a nail.

You don't tell me! How would you believe it! Then . . . No one knew what happened. The fumbling fingers, the crash on the brick floor, the silence. Oh, Maggie!

True, the crystal base is unbroken, but the lovely ruby glass! Pick up the pieces, put

them in the cup. Never mind, dear, perhaps it can be mended.

But it never was. There it stayed, in the cupboard, all the years.

Sixty years. They are all gone now — Grandmother, and the young aunts, and Uncle Tom.

Apples gleam in the red bowl on the sideboard. Katie's little

cream-jug glows on the table.

And on the shelf stands the broken mug, that never held anything but its own pieces . . . and memories.

A READER'S STORY



A delicious, spiced sauce full of brown onions simmered in butter

Very French: the dazzling flavour of dark brown onions turned to gold in butter, whisked into a spicy sauce, set to simmering until perfect. Maggi Brown Onion Sauce is a bold sauce, a basic sauce, one you will use again and again. Just add water, then heat. (*Gourmet-tastes, try adding a spoon of burgundy or claret as you heat, and a little cream just before you serve! Bolder yet!*)

Brown Onion Sauce

MAGGI



4 TO 6 SERVES

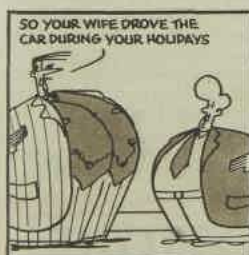
Veal Australasia

Fry 4 large veal chops in a little oil until golden. Drain off excess fat. Combine 1 pkt. MAGGI BROWN ONION SAUCE and $\frac{1}{2}$ pint water. Pour over chops. Cover and simmer 1 hour. Add $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. sliced beans and 1 x 10 oz. can drained whole kernel corn. Cover and simmer until beans are tender, approximately 15 minutes. Serve with creamy mashed potato. Serves 4.

At **MAGGI** we really care

IN AND OUT OF SOCIETY

By RUDD



THE DIFFERENCE IS:

Frigidaire has 3 new ways to make cooking easier



1 Exclusive new grilling method

Sizzling-crisp outside, juicy inside. That's how the exclusive Frigidaire griller cooks your steak and chops, because it gives more heat. Unlike conventional grillers that waste up to 25% of their effective heat, the Frigidaire griller concentrates all its searing, penetrating heat on your meat... seals in juices that mean full flavour. Cook for the whole family at the same time, too. The Frigidaire grill unit is almost twice the size of others... a real time-saver. Cleaning is a snap. Grill for a whole month with the Frigidaire spatter-free griller, and you'll never see a speck of spilt fat. No messy separate griller shelf to clean... you just remove the whole griller after use, and wash it right along with the dishes.

2 Unique new easy-to-set controls

At last... automatic oven controls that are easier to use than any you've ever seen. With the new Frigidaire 'Cook-Master' automatic oven timer, you don't have to set the Start time. Just decide when you want to eat, how long and at what temperature you want your meal to

cook. 'Cook-Master' timer does all the arithmetic... turns on the oven at exactly the right moment. So simple, and so sure! Grilling is easier too. No inconvenient shifting of shelves or racks to get perfectly-cooked rare, medium, or well-done grills. The exclusive Frigidaire 'Vari-Grill' gauges just how much heat is necessary.

3 Frigidaire bothers to build in more help

Even the lowest priced Frigidaire models have a giant heated plate warmer, press-button interior lighting, pilot lights to tell you when surface elements are on, and a lift-up top for easy cleaning. With Custom Deluxe models you get this and a Rotisserie and Kant-Slide griddle, to name just two of the many ways Frigidaire builds-in more help. Why not see your Frigidaire dealer soon or write to Frigidaire Advertising Department, P.O. Box 163, Dandenong, Victoria, 3175, for further information. There's no obligation.

FRIGIDAIRE
Product of General Motors-Holden's Pty. Limited

ONLY FRIGIDAIRE APPLIANCES ARE BACKED BY GMH RELIABILITY

READERS' STORIES

RETIRED? THEN TAKE TO THE ROAD IN A CARAVAN

THIS woman I'm going to tell you about is pushing 70, retired from office work, single, homeless, and with nothing to her credit but age.

She acquired, on the spur of the moment, a 1957 sedan, learnt to drive, got a licence, packed far too much personal gear into the car, and left Sydney, headed north.

Coming into Taree there is a Tourist Information Bureau. She was given a brochure, locating two caravan parks. She pulled up at the first and, being a pensioner, inquired about fees. They were reasonable and she pulled in.

Dinner that night was a simple affair — water for tea, boiled on a small portable gas stove, the remains of cheese sandwiches prepared before setting out, and an apple. The front seat of the car was her bed.

In a few days she had reached Tweed Heads, on the Queensland border, gateway to the Gold Coast. Real camping life was about to begin.

By TRUDA COOPER

The big park is a miniature city. She learnt that strangers are neighborly.

Through the open car window came offerings of sandwiches, apple slices, fish and chips, coleslaw, and once a glass of beer. Also some advice: "Why not get yourself a caravan? Your little car could pull a small van."

They found a little old caravan, had the car wired to provide rear lights, a tow-bar fixed, and off she went, van in tow.

One camper shook his head in apprehension. Towing a caravan! At your age! For the first time!

Sometimes it's an advantage to be lacking in imagination. What was all the fuss about? she wondered.

The van's former owner travelled with her for a couple of blocks and said, "It's all yours. Take wide turns, change gear sooner on hills — and happy caravanning!"

On the outskirts of Brisbane she rang the RACQ, which has reciprocal arrangements with the NRMA, and asked for a pilot through the city.

The RACQ man also located a bumping noise which had developed, making temporary repairs to the exhaust bracket which lasted to Caloundra, where rewelding was done.

Out on the open road again the engine started making little jibbings. This was referred to the RACQ at the next town, and found to be due to a dirty carburettor. The carburettor was cleaned, a worn gasket replaced; cost, 23 cents, the price of the gasket.

The lone traveller's nearest caravan-park neighbor at Caloundra was a pensioner couple up from Swan Hill, Vic. Caravanning, you make friends quickly, she found. All it takes is a smile, a "good morning," and you are away.

This couple "adopted" her, and together they toured the district — through Nambour to Noosa on the coast, over the ranges through the lush Maleny Hills, to Mt. Buderim and the ginger factory.

Her next move was to the caravan park at Cotton Tree, in the Maroochy Shire. Here, people became People, and a stop-over became a prolonged stay.

At first glance, the big park on the waterfront looked impersonal, but help in unhitching the van was soon forthcoming.

A blackboard notice announced a color-slide showing in the recreation room that night, slides of the Australian scene, taken by a retired entertainer on two caravan trips around Australia with his wife. He has just turned 76, and intends to make another trip next year.

These two are Father and Mother Christmas to everyone in the park. You come across him mending things for people, innovating, helping. Every morning he visits the lone woman caravan-owner making this, fixing that, scraping battery posts which, in her ignorance, she has neglected.

Such kindness is not an isolated case, another camper told her. Once, when his pension cheque was late, offers of loans came in from all sides.

This elderly new-chum traveller I have been writing about is myself, and I can recommend caravanning to give you the time of your life.

What is more, it will keep at bay that big bugbear of retirement—OLD AGE!

NEEDLEWORK NOTIONS

No. 793. — DRESS

Striped dress is available cut out to make in pink/white, navy/white, or turquoise/white pique. Sizes 32 and 34in. bust, \$6.65; 36 and 38in. bust, \$6.85. Postage and dispatch 40 cents extra.

No. 794 — TABLE CENTRE

Table centre is available traced ready to embroider with poinsettia design on white or cream pure Irish linen. Price is 85 cents plus 13 cents postage and dispatch.

No. 795. — GIRL'S DRESS

Girl's dress is available cut out to make in white with navy spot or navy with white spot cotton crepe. Sizes 24 and 26in. length, \$2.35; 28 and 30in. length, \$2.55. Postage and dispatch 13 cents extra.

Needlework Notions may be obtained from Fashion House, 344/6 Sussex Street, Sydney. Postal address, Fashion Frocks, Box 4060, G.P.O., Sydney 2001. No C.O.D. orders.



adventure at 50 .. 60 .. or 70!

Don't let anyone tell you that life is finished when you're past 50, say two readers—one from South Australia (her story, below), the other formerly of Sydney but now north of Brisbane in a caravan park (until the whim takes her to move on—see story, opposite page).

She 'scooted' into a new life: next stop, Canada

And before she goes this enterprising 58-year-old, who acquired her first scooter at 52, is saving up to have a face-lift.

WHEN I was 16 (and that's a long time ago) I wanted a motor-bike so badly that I'd sit on one a neighbor's workman used to ride to work — just SIT on it, and wish I owned it. But I was a girl, and the year was 1926.

Nearly ten years later I married, had a family, was widowed after 25 years of marriage, and at 52 years of age I GOT MYSELF A SCOOTER.

As my husband was one of the men who think they'll die if they make a will, I was left without a home or any kind of insurance.

So I decided to buy a scooter and keep myself by housekeeping. I wanted to earn enough to provide a home for my old age, if possible.

Now, learning to ride the scooter was the hardest part, but having paid the deposit I was determined not to lose it. I asked the salesman to send the scooter out at the weekend.

I knew how to ride a pushbike, and the principle was roughly the same, only I wouldn't have to pedal.

The big day arrived, and down the road came a little blue scooter ridden by a young lad of about 17. He passed me on the drive and stopped. I walked back to him and told him I was ready to learn.

"YOU!" he said with such disbelief that I was immediately irritated.

"D'you mean I have to teach YOU to ride it?" he asked again.

I nodded, and almost felt sorry as he paled with shock. After a while he collected his wits and rode the scooter down the drive on to the road.

By R. WILLIAMS

Two hours later his employer called for him. He asked how I was going. I told him I wasn't but . . .

Before I could say more the lad had leaped into the car, told his boss I was OK now, and off they went.

I stood looking at the scooter, trying to remember what to do to start it. Slowly my teacher's tired voice came up from my subconscious. . .

I followed instructions and the scooter started. I felt elated. I'd DONE it, alone and unaided.

I got on and rode off. I rode too fast round a corner in gravel and went over.

I won't go into further details, but . . . three hours later, battered and bleeding, but undaunted, I arrived at my youngest daughter's home, about eight miles away.

It had taken me longer than it should have to get there, as I had ridden the whole way in top gear at 10 miles an hour.

She was shocked at the sight of me. I had wanted to surprise her, so hadn't

told her I was getting a scooter, let alone that I might turn up looking as if I'd fallen from a great height on to rocks.

Then she began to laugh, and I thought she'd have hysterics. Pointing at me and doubling up she tried to speak. At last she got out something about my looking like something from outer space.

I was NOT amused. I felt I looked rather dashing in my new crash helmet.

I asked if she would like to come for a run. This made her laugh some more. I felt offended. Hadn't I ridden eight miles without hitting a single car at my very first try?

She soothed me down and washed and bandaged my wounds. I have to laugh now, as I look back. Both legs had scars on them for months.

I was so scared of the scooter I had to stand and look at it for several minutes every time I wanted to go out on it, but that's six years ago, and I'm not scared any more.

Plans all made

I've just about paid off my small home, and in my spare time have laid out a lovely garden. I've been to see a plastic surgeon and I know what I have to save to have my wrinkles removed.

I shall work to save his fee and to have a rest while the operation scars heal up, and then the next and most exciting phase of my life will begin.

I plan to work some more, and save enough to go to Canada and surprise my son. With my references, I should be able to get work and travel around a bit, so I hope to stay a couple of years.

I'll rent my home to a friend while I'm away. When I return I'll be 60 and eligible for the old-age pension.

A few months ago I began to take lessons on radio-playwriting. I sold a couple of small articles, and with the money bought a second-hand portable typewriter. With my home, garden, and writing I shouldn't be bored in my old age.

To save money I have become a vegetarian. While I am working as a housekeeper I get my keep free, but such a change in eating habits is better made now. Since beginning to eat everything raw, I've felt 100 percent better.

I get my proteins from cheese, and drink only apricot juice (tinned), with yoghurt in it. It's so much nicer than other drinks, and much better for you. When I can't get that I just have lemon in water. I also use lemon on my salads.

I feel better at 58 than I did at 38, so I truly think life can be happier when you are middle-aged than when you are young, if you have the right outlook.

Things that worry you sick when you're 20 or 30 just aren't worth worrying about at 58. I guess I've ARRIVED!

Now there's a real difference:

Frigidaire is kid-proof!



Keeps food safe in a month of continuous above-century heat!

During the summer months, room temperatures can be anywhere between 43°F and 73°F above the ideal temperature for storing perishable foods. This alone is hard work for a refrigerator, but summer's also the time when children make most demands on the fridge for cold drinks, ice blocks and the like. That's why Frigidaire is tested in a heat chamber producing above century conditions . . . not just for a day or two, but for more than a month continuously!

Throughout this time, the Frigidaire must keep its 'cold' down to the ideal temperature for food protection, whilst laboratory technicians simulate a tribe of youngsters opening and closing the door to help themselves to the goodies. And Frigidaire comes through with flying colours. That's why we say, it's more than a fridge . . . it's a Frigidaire, acknowledged by independent authorities to be the performance leader.

Only Frigidaire appliances are backed by GMH reliability.



FRIGIDAIRE
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In spite of the days of Victorian servitude to the male having gone, being tied to hearth and home isn't the burden many men make out . . . and depends, too, on what they expect of it. An American father admits:

I'm glad I'm a father—most of the time!

A MARRIED man's house is his castle, sometimes his cage—but always his home. Bachelors don't have homes. They have lodgings, which are not at all the same thing. What makes a home are the comfort and conflict of shared space and possessions; it's also commitment. If you're free to walk out, it's not home.

My friend, Stephen, husband and father like myself, pretends he wishes he were a bachelor again. "Home," he says, "is woman's ultimate weapon. Sex has no staying power. The only way to keep a man is to isolate him."

Stephen goes on about this subject at length, and it's mostly nonsense. Even he realises that. Yet there is something ritualistic about his sham despair. I, too, wail about my lost freedom and claim that all I want at home is a little peace and quiet, a most modest request. I sound positively pathetic as I tell of wanting only to relax and recover from near exhaustion after a hard day at the office.

In the company of men, I find sympathy and understanding. No one points out that the rat-race runs at a pretty sedate pace most of the time and very few of us dogs are devoured in the dog-eat-dog world of commerce. My fellow males go along with my absurd complaints and the demands I place on my affectionate, exuberant offspring and my good-humored and loving wife.

Our male fantasies are fed by memories of a day when husbands and fathers seemed to rule the world—and their own hearths, as well. I remember that we children used to approach my grandfather with great caution, ready to flee should he do anything but smile on our arrival.

Sometimes he smiled; sometimes we fled. He ran a taut household, or at least my grandmother ran it that way for him. Breakfast appeared on the table the moment his steps were heard on the stairs.

Youngsters were banished from the living-room when he settled down with his newspaper. I cannot remember him ever entering the kitchen, and never once heard it suggested that he might assist at some domestic undertaking.

Occasionally, he would volunteer to effect a minor household repair. It was positively ceremonious. He would change into work clothes, send several of us scurrying about to find his toolbox, then attend to the job at hand. If it was a washer he had replaced, the plumber was soon smuggled into the house to put the tap right again, then paid cash so that the expenditure need not appear in the household accounts.

My grandfather was not a hard man. I remember him as a very pleasant fellow, indeed. But why shouldn't he have been? He lived in a world where everything worked exactly as he wanted it to. But he was among the last of his kind.

The emancipation of women and the decline of Edwardian standards gave my father a far less satisfactory domain to rule. Man's domestic tyranny was at an end.

Neat, wife-created universe

Not that it ever could have worked without woman's compliance. But the game had become too costly and time-consuming for the ladies to play any more. Besides, women had come to believe that there were more important things in the world than making men happy.

I kind of envy my grandfather the neat universe his wife created for him, and I imagine quite a few women would still settle for the orderliness and predictability of my grandmother's world. But though life in today's family is less well regulated, it has its great moments too.

Most families today exist in a healthy political flux that ranges from domestic egalitarianism to near anarchy. I like to think of my home as somewhat like Plato's ideal republic, with a philosopher ruler—me. Actually, it's more like a City Hall caucus, with attention paid to the rights of all minority groups, including three-year-old Jonathan and Newton, the dog.

Our small sons win no prizes for meekness, neatness, or obedience. My grandfather would have called them absolute savages. Still, they are quite reasonably behaved fellows for their generation. They test, they push, and extend their domain just as far as we let them. But they pop back into line after a minimal showing of parental authority.

They have an infinite variety of needs, real and imagined, and we make no attempt to meet them all.

By PATRICK PARRISH

There is a tolerable level of nonsense and noise, a reasonable ration of new toys and games, a sensible number of projects or excursions they can suggest. The boys know the limits, although we sometimes forget. When we do, they gain an inch here or there, but they seem generally content with their lot.

Before I married I hadn't thought much about the kind of home I would have. Few men do. I had no plans at all, but my wife had quite a few. I was unprepared for them and equally unprepared for her.

Whatever had become of the patient, trusting creature I had courted? I suppose I had imagined that she would become a kind of handmaiden, anticipating my every need, peeling grapes and separating the laundry.

It soon became clear that my wife intended to share my comfort, not necessarily provide it. She was willing to do her share, but we have not always agreed on just how much that should be. Like most women, she is something of a scorekeeper.

I'm sure she has figured out how many early dog walks and hours of weekend playground sitting are equal to how much kitchen cleaning and ashtray dumping.

Ever since men were first conned into lending a hand around the house, they have been under constant fire for ducking an equitable portion of the chores.

A den of one's own

Food preparation, kitchen work, and general home maintenance are still woman's work in my book. If I help out I want it clearly understood that it is a voluntary action, done out of the goodness of my heart and establishing no precedent for similar performances in the future.

We live in a large, cluttered apartment, more comfortable than elegant. As we progressed from two to six rooms, I secretly longed for a study of my own, a room to work and hide in. And I had one—for a while.

The third bedroom of our present apartment still contains my desk, but it soon became the junk-room, then the laundry, and always the guest-room. When Joshua, our five-year-old, wanted to sleep apart from his younger brother, it became his room.

I didn't really need the study, for I usually work in the dining-room, where I can spread my papers all across the table. Still, I wanted that little room for reasons I can't fully explain.

Perhaps it was the need for a child-free spot, a place like my grandfather's living-room, where children dared not tread. My sons are still quite young, and I wish they would learn to amuse themselves for more than ten minutes at a stretch without recourse to television or parents. There are times my wife and I would like to be alone or together without having to leave home.

It may be a little soon for the boys to understand their parents' right to occasional moments of privacy, but I hope they will learn that it is their right, too.

I do not believe a family grows closer by constantly stepping on each other, physically or emotionally. Everyone should be allowed to sulk, meditate, or day-dream without interruption.

A family is a group of individuals whose strength is in each member's individuality. And it takes tact and elbow-room for individuals to flourish.

On the whole, I'm not unhappy with the way we have worked things out in my home. My wife is a reasonable and loving woman, and she tries to please me without forgetting about herself and the kids. So, though our family-life style is not exactly what I would have designed myself, I live with it rather cheerfully.

For instance, although my wife started with a hamburger and lamb-chop idea of cooking, she has since mastered the sauces and Mediterranean specialties that I love.

On the other hand, she has never come to understand bread. We must make do with the white, spongy stuff she buys at the supermarket, except when I bring home the rolls, pumpnickels, and ryes that I relish.

Like me, most men favor food over furniture if there's a choice to be made. France and Italy, where men still hang on to their authority, are both table cultures. England is a parlor culture, and their men abdicated long before American men did.

Not that men are unconcerned about the rest of their

homes. They want them to be comfortable and neat. Indeed, men are often much neater than women.

Away from women, in barracks or monasteries, order is the rule. I think that men tend to be casual about dirt, but fussy about order. Women on the other hand can ignore a roomful of litter, but are apt to be driven wild by dusty mouldings.

That's one of the reasons some men welcome the chance to spend a few days away from home from time to time. It's not that they especially relish being alone, but that it's marvellous to find everything in their hotel room exactly where they left it.

The old gag, in which red-faced father demands to know where his keys (wallet, pen, watch, tickets) are, and mother calmly tells him they're where he left them, is just not true. Women and children have a long-standing conspiracy to move things about when men aren't looking.

Part of the reason father often can't find what he's after is that he has no place to put it. The race for space in the modern home is a contest to see who fills the closets and drawers first. Daddy never wins.

What makes this so sad is that men are natural-born collectors. They like to hang on to things, cheque butts, insurance policies, even model boats, stamps, and pictures of the graduating class of Central High School, 1940.

I hoard papers, notes, and other written matter. I have manuscripts (with three carbons each) that go back ten or 12 years. But that isn't all. I hate to throw anything away, and the first time I felt really threatened by my marriage was when my wife tossed out a dozen torn undershirts. Surely, there was some use for them, even if we already had a closet filled with rags.

The boys are turning into first-rate pack-rats, too, and it doesn't distress me one bit, for we have our own masculine conspiracy going. I'll help them hang on to broken toys and torn coloring-books, for it only makes it easier for me to defend the things I hang on to.

Of course, this means I have to keep building more shelves and cabinets—or, as my wife sometimes suggests, move to a house in the suburbs. This last suggestion keeps me building shelves. I'm a born apartment dweller and I never want to get outside hailing distance of a handyman or caretaker.

Homes can mean different things

House-owners have different needs, get different satisfactions from their homes, as I learned just the other week when I visited Stephen, who likes to complain about his lot, and an office colleague who lives near him.

It turns out that Stephen's home gives him basically just what he wants—a garden shed, set off from the house, to work in, where he has a desk, an old couch, and a swivel chair; plenty of space indoors and out for his three youngsters to play; and, very important to him, the kind of security that comes from being a property owner. In spite of all his moaning about domestic imprisonment, Stephen seems content.

A mile or so down the road, where my colleague lives, it was redecorating day. "We're papering," he told me, as I got out of the car, and it seemed I was expected to paper, too. The living-room furniture, covered with newspapers, was piled up in the middle of the room.

About two hours and three walls later, we quit and walked around the place. I admired the stone walls he had rebuilt "just the way they used to be," the tree house he cobbled to a rickety oak, and a barbecue big enough for human sacrifices.

He had plans for redoing the whole back of the house—it had taken the past two years to finish the front. Now he wanted to extend the roof and push the porch a few feet north. Most of the work he planned to do himself on weekends and vacations.

I saw that while Stephen's home was his security and savings, my colleague's place was his entertainment and hobby.

My home is neither. It is the shelter and nest where I live on the best possible terms I can get from those I love. I may never have a calm and quiet place for myself, but I don't suppose I care much.

My home will never be completed, for we don't have an overall plan or goal for it. I suppose my home, like most, is chiefly my wife's design. The trick is to find a wife who wants just about the same kind of home you do.

Failing that, you can try and convert her to your ways, but that's a losing game. Having found your homemaker, you pretty much have to live with her as God and her mother made her.

Bake-Off awards dinner

● Prize for Bake-Off Grand Champion to be presented at Melbourne dinner on October 7.

A SPECTACULAR charity dinner at the Southern Cross Hotel in Melbourne will climax the 1968 International Butter / White Wings Bake-Off.

Our Bake-Off will close on a lavish note with valuable prizes being awarded to the Grand Champion cook, the Best Junior cook, and the winner of the Bake-Off Princess contest.

It will be a fitting finale to Australia's biggest food and recipe contest, in which total prizemoney exceeded \$11,000.

Perhaps the tremendous interest which has been shown in the Bake-Off competition can be gauged by the fact that approximately one out of every 500 men, women, and children in Australia entered a recipe. Entries have come in from all over the country and from Papua and New Guinea.

The guest-of-honor at

this year's awards dinner will be Lady Angliss, CBE, herself a first-class cook.

The William Angliss Food Trade School in Melbourne, a training ground for some of Australia's best cooks, was named after her husband, the late Sir William Angliss.

Lady Angliss will make the presentations to the Grand Champion, the Best Junior, and to the winner of the Bake-Off Princess contest. The Grand Champion will receive a total of \$5050, comprising: \$4000 as Grand Champion, \$750 as one of the five category winners, and a Metters range valued at \$300. The Best Junior will receive \$250 in cash and a \$300 cooking range. And the Bake-Off Princess will receive her return plane ticket to Hayman Island, on the Barrier Reef, where she will spend a fortnight's holiday, all expenses paid, a wardrobe of exciting Bradmill clothes, \$100 in cash, and a \$350 Metters range.

The prizewinners of the

other four categories in the Bake-Off will not attend the dinner, but on each day of the festivities during Bake-Off Week the winner of a section will be announced. Myer's, in Melbourne, will be the setting for Bake-Off Week, from October 1 to 4.

During Bake-Off Week the general public will be able to watch ten chefs and home economists baking-off all the recipes selected for the finals. They will also be able to see the State finalists in the Princess contest in fashion parades at Myer's.

Dinner guests

Among the guests this year at the awards dinner will be representatives of the Bake-Off sponsors, the Australian Dairy Produce Board, and White Wings Ltd., including the Chairman of White Wings, Mr. Garrick Wilson; Chairman of the Australian Dairy Produce Board, Mr. Eric Roberts, OBE; the General Manager of White Wings, Mr. R. K. Francis; the Deputy General Manager, Mr. G. Francis; and other representatives of the sponsors.

The two international judging personalities, Monica Sheridan, from Dublin, Ireland, and Edoardo Moglia, from Modena, Italy, both of whom are flying to Australia specially, by Qantas, to judge the Main Dish Section of the Bake-Off, will be at the dinner. And our panel of six local judges, who will decide the winners of the remaining sections in the recipe contest, are also going to be present.

The awards dinner is being provided as a benefit to the charity "Carry On," with the generous co-operation of the Southern Cross Hotel. A cheque will be presented to "Carry On" at the dinner.

A sumptuous dinner menu has been prepared by the Southern Cross Hotel for the guests, in keeping with the nature of the Bake-Off, which is really a window display of Australian cooking.

"Carry On"

Last year more than 600 families were helped financially by "Carry On" to provide food, urgently needed clothing, to pay gas and electricity bills, and to pay medical and dental accounts. Nearly 2000 children, sons and daughters of ex-servicemen and ex-servicewomen, were assisted last year as well in the form of clothing, fares, and book allowances and, in some cases, grants were made to the family so that the children could stay at school. Of the many ex-servicemen placed in jobs, the majority were in the "Difficult" category because of some disability. The

rehabilitation committee was successful in making a new life for rejected cases and reuniting many families which had seemed to be irreparably broken.

The staff of "Carry On" includes trained welfare officers devoted to help those who seek assistance. The basis of "Carry On" service is "contact" work by members of the organisation. Immediately a call for help is received a member of "Carry On" is asked to visit the home of the person in trouble.

The Bake-Off sponsors decided that the national finals and the awards dinner should be held in Melbourne this year because of the enthusiastic acceptance of the Bake-Off by Victorians in recent years.

Thousands of Victorian housewives, men, and juniors were among the 25,000 entrants competing in this year's Bake-Off. And the Victorian competitors included last year's Section Two winner, Mrs. Iris Currie, of Monbulk. Her recipe for Topsy Dessert Cake won the 1967 Any Other Dish award.

Celebrities

Mrs. Currie and the Grand Champion of the other section, the Great Australian Dish, in last year's Bake-Off, Mrs. Romana Preston, of Brisbane, will be guests at this year's awards dinner.

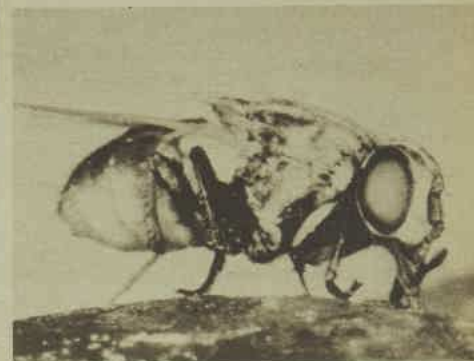
Australian gourmet Graham Kerr, Bake-Off Chairman, will be Master of Ceremonies at the dinner, which will be attended by television and radio personalities. And several topline entertainers will be providing their services for the dinner.

Tickets for the awards dinner, on Monday, October 7, are available at \$10 a head from the "Carry On" War Memorial Welfare Centre, at 44 King Street, Melbourne. (Telephone 62-2648.)

Prominent members of "Carry On" who will attend the dinner include the president, Mr. R. Kay; Judge B. J. Dunn, a judge of the Supreme Court of Victoria; Major General Sir Alan Ramsay, a former Director of Education in Victoria; and Mr. Frank Menzies, CBE, brother of Sir Robert and a former Victorian Attorney-General.

Those unable to attend the spectacular dinner, which culminates the Bake-Off festivities and which, undoubtedly, will be one of the highlights of Melbourne's social calendar, will be able to see the two visiting international judges and finalists in the Princess competition at the Bake-Off in Myer's and appearing on Melbourne television during Bake-Off Week.

Pest Proof Your Home The Safe Way



AUSTRALIAN homes are annually confronted by the irritating menace of flies and mosquitoes. These annoying insect pests invade the home to present a dangerous threat to the family's good health and clean living habits and it is in the interest of Public Health to ensure that all homes are safely and effectively proofed against flies and mosquitoes.

Fortunately, the discomforts of insect invasion can now be controlled and eliminated, thanks to the announcement made recently by A.N.I. Chemical Research of the development of a new powerful insecticide that destroys on contact all insect pests.

As it does not contain any of the poisonous

chlorinated hydro-carbons such as D.D.T., B.H.C. and Lindane, which harm the lungs and delicate nasal tissues, Pea-Beu is therefore perfectly safe to spray around the home.

The wide umbrella-spreading fume action of the Pea-Beu aerosol insecticide penetrates deep into every corner of the room, searching out and killing all insect pests. No insect can survive its lethal killing action described by one observer "as if by an electric shock."

Pleasantly perfumed to leave a refreshingly clean aroma in the home, powerful Pea-Beu insecticide is now available through leading stores and chemists and is the positive way to ensure your home is pest free.

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COLORFUL TRANSFORMATION OF MID-VICTORIAN HOUSE

ONCE a quiet brown sparrow of a mid-Victorian home — darkest brown woodwork, dun-colored walls, small windows, and light-barring verandas here and there — "Richmond House" in South Yarra, Victoria, has been transformed into a veritable peacock of a house, all grace and glowing color.

The townhouse of Sir Rupert and Lady Clarke, "Richmond House" owes its metamorphosis to Lady Clarke's enthusiasm, patience, and flair for decorating . . . and to Sir Rupert's patience with her insistence on the very right touch, no matter how far she had to go, or how long she had to look, to find it.

Lady Clarke has gone through the place like a gale of fresh air, knocking out windows, pulling down a tired old veranda, extending a wall here and there, modernising kitchen and bathrooms, doing away with a fireplace, tearing down dreary wallpapers, and stripping off equally dreary paintwork.

All the time she kept working back to the original beauty of line in the 111-year-old Colonial-influenced Georgian-style house, everywhere letting in light and air, and then adding color.

To obtain authentic period materials to replace the parts of the house she had to scrap, Lady Clarke searched all over Australia. The courtyard was paved with slate from Adelaide, and the wooden flooring of the old veranda adjoining it was replaced by some 100-year-old tiles which she found, after much searching, in the Melbourne suburb of Caulfield.

On her many trips to England since buying the old house she has acquired quite a number of its "fitting pieces."

One such piece is the superb 18th-century carved pine mantel in the large sitting-room. It is flanked by modern pine ceiling-high bookshelves.

The handmade-brick house (which now has a Victorian National Trust B classification) was built by an American doctor who came to Australia from Richmond, Virginia. It was because of this connection, and also because she found in one of the rooms an old corner cupboard inscribed with the name and address of the joiner in Richmond, Melbourne, that Lady Clarke decided to change the name of the house from "Pateley" to "Richmond House."

— Freda Irving

More pictures overleaf



The sun-trap conservatory, with its interesting fan roof, was built to replace a dreary veranda. A copy of the one at Cecil Beaton's home in Hampshire, England, it is gay with bamboo furniture, glass-topped tables, colorful seat-covers and cushions.



Another view of the conservatory. A green-and-blue Buddha gazes benignly from within the original Victorian gazebo which Lady Clarke brought from England, after one of her sorties to find the right furnishings for 111-year-old "Richmond House."



Slate was brought from Adelaide for the courtyard (upper picture) of Sir Rupert and Lady Clarke's house at South Yarra, Vic. Original veranda has new copper roofing. Lower picture shows house from the pool. Lead peacocks flank steps from the rose garden.

In the entrance hall, dun-colored walls and woodwork are now gleaming white. The Clarkes retained the graceful hanging staircase with its cedar handrail, but replaced the original flooring with white marble, inset with small squares of black. Door, right, lifts off its hinges.





"Antiqued" mirror glass, made for Lady Clarke by a German craftsman and placed on either side of the window overlooking garden and pool, makes the dining-room seem twice as large. The new Japanese lacquer ceiling is also reflective.

HOUSE of the WEEK

continued . . .

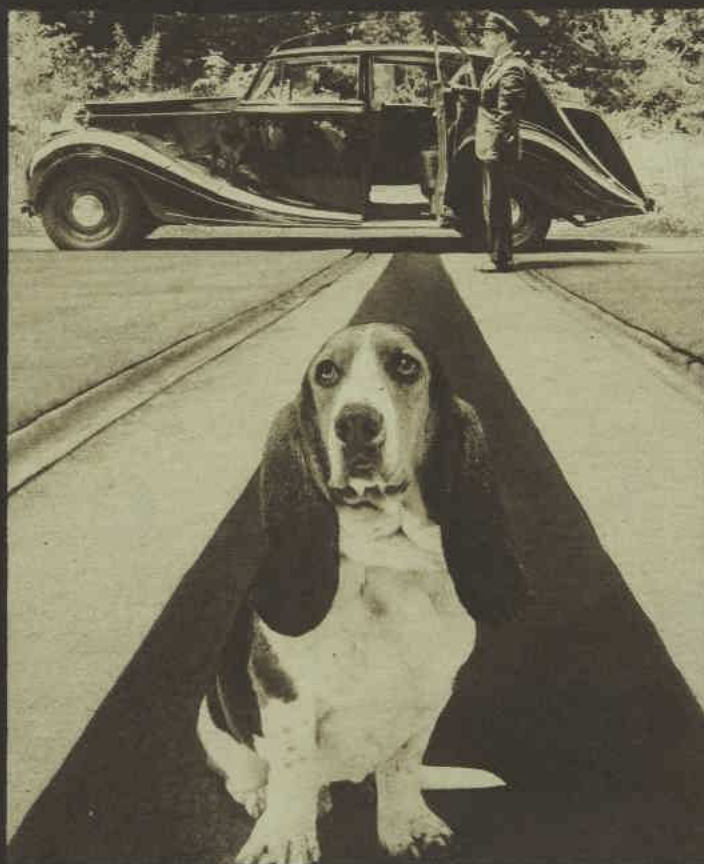


Louis Quinze period chandelier hangs from the high ceiling of the elegant drawing-room in "Richmond House." The ming-blue carpet is rich foil for the white upholstery on sofas and chairs and the french wallpaper with its pattern of golden laurel wreaths.



Lady Clarke relaxes in the big sitting-room, where a fine 18th-century carved pine mantel, from England, is flanked by modern pine ceiling-high bookshelves. The Jacobean walnut chair, in foreground, is one of a set of six, all with seat-covers of old Stuart tartan.

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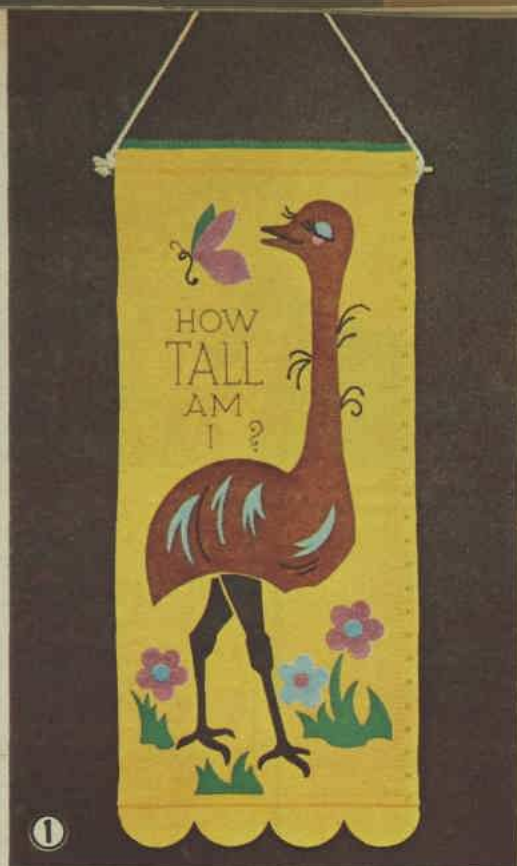


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Felt handicraft offer



HOW-TALL-AM-I WALL CHART (above)



FLORAL RECORD-HOLDER (right)

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The chart is supplied with measurements, from 33 in. to 60 in., printed along one side. By hanging the chart so lower edge of tape measure is 33 in. from the floor, the child's height can accurately be measured.

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KIT No. 2—Floral Record-holder — in-

cludes required amount of felt (floral design is traced ready for cutting out), embroidery thread, and buttons for fastening the handle.

Price of Kit No. 2, including cost of postage, is \$2.50 within Australia, \$2.70 overseas.

KIT No. 3 — Tennis Racquet Cover — includes required amount of felt, mesh for the racquet decoration, alphabet transfer for initials, embroidery thread, and cord for drawstring.

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To attach decorations to each of the felt novelties, use millinery glue, available at retail stores.

To obtain our needlework offer, fill in the order form and address label below, and send with your cheque, money order, or postal order to "Felt Handicraft Offer," The Australian Women's Weekly, Box 7052, G.P.O., Sydney 2001.



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MATCHMATE

By MARILYN LONGMUIR



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WHEN a girl is twenty-three and unmarried, she begins to worry — mainly about why she is still unmarried. I know. When I was twenty-three and unmarried, with no Mr. Right in view, I used to spend all my spare moments, and I had a few of them, too, trying to solve the problem.

It used to puzzle me that although billions were being spent on space research nobody seemed to know much about that down-to-earth subject of what attracts A to B. Of course, I knew that there had been surveys and articles about it, but had anyone ever produced a manual entitled "The Sure-Fire Method to Choose a Husband"? I could answer "no" to that question, simply because I had wasted hours combing bookshops and libraries in search of such a volume.

My friend Louise, then recently engaged, had listened patiently to me as I pondered the reasons why people marry. I had even tried to have her explain to me what she saw in Kevin, her fiancé, but I might just as well have asked her to explain Einstein's theory of relativity. Still, I must admit, it was Louise who suggested I try one of those computer Chosen Date Services.

"Now, Louise," I said, perusing the pamphlet explaining the Matchmate Computer Date Service which she had handed to me, "you know very well that these don't work. I've read the results in the papers. This idea of computer matchmaking just isn't successful."

"Mm—" said Louise. She had her mouth filled with chocolate cream cake. Wasn't that girl supposed to be on a diet? "But you're always telling me, Cathy, that you can't believe everything you read in the papers. Now isn't it quite likely that some couple have met that way and married, but never admitted it either publicly or privately?"

The more I thought about it the more I realised that it might be possible. In fact, she could be right.

That night I filled in the computer questionnaire. Try to put your hopes and dreams for the future down on four quarto sheets of paper and you strike difficulties. What age was "He" to be? What colored hair, eyes, religion? What did I want him to be interested in? The same things I was. Then I had to answer questions to discover what I was actually like.

Finally I had to describe myself. That was the hardest task of all. Suppose I put down that I was a stunning beauty with coal-black hair and a white magnolia skin and my computer date tried to recognise me from that. Impossible. So I had to say that I had medium-brown hair,

and blue eyes, and a fair complexion. It sounded rather nondescript, and when I looked in my bedroom mirror that's exactly what I was. Then I remembered Louise. Well, at least I didn't have to diet.

I posted the fateful letter and waited. Three anxious, frustrating weeks passed. Then one day the answer came. His name was Geoff Davis. I hoped the Matchmate Service had passed on my telephone number, but perhaps he would prefer to write.

The next evening he telephoned me at home.

"Miss Cathy Bruce?"

"Yes," I said.

"Geoff Davis." I liked his voice. "I received your name from Matchmate."

"I received yours, too."

"Still interested?"

"Yes," I answered, feeling a fluttering in my stomach.

"Do you work in the city?"

"Yes."

"Then perhaps we could meet for lunch tomorrow?"

We arranged to meet at a coffee shop around the corner from where I worked.

"How will I know you?" I asked.

"I guess you did choose someone tall and blond with blue eyes."

"That's right."

"And you didn't mind glasses?"

"No."

"That's me."

It was as simple as that, or was it? When he rang off, I found I was shaking.

The next day we met, we talked, and we decided to go out to dinner and a show the following Saturday evening. Then, a little sadly, I went back to my office. Now it's true that I thought Geoff Davis a very nice young man. Over lunch we had discovered we liked the same novels, bought the same records, both even disliked the same TV commercials, but where was that excitement a girl dreams about? That thrill of joy that makes her look forward to her next meeting with "him"; that spark to ignite the flame of love, too melodramatic perhaps, but most women would understand? Maybe all that would come later. At least I hoped so.

I enjoyed the dinner and the musical, and Geoff suggested another date the following week. This time we saw the current Swedish film the critics were raving about and supped at one of those little restaurants with dim lights, soft music, and expensive menus, but as we drove home I had to say, "You know, I don't think this is going to work, Geoff. Honestly, do you feel that your life would be ruined if you never saw me again?"

"Well, Cathy."

"The truth — even if it hurts."

"I'm not sure. Let's keep trying."

So we continued. We went to the football together and yelled ourselves hoarse, barracking for the same team. We ate at Chinese restaurants, which I adore. The result was still the same.

"Maybe we're too alike," I said to Geoff one evening.

"You could be right," he said.

"See there, you always agree with me," I said sadly.

"You figure we'd bore each other to death," he said.

I nodded. I looked at him, and I knew this was the end of my

computerised romance. Geoff was grinning, a funny grin I had never seen before.

"Look, Cathy," he said simply, "suppose I tell you that I detest musicals and foreign films, seldom read novels, don't possess a single record you have, hate football, can't stand Chinese food. What would you say?"

I blinked at him. "You are not my Geoff Davis then," I said abruptly.

"You're right," he said, laughingly. "I'm not your Geoff Davis. I'm his brother, Roger. While Geoff was waiting for the reply to his questionnaire, he met this girl — 'the girl,' he says, and when he received your name back he

just decided not to go through with it. I hate people to be disappointed, so I decided to meet you as Geoff and explain the situation. Physically we're alike, and I'm only a year older. I knew his interests. They're the same as yours. Then when I met you I liked you, and I couldn't break it off, and so I kept on impersonating Geoff."

I think I saw him for the first time then. Until that instance I'd only been seeing the Geoff Davis I wanted, not the Roger Davis I needed.

"Shall we begin again, Cathy?" he asked. "How about the car races next Sunday? Bet you've never been."

"I haven't, but I'd like to."

"Then I must take you to my favorite Italian restaurant where they have these mouth-watering dishes. Say, you don't diet, do you?"

Happily, I shook my head. Somewhere inside me, I felt suddenly contented. The real Roger was beginning to shine through, and I liked him — I really did.

The funny thing was, I explained some weeks later to Louise at home over coffee and chocolate cream cake, that on the unimportant issues of life Roger and I disagreed intensely, but on important issues, like when to get married, "early in the New Year, to be exact," we agreed entirely.

Louise, of course, has a memory like an elephant. "Now, tell me,

Cathy," she asked, "have you discovered yet why A loves B?"

"You know, Louise," I said thoughtfully, "I don't think the reasons why you love somebody matter at all, it's how you love that counts."

Louise popped a piece of cake in her mouth and nodded in agreement. "And how are you going to say that you and Roger met?" she added with a mischievous smile.

"I'm going to say that a mutual friend introduced us, you, Louise, and if you don't back me up I'll never bake another chocolate cream cake for you again." Which, knowing Louise as well as I did, settled the matter entirely.

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THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — September 18, 1968

Life had lost all interest for Margaret, and, enveloped in a dreadful inertia, she refused to face the future

Reasons

By LONI STINNETT

JUST before turning out the light, Margaret smoked her last cigarette, permitting numb indifference to annihilate what little resolution it would have taken to save that one for the next morning—when she would wake up with a headache and reach halfway to the night table before remembering that the packet lying there contained nothing but a few crumbs of tobacco.

Languidly she picked it up, crushed it in her hand, and threw it against the wall at the foot of her bed. It bounced back and landed on her stomach and she threw it again. This time it glanced off the wall and settled in the middle of the purplish rug that once had been maroon, where it swayed jerkily on its jagged edges and then lay still, the crumpled cellulose paper crackling as if it were on fire. There was no other sound in the room.

The color of the rug did not disturb Margaret any more than the faded cretonne spread under which she lay, or the scorched parchment shade on the brass lamp, because she felt no responsibility for any of them. They did not belong to her, and each morning, when she opened her eyes, she still looked with mild surprise on furnishings that could never become truly familiar because she had no part in their fraying and fading, and their contours had been moulded to the bodies of countless people she did not know.

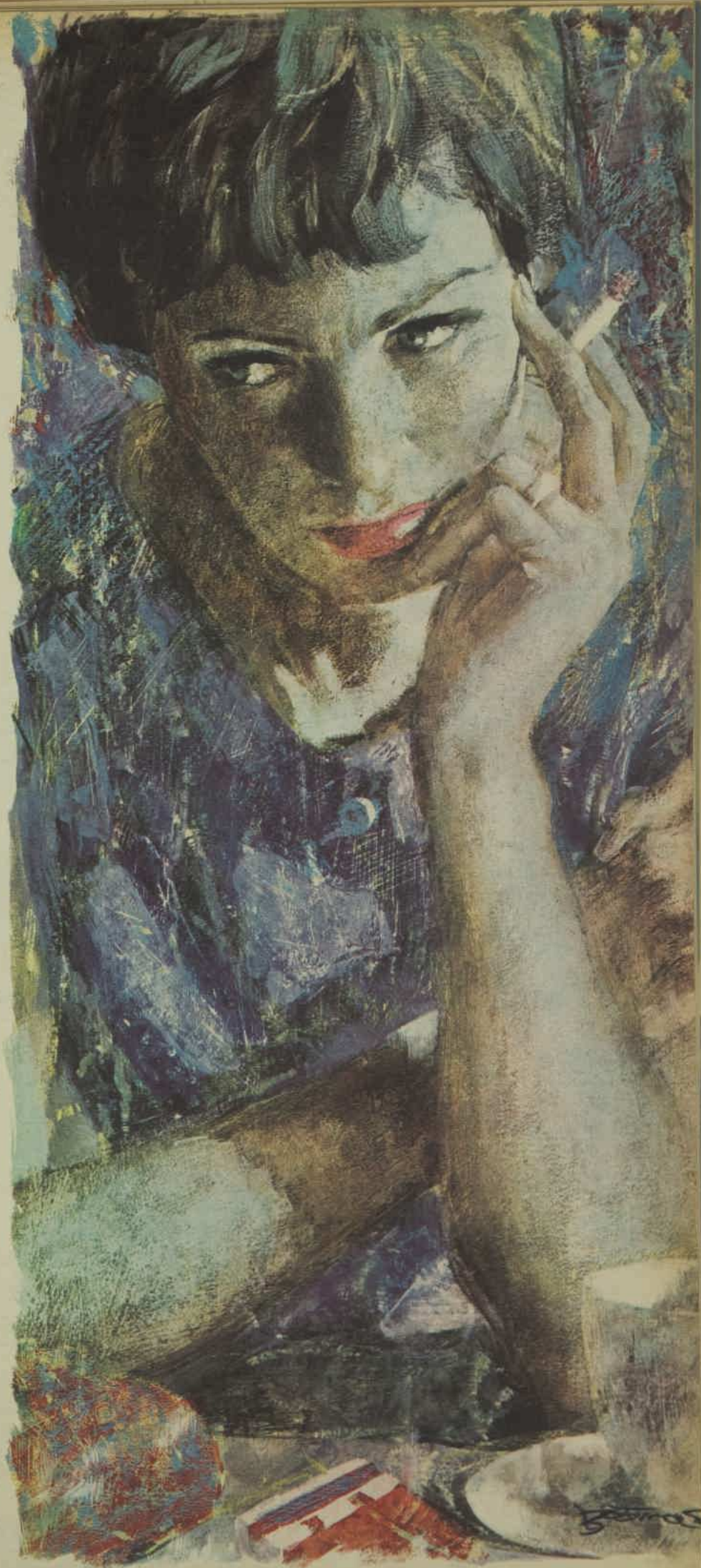
None of it made any difference to Margaret, although, heaven knows, when she had walked out of the house three months ago taking nothing with her but her clothes she had not visualised living like this. At the time, her full attention was given over to the simple act of going away from and not going toward; the future was a blurred mess that would be taken out and examined one day when the fog of despair and frustration had cleared away. The fog had never cleared, and that future had become an endless succession of days measured out in coffee-cups and headaches, distinguishable one from the other only by layers of intervening darkness.

Margaret lay in bed a few more minutes, unable to focus her attention on anything except her desire for a cigarette. She had grown very aware of her own needs (or rather the paucity of her needs) these past few months, and cigarettes were the one thing she could not learn to live without. She could go for days without food; sleep was a way of killing time; and love and laughter and companionship were mystical bits of other people's lives acted out with signals like a game of charades, as foreign to her as voodoo. While she had been living with Charles, the terrible yearnings she had felt—for more purpose to her life and some real reason to be living it—were now buried under so many layers of circumstance and inertia that she could not even remember the emotion they had evoked.

But cigarettes she needed, and smoking one was not an accompanying act to reading or drinking, but an act in itself that almost hypnotised her while she watched the wisps of blue and yellow smoke escaping from either end of the cigarette as it burned into greyish-white ash, and felt the strange sensation of the smoke momentarily imprisoned in her lungs before she exhaled it and started it on its dreamy ascent into extinction. Most of all, she needed a cigarette when her mouth was already musty with the taste of stale tobacco as it was now.

She threw back her covers and stepped out of bed into the one spot in the room where the August sunshine made a bright square on the rug. The window was open, but there was no movement of air. Only a sickly, heavy heat, filled with moisture, hung dead still. Margaret did not feel it, although she reached behind her and scratched at a trickle of sweat that slithered down her back beneath her nightgown.

To page 84



Barefooted, she walked around the room peering into unemptied ashtrays looking for a cigarette end that was long enough to smoke. They were all quite short, but she poked through them with her long index finger and finally found one that had not been too badly crushed when she put it out. She picked it up and smoothed it out as best she could.

Then she got a straight pin from the lining of her jewellery box and stuck it into the cigarette just below the filter and put it in her mouth. When she lit it, she held her head back so the flame would not singe her eyelashes.

Holding it delicately by the pin, she went back to her bed and sat down in the middle of it,

REASONS

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 83

Indian-style, leaning her back against the wall. She modestly bunched up her nightgown between her exposed legs and inhaled deeply with her mouth open wide, then exhaled toward the ceiling, watching the smoke moving dully in the airless room, caught in the streak of sunlight.

When it was too short to smoke, she laid the cigarette, pin and all, in the ashtray without making any effort to put it out. Other butts in the tray began to smolder and the room was soon filled with the acrid odor of burning filters.

Margaret sat perfectly still in

a state of total inoccupation. After a while, she stuck out her tongue and made a face, the after-taste of the stale cigarette finally reaching her. She got up and opened the slatted, wooden doors to her kitchen and took a milk bottle half-filled with orange juice from the refrigerator. There was nothing else in there except a half pint of cream turning sour and a can of consommé.

She drank the orange juice leaning against the kitchen sink, staring at the white metal cabinet above it. When she finished, she put the glass in the sink with-

out rinsing it, along with others stained with tomato juice, coffee, and tea, and stood there slouching on one hip, feeling the cold porcelain of the sink against her thigh. She had nothing else to do, and the agony of the long Sunday seemed to be there behind her, waiting. She did not want to turn around.

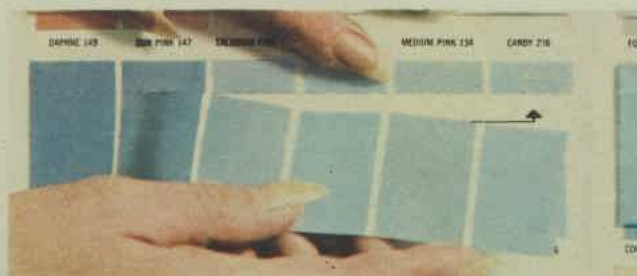
There were tears inside her somewhere, but they did not spill over. She was one of those unfortunate women who could not cry and she had never known the soothing luxury of sobbing into a pillow or keening behind closed doors. When she was very unhappy or very frightened, the only sign was a slight widening of her eyes and a tightening of

her jaw as she clenched her teeth. They were almost imperceptible signs and no one had ever known about them, not even Charles, who had called her a monster when she could not cry even after the baby had died.

He had. He had wept for days on end. For weeks afterward his eyes were ringed with red in the morning, and it was then that the strength that Margaret needed in him had vanished into the air, leaving her completely alone at a time when she most needed something to hold on to. It was then that she had first begun to look for reasons for their marriage, a search which had led her first out of his bed, then out of his reach, then out of his house and into this apartment.



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THERE had been no other reason for living with him, and the sheer futility of their marriage had finally hit her that May morning when she had been looking out the kitchen window as she washed the breakfast dishes. The blue-striped curtains were blowing in the warm breeze that brought into her house all the smells and sounds of new life. Outside there were chirpings and twitterings that made all of the world seem terribly, wonderfully busy.

Without thinking, she had dried her hands and gone upstairs and packed her clothes. Within 20 minutes, she was standing outside and waiting impatiently for her cab. When Charles came home, he found Margaret and her clothes gone

FROM THE BIBLE

● Judge not, and ye shall not be judged: condemn not, and ye shall not be condemned: forgive, and ye shall be forgiven.

— St. Luke 6; 37.

and cold dishwater in the sink. He had no idea where nor probably why — for she had left no message — and understanding the fragile emotions of women had never concerned him.

A few weeks later, after friends had told him where she was, he had come to see her, and asked why. She told him the only reason she knew: "There was no reason to live with you."

He had run his fingers through his thinning hair, desperately tired and desperately bewildered. He had looked around her apartment as if it were the Garden of Eve, completely misinterpreting its purpose. "Perhaps I am getting a little too old for you, Maggie. I've been tired lately and things at the office..."

Margaret had looked at him in disbelief and felt she had to stop him. "It isn't that, Charles. You don't understand. It's just that there has to be a reason for marriage. There has to be a child or a love, or something that gives some meaning to it. Otherwise the love-making, the conversation, even the care of the house, it doesn't mean anything, it doesn't express anything."

And then, for the first time since they had been married, Charles really tried to understand, to find an answer. The effort filled him until he felt almost overcome with it. It furrowed his brow and twisted his mouth and made his fingers twitch involuntarily.

"Maggie, why do you always have to have reasons for things? Why can't you just live like

To page 85

REASONS

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 84

other people do? Why does there always have to be a reason?"

"I don't know, Charles. I only know there has to be a reason, a big reason, for a man and a woman to live together."

Charles had sighed then, a deep sigh of helplessness, and started for the door. When he reached it, he turned to her. "If you ever find a reason, I hope you'll come back. Because I love you, Maggie." He went out then, closing the door very quietly behind him. Margaret stood where he had left her, wondering why, now that she had left him, he would say that. Through all the years and all the times when she needed most to hear it, he had seemed incapable of saying the words.

She turned abruptly from the sink with its litter of unwashed glasses and went into the bathroom, relieved and pleased that there was something to do which she almost forgot. The first thing she did was look in the mirror, although she was trying to break herself of the habit. She did not like to see herself in the morning with her hair mussed and her nose slightly oily and her eyes lined with sleep.

IT was at this moment that the words "single woman" always formed themselves in her mind, as if they were stamped in red letters across the image that looked back at her, making even the slightest flaw in her features leap into gross magnification. She was 34 and looked it, and she knew that 34 single was much older than 34 married, just as 34 miserable was much less attractive than 34 happy.

She brushed her teeth carefully to protect several hundred dollars' worth of caps that had once seemed terribly important to cover a slight gap between her front teeth, and splashed cold water on her face. When she reached for a towel, she knocked the soap on the floor. It slid behind the radiator and she left it there, dried her face, and went back to the other room, knowing that soon she'd have to go out and get some cigarettes.

She lay down on the bed and tried, for the thousandth time, to think of someone she might call or somewhere she might go. There was no one and nowhere and she knew that every ambulatory creature was either at the beach or in the country on a hot, August Sunday, or at least at somebody's house (like hers) in the suburbs, having bourbon and orange juice and talking over last night's party.

It had seemed such a simple thing, when she and Charles were together, to have every weekend filled to overflowing. There was always somewhere to go or someone to call, or someone calling or stopping in, and parties that added up, sometimes, to three or four in one weekend. They were not fun. None of it was fun as she remembered it. And toward the end there was always the catastrophe of a quarrel followed by silence. But the parties had their own kind of glitter, and it was fun to dress up in something new and be admired and danced with, and sometimes even flirted with.

It had never occurred to her, when she was making her decision, that they would not go on. Vaguely, she had pictured herself at all of those same parties but with Charles simply obliterated from the scene.

And it had happened like that, but for such a short time that



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she barely had a chance to taste its potential because, quite suddenly, it had all stopped. Then she was invited to dinner where she was the only guest, or to do somebody a favor and be a dinner partner for somebody's boss or widowed uncle. And then there was nothing.

Gradually, even her closest friends had lost touch with her. Even those who had urged her to leave Charles and who had called her at first, offering congratulations or condolences (according to their needs and not hers), had found it more convenient and more interesting to befriend Charles, who could be an extra man at parties and who still had the big house with all

the books where he could invite people in return.

Margaret got up and got two pairs of stockings from the bottom of her cupboard and took them into the bathroom to wash. On the way, she switched on the radio, glad at least to have the sound of music to relieve the awful silence. Her fingernail caught in the twisted nylon and broke, and the anger she felt was pure reflex, a residue from the days when a broken fingernail would have meant hurried emergency measures before dressing to go out.

The music on the radio stopped and a traffic report began — a long harangue about highways and bridges and congestions.

Margaret listened to the harsh voice from the world outside and was envious of every humble little family picnic, of every angry father driving to the beach behind a steaming radiator, every crying child in the back seat, every tight-lipped mother in a peaked fisherman's cap.

She was envious of every teenage girl who had bought a new bathing suit to wear, and every young man speeding down the highway in a convertible with a handkerchief tied around his neck. She was envious of everyone in the world who had somewhere to go and someone to go with.

The music resumed and Margaret rubbed her lingerie between

her fingers and tried to remember that it was coming from a bare, windowless broadcasting studio and had nothing to do with gaiety or romance or flowered print dresses.

Until the separation, she had been so certain that anything would be better than the deadly dullness of Charles with his slow patience and his clumsy attempts at affection. Dullness had seemed to settle over him like a cloak of dust as the years passed, thinning his hair and greying his skin, even putting a kind of glaze over his eyes so that every day he became a little drearier, a little slower.

To page 88

Page 85

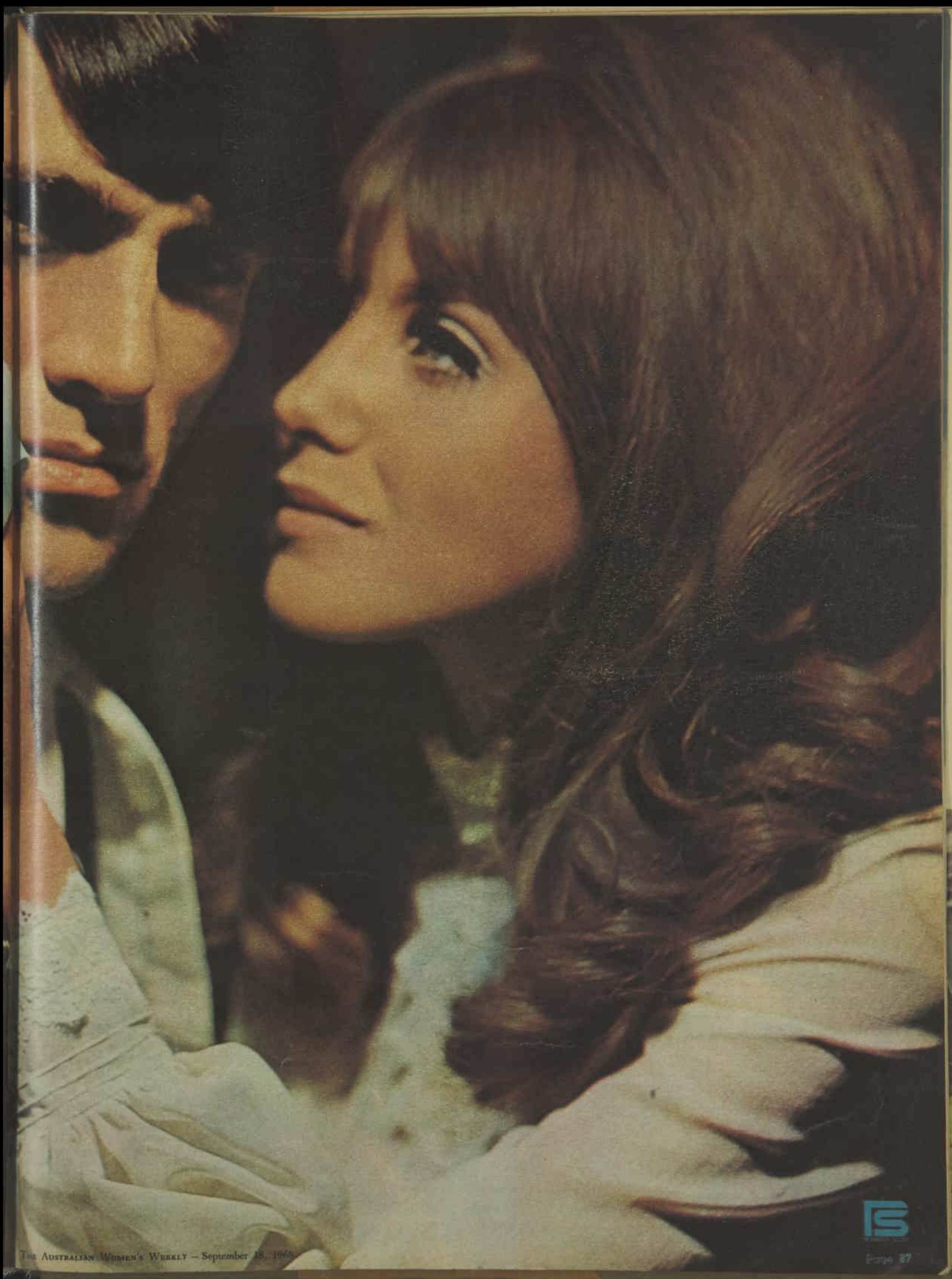
Try a little tenderness

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more colour



THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY - September 18, 1968



Page 87

12 HOURS FROM NOW THIS ONE COLDREX CAPSULE WILL STILL BE BRINGING RELIEF!



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Sounds too good to be true! But it is a fact that just one Coldrex Capsule will positively give you 12-hour relief from the distressing symptoms of colds and "flu."

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The sight of the Sunday papers lying there, unwanted, upset Margaret as it always did, not because she felt sorry for herself but because they symbolised such stark indifference to life. It was as if they were lying outside somebody else's door and she were feeling compassion for the poor creature inside. There ought to be a reason for taking in the papers, just as there ought to be a reason for sewing the hem in a dress or caring that a fingernail was broken.

No one spoke to her as she got into the lift, descended to the street floor, and walked through the lobby. She had never found it easy to talk to casual acquaintances, and the people in the building had long ago stopped speaking to her. She was used to it, but this morning it would have been very nice to hear a friendly voice directed her way.

It was blisteringly hot outside and the street was deserted except for a little girl walking a poodle. Margaret made her way past closed shops, her reflected image strolling beside her, conscious of the clatter of her high heels on the sidewalk, which, on a weekday, would have been lost in the din. After one block, she was perspiring and exhausted. She had automatically taken the same route she always took to her job in the dress shop, and it offered no diversion. Even the clothes in the windows were the same as they had been all week.

She cut through the small public park, the domain at this hour (by tacit agreement with the free and the brave who control the real world) of the inhabitants of the in-between world of children and nursemaids, slim-hipped young men with beautiful, tanned faces, and unclaimed woman passing the hours with books whose pages they never turned. No one paid the slightest attention to Margaret as she click-clacked her way over the flagstone path, occasionally sidestepping a child or dodging a ball.

Terrified of being swallowed up in this world if she lingered, Margaret held her head high and walked faster, forgetting that she had absolutely nowhere to go until she reached the other side of the square and was once again faced with a deserted street, over which the expressionless facade of an apartment house towered.

A streetlight blinked on and off uselessly and there was not even a car to slow her progress and use up another few seconds of the day. She crossed against the light and turned east toward the shops and theatres. She was walking into the sun now and could just catch the faint odor of her own skin touched by its rays.

It was a nostalgic scent that placed her on the beach as a child in the scratchy red bathing suit and, lately, as an adult in a smart white suit stretched out on a bright towel with, it seemed now, dozens and dozens of people to talk and laugh with, all of them offering her something to drink or eat, or lighting her cigarettes.

It seemed impossible to her that this had happened along with all of the other things that were so unreal to her in their total disappearance. She had so loved the sun and now, suddenly, it was a menace. A "Fully Air-Conditioned" sign dripping with icicles on a movie marquee caught her eye and she slowed her step briefly, picturing herself sitting alone in the cool dark watching

To page 89

Toward the end, she had eaten most of her meals without ever looking at him because she couldn't stand the meticulous way he buttered his bread and cut up his egg. Not that he noticed. He thought mealtimes were for eating, not for conversation.

She remembered lying awake beside him at night, too filled with resentment and frustration to sleep in his presence. The only thing that had kept her going after the baby had died was the knowledge that there had to be something better — more excitement, strong emotions, great love. She never knew exactly. She had only known, a little more every day, that she had to get away from him. She remembered,

REASONS

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 85

too, very clearly, thinking how wonderful it would be just to have a small room somewhere away from Charles, away from everyone, where no one could find her and she could do just as she pleased.

A derisive smile broke through her solid shell of numbness as she acknowledged how amply that silent prayer had been answered. Her dream had come true, but, after the first few days of frightened bliss, she had learned that frustration and resentment are strong motivating forces that at least keep the heart and the spirit

straining toward something better, while lethargy breeds nothing but more lethargy.

She left her lingerie in the sink, dried her hands, and went back to her room for a cigarette, forgetting again that there were none. She opened her cupboard and rummaged through four handbags, looking for just one stray cigarette that might have fallen out of a packet, dropping each bag to the floor when it produced nothing. She pushed them to the back of the cupboard with her foot and took

down a pink silk shirtdress with matching pumps.

She dressed deliberately but without care, pinned up a section of her hem that was loose, combed her hair, and put on lipstick without looking in the mirror. She went out, stepping over two Sunday papers lying outside her door that would be taken away tomorrow, unopened. They had been part of her plan for normal, organised living when she had first taken the apartment, along with the draperies she had made but never hung, and the two dozen cocktail glasses which were now under her bed, as tightly wrapped as the day they had been delivered from the store.

someone else go about the business of living.

But she hurried on, unable to face the idea of walking up to the cashier alone and buying a ticket. There was something so terribly vulnerable about going into a movie alone, like crawling into a hole, and she could not bring herself to do it. Even worse would be the agony of coming out alone and refacing a world that had not changed but only moved a little further around. She had heard of people who spent all day in movies, even slept in them, and she could understand that once they got in they did not want to come out, but how they got in was beyond her comprehension.

PERHAPS if she were less attractive, or shorter, or less stylish she might have done it, but she knew that she looked like a woman who was not accustomed to being alone, and her ego made her perpetuate the image even with total strangers, especially that bleached blonde sitting in the cashier's cage.

She found an open milkbar a block away and shuddered as the blast of icy air struck her when she opened the door. It was long and glaring, full of formica and tile and chrome and fluorescent lights. A monstrous cigarette machine stood in one corner and Margaret made her way directly to it. In her haste to get her money out she dropped her handbag, spilling all of its contents on to the shiny floor. Her lipstick rolled down the middle of the store. She stood there looking at the strewn objects, then at the gold lipstick case, unable to decide which to retrieve first.

No one came to help her, although there were a few people scattered along the counter. They looked up, annoyed at the intrusion, then went back to their coffee. Margaret gathered up her money, put 45 cents into the machine and bought her cigarettes, then stopped and pushed her belongings into the handbag as if it were a dustpan. She retrieved the lipstick on her way to a counter stool, choosing one at the far end of the store. There was nothing she wanted except a cigarette, which she promptly lit while a waitress placed a menu and a glass of water in front of her.

She ordered coffee, interrupting an argument between the waitress and the lad over whose turn it was to wash the coffee-pot. Three young men carrying Bibles came and sat near her and noisily drank strawberry milkshakes, then a couple carrying beachbags, then a middle-aged woman who told the waitress that her parakeet was ill and what a strain it was, then a man who sat one seat away from Margaret and asked her for a match.

He had to ask her twice before she heard him, and the strangeness of being addressed so startled her that when she reached for the matches her elbow hit her cup, spilling some of its contents on to the counter.

The man apologised and, after returning her matches, asked the waitress to bring her another cup, and suddenly there was more steaming coffee, she didn't want, in front of her. She lit another cigarette and read the list of sandwiches and ice-cream flavors on the signs behind the counter. The woman's section of the Sunday paper was pushed in front

REASONS

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 88

of her and she looked up just as the man asked her if she wanted to see it. She said no, but he left it where it was and turned his attention to his bacon and eggs, the front section of the paper spread out on the counter beside his plate.

He was nondescript but quite presentable, and Margaret noticed that his scalp was very brown where he had gone bald. She marvelled at his self-containment as he ate and read, although he, too, was quite alone. She decided that such self-containment was

the result of his having a definite place to go when he finished his breakfast, and his aloneness was a private, pleasant thing to be sandwiched into a busy day. He felt her staring at him and looked up. "Coffee all right?" he asked pleasantly.

"Yes, fine," Margaret answered, and started to drink it.

"Hot today," he said absently, looking down at his paper again. "Good day to stay home and keep cool."

Margaret nodded, although he

To page 92

LULUBELLE



"Please tell me—is that a funny old bomb, or a fabulous vintage car?"

what the blazes!



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Fire chiefs and enjins! Bondsland's ablaze with action. And

where there's smoke, there's Bond's knitted denims. Tough, hard-working young gear worth hollering about. Striped denim tops, fully lined shorts with permanent creases. In two beaut blues, or fawn. Fireman, save my denims—they're Bond's

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BOND'S



ALL characters in serials and short stories which appear in The Australian Women's Weekly are fictitious and have no reference to any living person.



THERE WAS A TABLE SET OUT UNDER A TREE IN FRONT OF THE HOUSE, AND THE MARCH HARE AND THE HATTER WERE HAVING TEA AT IT. A DORMOUSE WAS SITTING BETWEEN THEM, FAST ASLEEP, AND THE OTHER TWO WERE USING IT AS A CUSHION, RESTING THEIR ELBOWS ON IT, AND TALKING OVER ITS HEAD. "VERY UNCOMFORTABLE FOR THE DORMOUSE," THOUGHT ALICE. "ONLY, AS IT'S ASLEEP, I SUPPOSE IT DOESN'T MIND."

THE TABLE WAS A LARGE ONE, BUT THE THREE WERE ALL CROWDED TOGETHER AT ONE CORNER OF IT. "NO ROOM! NO ROOM!" THEY CRIED OUT WHEN THEY SAW ALICE COMING. "THERE'S PLenty OF ROOM!" SAID ALICE INDIGNANTLY, AND SHE SAT DOWN IN A LARGE ARM-CHAIR AT ONE END OF THE TABLE.

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PL1576

Clumps for variety in contours

By ALLAN SEALE



VARIETY in shape and size of plantings gives a garden a pleasant balance. One way to achieve this is to scatter a few clumps of upright, reedy foliage among other plants — individually, or in groups.

For example, group a rounded murraya and a bun-shaped raphiolepis (Indian hawthorn) about 5ft. apart, with a clump of flax just off halfway between, and to the fore.

Or, try eriostemon and fine-leaved strelitzia, or variegated flax surrounded by a soft, horizontal conifer such as Sabina vulgaris.

Use clumps of kniphofia (hot pokers) with drifts of shasta daisies and other perennials; or a mound of silver-grey dusty miller between kniphofia and clumps of blue agapanthus. Wispy, blue perennial salvia will soften, or provide a misty background, suggesting distance.

Shapely yucca and cordyline are dramatic on their own, in a pebble garden, or grouped with rounded boulders.

Gardening Book, Vol. 3 — page 296

● The feathery prettiness of pampas grass makes a pleasant highlight in a garden layout.

Choose from these:

AGAPANTHUS. One of hardiest, most adaptable flowering plants, in full sun, or under trees where few other plants succeed. Propagate by dividing clumps in late winter or, with care, at any time. Trim back foliage, roots before replanting. Flowers more plentiful from clumps undisturbed for several years. *A. orientalis*, the well-known, evergreen type — in dark blue, light blue, or white — flowers for a month either side of Christmas, in most districts.

CLIVEA. A 2ft. clump of erect, dark green, strap-like foliage; heads of upright orange trumpets, early spring. Best in part shade or filtered sunlight; full sun tends to scorch. Cliveas don't mind root competition, and flower well under trees and palms. Attractive, mingled with ferns, dwarf azaleas, or ground-cover ivy. Divide in winter, or any time, with care.

CORDYLINE australis. Handsome, rosetted clump of fairly rigid, narrow, strap-like foliage. With age, rises on a stem. Sun or shade, all districts.

CYPERUS alternifolius (umbrella grass). Clumps of rich green stems supporting umbrella formation of leaves 6 to 9in. long. In moist, sheltered positions, to 4-5ft. Best in filtered light, but grows in full sun if kept moist. Dies down in winter in frosty areas.

CRINUM particulatum. A handsome plant, with 4ft.-long waxy green leaves 8in. wide, tapering at point. With age, develops bulbous, 1 to 2ft. stem. Heads of white flowers with long pink anthers, summer. Sun or shade; tolerates sedgy areas.

DORYANTHES (gigantic, Gynea, or torch lily). Unflowered plants make graceful, rosetted growth, with glossy green leaves 4 to 5ft. long, 3in. wide. Large, red, torch-like bud on stem 10 to 15ft. long opens to display cluster of waxy pink, lily-like flowers with red backs and stems. After flowering, plant usually forms clump of sword-like foliage. A handsome native from the sandstone areas of the east coast.

DIERAMA (fairy bells). Like tall iris; clump of reed-like foliage, 3 to 4ft. tall, and long, arching stem with pendulous pink bells. Separate corms in winter, when semi-dormant. For perennial borders or pond-side.

FLAX. Accent plants for shrubberies, rockeries, pebble garden. Single crowns are fan shaped, later forming dense clumps of upright foliage. Best with at least half sun. Once established, tolerate long periods of dryness and shallow soil. Use purple, green, and variegated varieties among shrubs, boulders. Propagate by dividing clumps, preferably in late

Gardening Book, Vol. 3 — page 297

winter. Keep shaded a few weeks until re-established.

IRIS. Flag irises, with clumps of silver grey foliage, add relief to beds of perennials or foreground of shrubberies. Divide December/April, keeping rhizomes or tuberous stems slightly above ground level. *Iris stylosa* makes broad clumps of deep green, slender blades 12-15in. high; light blue, hooded flowers, winter.

JAPANESE IRIS. *Iris kaemferii* has graceful, reed-like growth in summer; dies down late autumn/early winter.

NEOMARCIA. Type of iris, clumps, to 5ft., of slender grey-green foliage. Saucer-shaped, rich blue flowers about 2in. across, midsummer. Sun or part shade.

KNIPHOFIA (torch lily or red hot poker). Clumps 4 to 5ft. of finely tapering, grey-green foliage, tuberous flowers along the spikes, usually bright red in bud, turning yellow as they open. Also gold and lemon varieties. Main flowering midsummer; some varieties, winter/spring. Divide when relatively dormant in winter. Shorten back to about 18in.

PAMPAS GRASS. Large, silky plumes on 6 to 8ft. stems, interesting in shrubberies or pebble gardens. Best in sun; drought resistant once established.

STRELITZIA reginae (bird of paradise flower). Clumps of spear-shaped foliage; orange and blue flower rising from large, beak-like bud on tall stem. *S. parvifolia* is similar, but stems almost leafless. More shapely as specimen plant.

YUCCA. Dramatic, with rosette of rigid, spiked 2ft.-long leaves gradually developing a trunk. Occasionally flowers, with 6ft. spike clustered with cream lily flowers. Best in a sunny position: tolerant of heat, frost, dryness. Propagate by removing offsets from base or trunk. For safety, occasionally clip off tips of needle-like spikes.

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was not looking at her. "It's a good day for a movie," she heard herself saying.

He looked up and then down again quickly. Margaret picked up the paper and opened it, looking at the pictures of models in beach costumes but not reading a line. She was beginning to believe that she would not have to spend the day alone after all. There would be someone to buy the ticket and to walk down the long aisle with while the flash-light beam was on her pink shoes.

Toward the end of the pictures she would get up on the pretext of getting a drink and just leave him there. Coming out alone would not be so bad,

just as long as she had not been alone inside.

She thought of some of the tricks she had so carefully learned for extricating herself from men who had been too forward in that other life. She must have been a different person. She struggled between this memory and the prospect of going home to her hot apartment, to endless glasses of orange juice and iced tea that would only aggravate her hunger for food she could not eat.

For the first time in months she felt a small sense of anticipation

REASONS

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 89

and, having made her decision, she put down her paper and turned to reopen the conversation — only to find that the man was gone, leaving behind the ugly remains of cold egg-yolk on his plate and a few toast crumbs on the counter.

She caught a last glimpse of him as he pocketed his change and went through the heavy glass door, his paper under his arm. And then the burning, humiliating shame began to rise over her neck and face, making her flesh crawl and her scalp tingle until the urge to scream was almost uncontrollable. She lit another cigarette with trembling fingers, forced the scalding coffee down her throat, and hurriedly threw some change on the counter.

The walk through the long, glistening store was a nightmare of embarrassment, for she was certain that everyone had been watching, that everyone knew she had tried to attach herself to that man and he had shaken her off. Now, on top of everything else, she had become one of the huntresses, a hungry woman alone, looking for a man, the kind of woman that men instinctively move away from as quickly as possible.

MARGARET had never given any thought at all to the questions Charles had asked her that day, but she thought of them now as she retraced her steps over the searing pavements. She, who had wanted so much, who had wanted a reason for everything she did, had absolutely nothing and no hope of anything. Literally, now, there was not even a reason to eat, to sleep, to live. There was nothing.

She stopped for a light at Chestnut Street behind a dumpy, middle-aged couple who were arguing violently, their voices rasping and harsh, and Margaret wondered if there was nothing else. It was either the emptiness of being alone or the terrible tension of clashing emotions. Was there nothing more to choose from? The man's face was ugly and twisted with anger, the woman's chin was trembling with the need to cry as they faced each other in defiance.

The light changed and, as the couple stepped off the curb, the homely little woman put her stubby arm around the man's waist, and before they were halfway across the street they were laughing. He slapped her on the behind and she gave him a little shove.

Margaret followed them up the street. They stopped once to point with awe at something in an antique shop and again to snigger at a high-fashion model in a shop window. What would they have been if they had tired of their quarrelling and separated? No older, no more unattractive. They might even have walked these same streets and looked in these same shops.

But there would have been no one to admire the French settee with, no one to poke fun at the funny dress with. Most of all, there would have been no one for the woman to put her arm around.

Perhaps these were reasons, reasons enough to keep them together though quarrelling, half hating, half loving, and surely never knowing which was which. Most important, they were not alone. The woman had someone to get up in the morning for,

To page 93



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REASONS

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 92

and go to the kitchen for, someone to make the bed for and to sweep underneath it.

And the man, what did he have? Someone to find in his house when he came home at night, someone to complain to about a bad television show or the state of the weather.

When Margaret reached her building and the coolness of the lobby, she had to wait while the liftman finished a conversation with the superintendent.

"I gotta take my new car back. My wife don't like the color. How d'ya like that?" he said.

"I know what you mean. I hadda rip up the whole basement floor last night because Selma didn't like the tiles after I got 'em down."

The super shook his head and wandered away, and the liftman snorted as he got into the lift and pushed the button for Margaret's floor.

"Hot out, huh?" he said.

Margaret nodded and started down the hall. Complaints, more complaints. But still, a cellar floor was laid and ripped up again because someone cared about it and the people who would see it. A car was exchanged because a man and a woman would enjoy it together and be proud. The man had someone to care what color his car was and maybe that was all that mattered, not the fact that it was a bother to take it back.

Margaret unlocked the door to her apartment. It was stiflingly hot and unkempt. It smelled of dust and tobacco, and its ugliness revolted her. She turned her back on it, leaned against the door, and, for the first time in her adult life, she cried. She stood there, sobbing until she was exhausted, and when she could no longer stand up she walked in and collapsed on to the unmade bed.

She lay there for a very long time staring at the unmade bed and was finally roused late in the afternoon by the painful gnawing of hunger. Her handbag lay on the floor by the door where she had dropped it and she started toward it to get a cigarette, but on the way she stopped and picked up the telephone.

Her hand shook as she dialled the familiar number, and when it rang she saw herself at the other end of the connection, saw the gleaming table on which that phone stood and the turquoise chair beside it. When a male voice answered, she was startled, half expecting to hear her own voice.

"Hello?" the voice said a second time.

"Hello, Charles?" Margaret said.

There was a silence.

"This is Margaret."

"Yes, Margaret. How are you?" His voice was quiet and wary.

"I wondered if I could talk to you. I mean, that is, if you aren't busy or anything. If you have guests..." She was panicky. Maybe it wasn't the same with



Would you believe it?

A few weeks ago I wanted to hide my face!

I was so embarrassed. Ugly pimples and acne were getting me down. I imagined people were talking about me. I felt lonely and miserable. I scrubbed my face—but this only made it worse.

Then our family chemist (bless him!) told me that acne troubles 7 out of 10 young people. He said that acne is not a sign of "dirtiness." It's caused by excess skin oil blocking the pores, forming infected pimples. Then he suggested Stri-Dex, the complete acne treatment that's so easy to use.

First, I washed my face twice a day with Stri-Dex Foam (no soap). Stri-Dex Foam cleans deep down in the pores and leaves an anti-

bacterial film on the surface of the skin to fight the acne infection.

And, twice a day, I rubbed a fresh Stri-Dex Pad over my face. These pads are medicated—clear and stainless. No medicinal odour. They remove pore-clogging oils and make-up—leave your face clean and refreshed. They leave an antibacterial barrier, too.

In five days I could see a big improvement. And now I am back in the "swing"... able to face the future with confidence.

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men. Maybe Charles had never been lonely or needed someone there. Maybe he was glad she was gone.

"No, Margaret, I'm not busy. I was just reading the paper. What do you want to talk about?" He was cautious and unsure, the memory of the hurt still there in his voice.

"I think I've made a discovery, Charles. I mean I think I've found a reason..." Her voice was humble, almost pleading.

"Where are you?"

"In my apartment."

"I'll be there as soon as I can."

"That will be fine. I'll see you then. Goodbye, Charles."

"Goodbye, Maggie."

She put down the receiver,

dazed by what she had done but not sorry, not a bit sorry. She pulled off the rumpled pink dress and hung it up, kicked off her shoes and shoved them to the back of the cupboard, then stooped and picked them up and put them in the shoe-bag. She went first to the kitchen, and in her bra and pants she scrubbed every inch of the room until it sparkled. She washed every dish and glass and coffee cup, washed the curtains and ironed them dry and rehung them.

When she faced the chore of cleaning the living-room, she had nothing to clean it with. She called the superintendent and asked him to bring her a vacuum cleaner, threw on a robe to open

the door, and, for the first time since she had lived there, she smiled at him and he smiled back. When she had finished, she realised that the apartment really wasn't so bad, and that it now looked the way it had when she had rented it. It was still shabby, the rug was still faded, but now it looked expectant and welcoming as if somebody lived there who cared, as if now there was a reason for it to be neat and clean.

Margaret showered quickly, brushed her hair, and put on a yellow sheath and sandals. When she opened the door to Charles, she, too, looked expectant and welcoming. Like someone who had a reason to be pretty.

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Page 93

Notice to Contributors

PLEASE type your manuscript or write clearly in ink, using only one side of the paper. Short stories should be from 7000 to 10000 words; short short stories, 1100 to 1400 words; articles up to 1500 words. Enclose stamps to cover return postage of manuscript in case of rejection. Every care is taken of manuscripts, but we accept no responsibility for them. Please keep a duplicate. Names and addresses should be written on manuscripts as well as on envelope. Address manuscripts to the Editor, The Australian Women's Weekly, Box 1100W, G.P.O., Sydney 2001.

AT HOME.....

with Margaret Sydney

- It's to be a non-violent Christmas for kids in the United States this year—no toy bazookas, no space-guns, no tanks, no machine-guns.

AMERICANS, understandably appalled by the country's recent record of assassination and violence, are determined to do something about it, and one prong of the attack is to be directed at violence at nursery- and schoolroom-level.

One large firm which specialises in war toys has decided to give up the business altogether. "We thought about it when Jack Kennedy was killed," the president of the firm said. "Then there was Dr. Martin Luther King and Bobby Kennedy. Everybody here just felt disgusted with being even a small part of it."

Many large American shops have swept their shelves bare of toy guns and tanks and similar playthings. One chain store, in its hope of "eliminating the trend toward violence by lessening exposure of children to the gun," is even refusing to sell the harmless, time-hallowed water-pistol.

All this is praiseworthy, as evidence of American determination to do something drastic to alter the climate of violence, even to the point of individual loss of profits.

But do you suppose that banning toy guns can really have any long-term results?

Weren't able to work out aggressions

CHILDREN, let's face it, are crude characters, full of violences and uncertainties and aggressions that have to be worked out somewhere. They are also, in the main, realists with a clear understanding of the difference between reality and make-believe.

I doubt if violence in an adult community bears much relationship to the number of its members who in their youth went round shouting, "Pow-pow-pow, you're dead."

I think it might have some relationship to the number who, for some physical, emotional, or environmental reasons, weren't able to work these aggressions out, and so moved into adulthood without any very clear idea of how to cope with it.

What bothers me about this is the idea that banning is the answer. Can banning honestly do anything but make a desirable object (and toy guns are desirable objects to all small boys and to many small girls) anything but more desirable? America has had its own experience of this in the past.

In the 'twenties they banned liquor, bringing in total prohibition, with the predictable results of violence, murder, gang warfare, and plenty of blackmarket liquor (some of it lethal) for anyone with money to buy it.

One banned thing that has largely disappeared

THIRTY seconds quick thought on the subject and I can only come up with the name of one banned thing that has largely disappeared from the civilised world—witchcraft.

The Old Testament said, "Thou shalt not suffer a witch to live," so they were banned and burnt and butchered and disposed of in other far from pleasant ways—and in spite of it they flourished.

Neither the bans nor the burnings were what largely rid the world of witches. What

did away with them was a growing sense of reality, a belief that physical effects came from physical causes instead of from fantastic ones.

Four hundred years ago, I would have dobbled my next-door neighbor in for putting the evil eye on my sweetpeas. How else could I have accounted for the fact that while hers are undeniably flourishing mine are blighted, blasted, and battered?

But 400 years of more rational thinking has had its effect even on me, and I'm reluctantly forced to consider the idea that perhaps a wrong planting time, my failure to protect them adequately from slugs, and the long dry period when I forgot to give them enough water had something to do with their present bewitched appearance.

I hate war toys and would never buy one of any sort for a child of any sort. But that's entirely beside the point here.

Children with a healthy amount of initiative and imagination will find or make their own substitutes. A few (the same few who would grow up to anti-social violence anyway) may become so fixated on these utterly desirable, banned toy guns that they live for the day when they're old enough to beg, borrow, or steal a genuine adult working model.

If we've got to ban something, let's go the whole way-out, fantastic hog and revolutionise the sort of programs our children see on television. I accept the fact that conflict of some sort is necessary to drama, that you can't have plays and serials about nice quiet people to whom nothing ever happens.

OK, so conflict is necessary. Let's make it realistic then. I'm sick of my TV screen being all clogged up with the broken bodies of baddies.

Let's pass a dictatorial law that for a trial period of two years ONLY THE GOODIES may bite the dust on TV. Shoot them, blow them up, hang them—and at the end of the two-year period children would actually be beginning to identify with them.

Shocking cynicism of a five-year-old

THE cynicism of a five-year-old neighbor of mine shocked me the other day.

She was watching her favorite program on our set and there was the hero, tied between two galloping horses headed for a steep cliff.

"Wow, how awful," I said, pretending to share the concern I thought she felt.

"He'll be all right," she said, contentedly eating cake. "It's a series. He has to be all right for tomorrow's episode."

In life, goodies do bite the dust all too frequently. In life, baddies all too often get away with it, making others suffer and tremble and bleed.

Children, those realists, know this at an early age. If we feed them this unrealistic junk combined with (one hopes) the only violence they witness in childhood, mightn't they grow up feeling that even the violence itself is just fun, fun, fun and doesn't do anyone any harm?

Incidentally, one large American chain store has banned all guns "except for the traditional and historic cowboy costume, which would include fancy holster and gun."

Doesn't that make nonsense of the whole ban? I always thought that a man shot through the heart by a bullet from a cowboy's gun stayed just as dead as a man shot by a bazooka.

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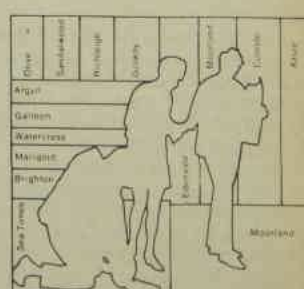
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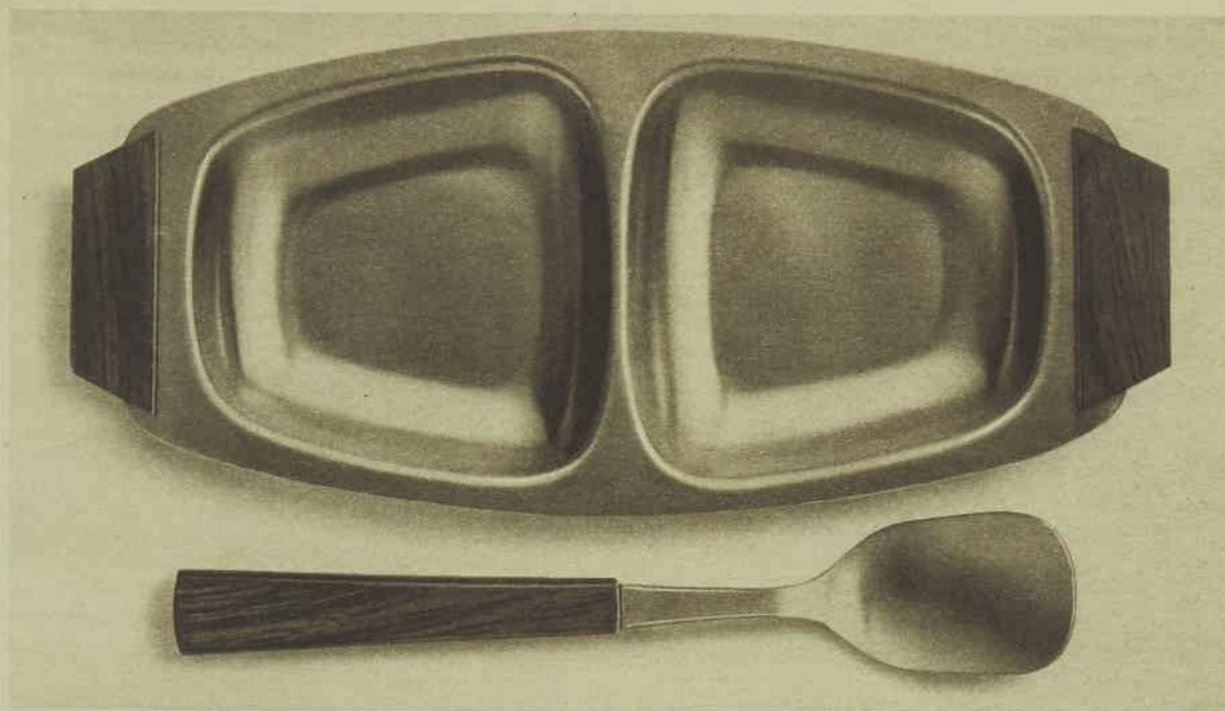
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Page 96

CGF 152

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY - September 18, 1968

The Persuader

By
JEAN JOHNSON

The parakeet was a bright bird with quite a lot to say concerning Carol's romance with Larry



CAROL ANDERSON was a pretty and charming girl, friends and family agreed. She was slight, with pixie features, smooth black hair, and appealing rain-grey eyes that asked you to forgive her outstanding fault — her inability to remember names.

"I don't know what comes over me," she would apologise to her parents after one of her lapses. "I get flurried when I try to bring those I'm especially fond of together. Names scatter in my mind like bits of paper in a wind tunnel. Maybe I'd better see a psychiatrist."

"Don't do anything drastic. None of us is perfect," her father said fondly. "You're intelligent enough to hold down your good job as receptionist. The ad. agency would have fired you before this if they weren't satisfied. What's more, you pay your own bills and apartment rent. That counts for something, honey."

"I only hope," Mrs. Anderson aired her favorite topic, "that when you get married you'll remember your bridegroom's name at the altar. Now William Thompson is an easy name—"

"I've heard it often enough, haven't I?" Carol was well aware of her mother's preference for their neighbor Bill Thompson.

"Bill's a good solid citizen," added her brother, Bob. "Too square to interest Carol. She goes for helpless, arty types."

Carol had to admit she did have a penchant for collecting off-beat males who were in the process of becoming something or other. It bolstered her ego to offer solace and home-cooked dinners to actors and artists who didn't mind her calling them all Charlie.

Finally, she met a young man who broke this mould. One who cared enough about being known by his right name to do something about it.

The day she took Lawrence Crane home to New Jersey for Sunday dinner, her family got the message that they were to meet someone special. Her mother cooked chicken with dumplings and biscuits, and her father mixed his brand of martinis. Brother Bob stood by looking sceptical as they awaited introductions.

"My mother and father—and my brother," Carol embraced them all with a wave of the hand. "And this," she faltered, "is Clarence Blain."

"Correction," said the smiling young man. He was sandy-haired and quite personable. "I am Lawrence Crane. Larry to my friends. Got that, darling?" he addressed the confused girl.

"I hear you're a painter," said her father. "Canvas or houses?"

"All types of freelance art work," Larry said. Her father shook his head. "Tough racket."

When Larry looked surprised, Carol translated: "He means you're not on a regular payroll."

She didn't see Lawrence Crane for a week after that and was pretty jittery by the time he telephoned to say he'd stop by that evening. He appeared bearing a bird-cage. "Meet Edgar, my prize pupil," he introduced the parakeet.

"Oh, isn't he a beauty!" Carol said.

Edgar cocked his pert head and cracked: "Larry's a good boy—good boy. Gotta go to work. Love you—love you. Awk!"

Carol was convulsed. "So this is how you've been spending your time," she choked.

"Partially. Edgar was good company while I did a rush job. I'll miss the little fellow—for a while."

"What's that supposed to mean?" Carol asked, as if she didn't know from the way he was looking at her.

"Well, you're 24 and I'm nearly 27. Time we gave some thought to getting married." And, after kissing

her, he added: "I'll leave Edgar as a reminder until I can give you a proper engagement ring."

When he left, Carol was in a happy daze. She'd always believed that when the right man came along she'd have no doubts. Any she might have had those first blissful weeks were erased by Edgar's brain-washing monologue.

But there was one slight cloud at the start. When she telephoned to give her mother the good news, Mrs. Anderson's prompt question, "Is it a nice solitaire?" made it difficult to explain how a parakeet was supposed to take the place of a ring for the time being.

And she made the mistake of confiding in one girl at the agency. Consequently she was given the usual shower-tea.

Afterward she reported to Larry: "They were all very tactful. No one mentioned an engagement ring."

"I guess I should have waited until I had the ring in hand," he reflected. "It's just that I hate buying anything on time. But it won't be long now, darling."

Carol said she understood and admired the principle of the thing. Just the same, it was difficult not to feel irritation when Larry broke dates with her. And she was forever explaining to friends who wanted to entertain them that freelance artists weren't always available.

Once, she told her mother that Larry couldn't come to dinner one Sunday because he was tied up finishing an overdue assignment. Her mother said, rather pointedly, she hoped he'd show up for the wedding.

Carol was mulling that over when Larry called off a Monday evening date. So she was in a ripe mood to say yes to a surprise invitation from Bill Thompson to make use of two seats for a movie. They had dinner together; and during the show she wept a little when tears weren't called for, and didn't pull her hand away when Bill curled her fingers inside his big palm.

"Be good to yourself and forget this Larry character," he urged before he left her at her apartment. "It isn't as if you had to return an engagement ring."

"Larry's a good boy—good boy," Edgar valiantly did his stuff.

"Oh, be quiet!" Carol scolded, and covered his cage. "I suggest you get rid of that fool bird, too," Bill's square jaw had a set look.

Next day, with mixed feelings, Carol returned Edgar to the pet shop. And when Larry phoned that evening she told him she couldn't see him any more. "There's no future in it," she concluded.

That Sunday she went home to dinner alone. Bill was there and everyone was satisfied by the switch. Why then was she so depressed upon her return to her tiny apartment? It was too quiet for one thing. Yes, she missed Edgar's cheerful company and sales talk.

The following afternoon she went to the pet shop. But the parakeet was gone. "Mr. Crane bought him again," she was told.

Carol hurried to the building where Larry lived and worked. "What brings you here, Carol?" he asked.

She faltered. "I—I want my bird back."

"Me, too?" he asked, coming closer.

"Oh, yes, darling!" And she rushed into his arms.

"Then I needn't return these." Freeing one hand, he produced a box containing a solitaire and a platinum wedding ring. "The jeweller held them for me until I had the cash. Now I'm all set to do art work for a publishing house. If you like, I'll angle for a staff job."

"I don't care what you do—just so you keep on loving me."

From her shoulder Edgar had his say: "Larry's a good boy—good boy."

"And don't you ever forget it," Larry said.

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As I read THE STARS

By ELSA MURRAY: Week starting September 11

ARIES: March 21-April 20

★ Lucky number this week, 6. Gambling colors, tricolors. Lucky days, Friday, Monday.
★ It's a busy zodiac this week. The 12th is adverse—friends and families could find themselves surrounded by muddle, intrigue, and misunderstanding. The 13th compensates, and 14th-16th sees a big crisis—some radical change of outlook. Routine for 16th-17th.

TAURUS: April 21-May 20

★ Lucky number this week, 4. Gambling colors, green, tan. Lucky days, Wednesday, Monday.
★ Romance is in the spotlight. For some, a big, emotional change; for others, a parting of the ways. Marriage could see muddle 12th, but 13th brings stability and repairs damage. On the 15th, a crossroads is reached.

GEMINI: May 21-June 21

★ Lucky number this week, 3. Gambling colors, red, gold. Lucky days, Thursday, Sunday.
★ Married folk go through a crucial period—a time of testing with a climax on the 15th. Big changes brew. Romance, however, blooms. Caution travelling, 12th. The 13th is good for family concerns and work conditions. The 16th, 17th are days of drag and procrastination.

CANCER: June 22-July 22

★ Lucky number this week, 9. Gambling colors, blue, green. Lucky days, Monday, Tuesday.
★ Dollars and cents loom large. The 12th is a time of muddled action, so zip the purse and don't leave it lying about. However, 13th is good for finances, for starting a bank account. Deep-seated changes, 15th. Delay and a soupçon of chaos are on the menu, 16th-17th.

LEO: July 23-August 22

★ Lucky number this week, 1. Gambling colors, orange, tan. Lucky days, Wednesday, Saturday.
★ Somebody could be sniping at your personal image on 12th. There's a touch of cloak-and-dagger in private life. The 13th is good for permanent planning; 15th is a day of crisis with far-reaching effects on finances; 16th and 17th retard—shelve important projects or act, 12th.

VIRGO: August 23-September 23

★ Lucky number this week, 8. Gambling colors, black, red. Lucky days, Saturday, Sunday.
★ Events this week lead to a climax on the 15th, and it all adds up to a deep-seated change in your life with long-distance repercussions. The 12th is confusing; 13th stabilises; 16th, 17th bring frustration and vagueness.

LIBRA: September 24-October 23

★ Lucky number this week, 2. Gambling colors, black, brown. Lucky days, Monday, Tuesday.
★ Romance is under smiling stars and personal concerns should be prospering or at least on an even keel. The 12th is adverse for domestic expenses; 13th comes good and helps a rise in life; 15th is a day of unforgettable change—you could have a new look on life.

SCORPIO: October 24-November 22

★ Lucky number this week, 5. Gambling colors, red, yellow. Lucky days, Wednesday, Thursday.
★ You'll need that detective flair of yours on the 12th, which especially affects you. It's bad for the new plan and someone could be intriguing against you. The 13th is a good day to jet off, and a big change, perhaps upheaval, could occur on the home front, 15th.

SAGITTARIUS: November 23-December 21

★ Lucky number this week, 1. Gambling colors, pink, navy. Lucky days, Thursday, Tuesday.
★ If you could believe the ancients, you should be going places—eight of the nine planets are above your horizon! Silence is golden, 12th. The 13th favors, while a monolithic change takes place, 15th, a fresh chapter in life.

CAPRICORN: December 22-January 20

★ Lucky number this week, 7. Gambling colors, black, white. Lucky days, Saturday, Monday.
★ If you should be getting married on the 13th, you've hit the jackpot. Your marriage mate will be loyal and reliable. On the 15th a grand change takes place with a radical widening of mental horizons.

AQUARIUS: January 21-February 19

★ Lucky number this week, 8. Gambling colors, green, tan. Lucky days, Sunday, Monday.
★ Thinking of blasting-off with a new scheme, 12th? Postpone, if possible, and stick on the pad until next day. There's a grand moment of truth, 15th—you'll know who your real friends are, and, perhaps, discard a couple.

PISCES: February 20-March 20

★ Lucky number this week, 9. Gambling colors, blue, grey. Lucky days, Thursday, Saturday.
★ Career, friendship, and public relations receive an assist, but romance follows a tortuous path, 12th. Cupid speaks with a forked tongue, but all's well that ends well. The 13th is a day for lasting friendships. The 15th is a crucial turning point in status and prestige.

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ens deep down.

PARENTS

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POLITICAL COMMENT NEWS AND VIEWS

The Bulletin
REVIEWS OF THE WEEK 25c EVERY WEEK

Introducing new low calorie S.P.C. canned fruits

The only thing they'll add to your diet - is flavour



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15oz. and 1lb. 13oz. cans.
Enjoy some soon,
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 Sweetened with Succaryl

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THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY - September 18, 1968



Nailsea glass pipe.

COULD you please give me some information regarding the glass pipe in the enclosed photograph (above)? We believe that it may be approximately 300 years old and comes from the County of South Staffordshire, England. Hoping you can help us to verify this or give us further information. — A. J. Worthy, Moorabbin, Vic.

The glass pipe, which is pink with white loopings, was made during the second quarter of the 19th century. It was made in England and is generally described as "nailsea glass." Similar examples were made at the Bristol and South Staffordshire glass houses, where much novelty glass was produced, especially by young apprentices who endeavored to display their skill.

★ ★ ★

I AM always most interested in reading your articles about antiques, and I am wondering whether you could tell me the age of my candlesticks. They look exactly the same design (the thistle design) as the one you spoke about in the issue of July 17. My candlesticks are silver and on the base of one is "Falcon silver plate co. Made in England." Although they look to be a pair, the other one has "Made in England" and what looks like E.P.B.M. 4396. — Mrs. M. Murray, Geelong, Vic.

The small thistle design candlestick was in vogue from about 1890 to 1910. Several firms of electro-platers made them, but the chief exponents were James Dixon and Sons whose brand includes a bugle. The one in your possession made by the Falcon silver plate co. dates about 1900 to 1905. The other example bears the initials E.P.B.M. indicating that it is electro-plate on britannia metal. It also was made about 1900 to 1905.

Two other readers, Mrs. Jean Nichols of Geelong, Victoria, and Mrs. Ruth Swann of Kalgoorlie, W.A., both write with queries about articles they possess of a similar design to the thistle candlesticks.

Mrs. Nichols' candlestick bears the same E.P.B.M. mark as Mrs. Murray's and was made at the same time — 1900 to 1905. Mrs. Swann's cruet set in the same design is electro-plate and was made about 1890 to 1900. The spoon bears the plater's mark for S. Deakin and Co.

COLLECTORS' CORNER

● Our expert, Mr. Stanley Lipscombe, answers readers' queries about their antiques.

I ENCLOSE a picture of a silver teapot (right), also sketches of the marks on its base. A jeweller tells me it is of fine-quality silver. The number 1769 is scratched on the base, and supposed to be the date of manufacture. I feel it could be later but hope I am wrong. I was told that the name of the maker was on a piece of paper in the handle, but I found when the repairs

you can see in the photo were made that the piece of paper had not been replaced. The teapot is supposed to be French but Continental marks are very difficult. — M.S., Longford, Tas.

The attractive teapot which is of English origin is a good example of electro-plate of the mid-Victorian era, about 1865 to 1875.



English teapot.



Pale lights of dawning. Cool glistenings from Footrest.
Flickering trims and overtones.
All very foot-shaping on the exclusive Shortback last.

footrest
by Clarks

From left Mazelle \$15.95, Letty \$14.95,
Retna \$14.95.



THE WOMAN WHO WAS ORDINARY

BY WINIFRED DARBY

SO many tomorrows. Tomorrow and tomorrow and tomorrow. All cast in the same resolute mould until the last astonishing day of all.

Barbara stared unseeingly into the darkening garden and willed that day to come. I am weary of living, she thought. Weary of day upon day of deadly monotony, depressed, and desolate beyond measure. Hearts do not break—I have proved that—so I cannot die of a broken heart. Of what, then? I shall not die until all my tomorrows are done, and this certainty terrifies me.

She turned and looked at the familiar room as if seeing it for the first time. Twenty-five years of marriage contained within four walls. Twenty-five years of yesterdays. She looked at her husband and tried to see the person he really was, to probe his thoughts, to feel as he felt—but they were too close, too much in empathy to see him as anything but the image of herself.

Did he, too, think in terms of so many tomorrows? Or, being a man, did he stolidly accept what he could not hope to change? He would not tell her, nor could she ask.

She sighed. Presently he would awake, surprised to find he had dozed, look at his watch, and decide it was bedtime. As simply as that. Another day endured and time to rest before taking up the challenge again. She hated the night and the dark, sleepless hours with their power to revive and renew old sorrows.

There was a time, she remembered with surprise, when I felt differently, when I could lie awake and make plans, and hope, and, in waking, dream. When the sigh of a baby in the friendly darkness or the soft breathing of a sleeping child held unutterable comfort. I had faith in my tomorrows then.

What happened to the tomorrow, she thought bleakly, when I was going to find time to write a book, or a poem—a nostalgic song that would set the world trembling? I had that book in me—every word—all through the years, waiting to be set to paper. Wonderful words, full of sunshine and laughter, background to lullabies and interwoven with the small griefs and happiness of children. Brave words meant to stir a lethargic world—a wild torrent stemmed until the time came.

Now, when the time is here, there is nothing to say. I find I have been, all along, a most ordinary woman, set in an ordinary groove in an ordinary life. Who would want to hear of an ordinary woman, in a world of such wonders?

There have been no great adventures in my life, she recalled sadly, no journeyings, no sagas of fortitude and endurance. Only an ordinary life of marriage and children, of small dramas lost in the immensity of living. Forty-five years of being a nameless face in a nameless multitude, leaving no more impression ultimately than a leaf

carried into a whirlpool. I should be content, she told herself unconvincingly. I have three grown children—four, her heart cried in silent protest, in anguished remembering—three, she affirmed, putting away an old sorrow.

She considered her children gravely. They were not remarkable children. Dear Rose, gay and always independent, weathering an English winter and writing with delight of soft snow crunching underfoot in a Yorkshire lane—Rose did not need her any more. Alan, the baby of them all, but already almost a man—Alan had outgrown her in more ways than one. So like, and yet so unlike, that other dear son.

She turned her thoughts resolutely to Jenny, so young to be married, so young to be already a mother. Jenny and Andrew—so full of blithe confidence in themselves, so sure of the debt owed them by a benevolent world. Had Jenny ever wanted to spill bright words on to waiting paper, the very wanting an agony?

Not Jenny. She had known, from the very beginning, what she was meant to be. "When I grow up," she had said, "I shall be a mother." No wondering, no agonising—just a calm, decisive statement of fact. Jenny was wiser than she had been, knowing, always, the sum of her tomorrows.

Barbara plumped up the soft cushions and switched off the reading-lamp. Perhaps I have wanted too much, she decided. Maybe all I was ever meant to be was Steve's wife, and a mother to his children. Perhaps—she stood still, in astonishment—all women feel as I do when their giving years are over. Unwilling to relinquish the yesterdays and afraid of the fearful tomorrows; yearning for the never-forgotten feel of a baby's hand within their own; weighed down by monotony and the burden of living.

She rolled up the soft baby knitting and carefully put it away. I must finish the baby's jacket tomorrow, she thought, it will be winter soon and he will need it.

Winter soon. An endless journeying of tomorrows into the unknown. Days of monotony, and sometimes of desolation, but days always hurrying toward spring and hope's renewal.

Steve stirred sleepily and said, as she had known he would: "Must have dozed for a minute." He looked at his watch and added, in surprise—"Ten o'clock! Time for bed!"

Yes, Barbara decided, I am a very ordinary woman, and in no way at all unique. I need to be needed, and that makes me extremely ordinary.

Yet—a small smile softened her mouth—have I not been chosen, above all other ordinary women, to be grandmother to Peter John? Have I not been chosen to receive God's gift of love?

(Copyright)

IF.

your family regards eggs as non-filling.

Fill them in tonight.

Egg Meat Loaf

A hearty main dish to serve a hungry family . . . delicious, different, rich with the goodness of eggs.

1½ lbs. sausage meat	1 teaspoonful Worcestershire sauce
2 rashers bacon—finely chopped	Salt and pepper
1½ cups white breadcrumbs	3 hard boiled eggs
1 onion—finely chopped	½ cup toasted breadcrumbs

Tomato Sauce

1 oz. butter or margarine	1 oz. flour
1 onion—chopped	1 x 15 oz. can peeled tomatoes
1 rasher bacon—chopped;	Salt and pepper

Mix the sausage meat, bacon, breadcrumbs, onions and Worcestershire sauce together. Season well with salt and pepper. Mould half of the mixture into a loaf shape on a greased baking tray. Arrange the hard boiled eggs down the centre lengthwise and cover with the remaining meat mixture. Sprinkle with the toasted breadcrumbs. Bake at 350 deg. F. for 1 hour. Remove from the oven and serve hot with tomato sauce and mashed potatoes.

Tomato Sauce: Melt the butter and lightly fry the onion and bacon. Stir in the flour and add the canned tomatoes. Bring to the boil, season well and simmer gently for 15 minutes. Pour over the loaf just before serving.

Compare the cost
 *Egg Meat Loaf to serve six costs approx. \$1.00
 *Rump steak to serve four costs approx. \$1.60
 (Based on steak at 80 cents per lb.)

Guaranteed local new laid
SUNRISE EGGS

17-1056

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — September 18, 1968



AJAX WIN A FORD



over \$20,000 in prizes in
the **AJAX WIN-A-FORD** contest

• 4 FORD FALCONS • 20 GENERAL
ELECTRIC PORTABLE TV'S • 500
ELEGANT SWEDISH ROSE VASES
• 500 PORTABLE BAR-B-Q'S • 500
STAINLESS STEEL KITCHEN KNIFE
SETS • 500 INSULATED MUG SETS

It's easy! Just estimate the number of
AJAX packs (largest sizes) it took to fill
the boot of the Ford Falcon. Here's
a clue—the number is between 250 and 450.
So hurry, get estimating—write your
answer in the space below.
WIN-A-FORD with the five famous
AJAX products.

POST ENTRIES TO
AJAX WIN-A-FORD,
BOX 300, P.O. Ashfield, N.S.W. 2131.
Good luck with your entry! There are over
2,000 prizes to be won. Hurry! Get in as
many entries as you like.

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

POSTCODE _____

• Complete this rhyme in no more
than eight words
ONLY AJAX MAKES SPRING CLEAN-
ING _____

* MY ESTIMATE IS _____

• Now, in the space provided below
state how many times the word Ajax
appears on any two of the five famous
Ajax products illustrated.
The word Ajax appears _____ times on
the Ajax _____ pack, and the
word Ajax appears _____ times on the
Ajax _____ pack.

CONDITIONS OF ENTRY

1. Enter as many times as you wish but each entry to be in a separate envelope.
2. Use entry forms provided or write on plain paper showing same details as the entry form.
3. Chance plays no part in determining winners. If more than one entry correctly estimates the number of products and states the number of times the word "AJAX" appears on any two of the following Ajax products: Ajax Laundry Detergent, Ajax Powder Cleanser, Ajax Concentrated Household Cleanser, Ajax Window Cleaner and Ajax Laundry Bar, the winners will be determined on the originality and neatness of the completed rhyme.
4. The judges' decision is final and no correspondence will be entered into. Winners will be notified in writing at conclusion of contest. Complete list of winners available on request.
5. Open to all residents of Australia except employees or their families of Colgate-Palmolive and its advertising agency.
6. Purchase of products as a condition precedent to entry is not necessary.
7. Competition closes 15th October, 1968.



<http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4920701>

no
teething
troubles



thanks to
'SM-33'

Indispensable during the teething period, 'SM-33' soothes pain and heals gums quickly. No more sleepless nights for parents. 'SM-33' is most effective for "thrush". Safe and simple to apply — follow directions on pack. 'SM-33' is ideal for adults too! It provides rapid relief from pain of mouth ulcers, under-denture ulcers and inflamed gums. Use 'SM-33', the family preparation for teething troubles, mouth ulcers and sore gums.



A NICHOLAS PRODUCT
FROM CHEMISTS EVERYWHERE

for healthy
gums and
clean teeth
'Inter-dens'

MEDICATED GUM MASSAGERS

'INTER-DENS' vitalise and harden the gums, clean surfaces not reached by an ordinary toothbrush and remove food particles which cause tooth decay. 'INTER-DENS' refresh and sweeten the mouth.

'Inter-dens'
NOW AVAILABLE IN TWO FORMS
STANDARD
for tender gums and
widely spaced teeth

FIRM

harder and thinner
for closely spaced teeth



FINISH WHAT THE TOOTHBRUSH LEAVES UNDONE
RECOMMENDED BY DENTISTS
A NICHOLAS N PRODUCT

EVERY DAY
IS
WOMEN'S WEEKLY
DAY

• Letters must be signed, and preference is given to writers who do not use pen-names. Send them to Teenagers' Weekly, Box 7052, G.P.O., Sydney 2001. We pay \$2 for each letter used.

Moment of truth



• Tourists to Spain are fascinated by the colorful costumes and scenes of a bullfight. But when I discovered the principles of this so-called sport I felt decidedly sick. This is no sport, but gruesome torture to innocent beasts. Though we can do nothing about it in Australia, the least we can do when visiting Spain is to avoid the bullfight. I know that if ever I go to Spain nothing in the world would induce me to go to a bullfight.

—JUDY STOREY, Newcastle, N.S.W.

For teenagers

FOR EXAMPLE

• It is habit for me to hold open swing doors for other persons also entering. I've done so for elderly and young ladies with arms full of shopping, for ladies with prams, and at times for elderly gentlemen. Only one person has had the decency to say "thank you," and that was an elderly gentleman. Once or twice someone has held a door open for me—lots more haven't. It is also my habit to say "thank you" when receiving something or if someone has done something for me. I also say "please," which a good many adults neglect to do. Seems we have to set our own examples. — Sandra Adkins, Tallangatta East, Vic.

Danger ahead

FOR 12 months I was an American Field Service student in the United States. Returning home, I see Australia heading toward many of the problems the U.S. is facing. I want to tell everybody to look around and notice what's happening. So many of the U.S. problems came because people hadn't been aware, and hadn't cared enough, to see a prob-

lem coming. Life is now so fast and competitive that there's little time to think about anything but being part of the organisation. So, Australians, make of your country what you want. But whatever you want will have to be worked for. — Judith Crockford, Yarralumla, A.C.T.

Duty-bound

HOW many students, after leaving school and finding a good job, ever return to their school and tell their teachers how they are getting on? I have not left school yet, but very few girls come back. Surely teachers must wonder what has happened to their past students, and would like to know what kind of job they have secured. Ex-students owe something to those who have taught them over the years. — "Conscience," Norman Park, Qld.

Battle cry!

AFTER two years at university I have come to resent the widespread feeling that all university students are banner-waving protesters. If people read the occupations of those arrested, they would see that usually only about a third are students; they represent a very insignificant minority

LETTERS

of the conscientious students who are anxious to learn and have not got the time to change the world while trying for their degrees. — "Law Student," Woodville, S.A.

In reply

In a July 10 letter I read: "Every individual has the right to follow and act upon what he believes to be the correct way of life." With all due respect to the correspondent's sincerity, this is the kind of terribly false thinking that is causing the sickness and decline of European civilisation (to which we in Australia are heirs). Carried to its logical conclusion this sort of idea can cause total chaos. It is the duty of the individual to abide by the laws and customs of, and support his own existence in, the State of which he is a part. If he doesn't like the laws, then he may make constitutionally valid efforts to change them. — Charles A. Pierce, Claremont, W.A.

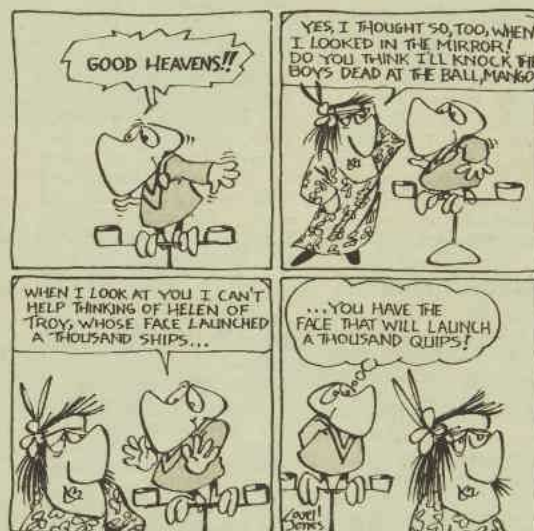
THE president of the Australian National Youth Council recently said that adults were taking too much of the responsibility in planning how teenagers should use their spare time. I feel that the problem of teenagers' spare time is only a problem because the teenagers make it such. Many cannot be bothered spending the time or energy required to obtain information on the local football club, youth group, or similar activities. They want everything handed to them, and are not prepared to go out of their way to secure it for themselves. — Murray David, Geelong, Vic.



Facing facts

DON'T you agree that sex education should be taught in schools? The young generation of today should receive the full facts of life, and not bits and pieces gathered from parents, books, and friends. Specially trained doctors or nurses should be employed by the Government to help teenagers understand the real facts of life. I'm sure that if special lectures and lessons were given, teenagers would develop a greater sense of responsibility. — Jayne Johnson, Wudinna, S.A.

GO-MANGO



ROUND
ROBIN



Adair

POLICE LOT IS NOT HIPPIE ONE

acceptable. Drivers might pay more than lip-service. Police radio stations could be split into two different types — commercial and ABC — to cater for different tastes.

I was going to suggest that police have big TV channels.

But then I remembered that TV didn't accelerate Lieutenant Gerard's pursuit of "Fugitive" Richard Kimble.

On the Go... Relieved of Periodic Pain

A woman's day is never done. So much to do and see. You're always on the go. Have a tight schedule and meet it. No time to slow down... and you don't have to. Not even during your period. How? With MIDOL!

Because MIDOL contains:

- An exclusive anti-spasmodic that helps STOP CRAMPING...
- Medically approved ingredients that RELIEVE HEADACHE, LOW BACK-ACHE and JUMPY NERVES...
- Plus a special mood-brightener that gives you a real lift... gets you through the trying period feeling calm and comfortable.

Be on the go. Any day. With MIDOL!

"WHAT WOMEN WANT TO KNOW"

FREE! Frank, revealing 32-page book explains womanhood's most common physical problem. Send 10c in stamps to cover the cost of mailing and handling to Dept. C, Box 3, Ermington, N.S.W. 2115. (Sent in plain wrapper.)



FROM CHEMISTS EVERYWHERE

Painful Hemorrhoids

It strikes 7 out of every 10 people in all walks of life. Yet many otherwise intelligent people know little of its dangers. Piles (hemorrhoids) are aggravated by many factors — including over-exertion and unsuitable diet.

Neglect — and reliance on superficial relief — invites serious medical consequences. Eight years' Swiss research developed Varemoid Tablets — now regarded by overseas specialists as a leading adjunct in the treatment of piles. Improvement was recorded with patients: many of whom had suffered for a number of years. A week's course can convince you. Ask your family chemist for Varemoid.

★ Simple and dignified treatment.

★ Two tablets with meals.

Varemoid tablets

The oral treatment for
HEMORRHOIDS

PRODUCT OF ZYMA SWITZERLAND
DIST. BY SERA

BUTTERICK PATTERNS

4744.—A-line dress with contrast top-stitch yoke. A-line coat has standing collar. Price 60c includes postage. Sizes 4, 6, 8, 10, 12, 14.

4838.—Reversible cover-up has front oval neckline and low cut-out back. Price 70c includes postage. Sizes 31½, 32½, 34, 36, 38in. bust.

4708.—A-line dress has contrast front band with concealed zipper closing. Contrast flap pockets with button trim. Price 75c includes postage. Sizes 31½, 32½, 34, 36, 38in. bust.

4838

4744

3578.—Semi-fitted, long-line bodice with straight neckline. Price 65c includes postage. Sizes 31, 32, 34, 36in. bust.

3578

4778

4778.—Modified tent dress with high self-yoke and square neckline. Price 70c includes postage. Sizes 29, 30½, 32, 33½, 35in. bust.

4816.—Dirndl skirt gathers into waistline by elastic. Front button-hole pockets. Price 60c includes postage. Sizes 23, 24, 25½, 27, 29in. waist.

4816

BUTTERICK PATTERNS ARE AVAILABLE AT LEADING STORES

Send your order and postal note to: PATTERN SERVICE, P.O. BOX 4, CROYDON, N.S.W. 2132. (N.Z. readers: P.O. BOX 11-084, Ellerslie, S.E.6.) BE SURE TO STATE SIZE.

NAME	DESIGN	SIZE	PRICE
ADDRESS			

MANDRAKE THE MAGICIAN

THE BABOOS have fled after one bit a waitress. Nardraka has found Mandrake and Narda, and is telling them her story. NOW READ ON . . .



THIS WEEK'S CROSSWORD

ACROSS

- Form fifty for a new design (5).
- Garments for long steps (7).
- Comments concerning targets (7).
- It's sweet for you and me back with fish (5).
- Toss around the drunkards (4).
- Air and grace mixed for a vehicle (8).
- Condemnation for a mother horse race (9).
- Puts money in bank for a rearranged sidepost (8).
- Ill-natured mixed-up guy about fifty (4).
- A single one after little Albert (5).
- Considered place in a rush (7).
- Let it stand child — it's a hat (7).
- Lay or back regal (5).



Solution of last week's crossword.

- Horses are in manuscript (5).
- Reduced in rank is a witty saying indeed (7).
- Frolic with a bird (4).
- Keep in check and filter again (8).
- Mourning god rising for a settled opinion (5).
- Shields against danger with coarse sieves (7).
- Top-line player or rats act queerly (4, 5).

DOWN

- A dandy in a ship for persons who dash violently (8).
- Trying experiences or distributes (7).
- A bedroom garment around fifty every evening (7).
- Inclined to be lying face downward (5).
- Sing like a Tyrolean mountaineer there's poetry in it (5).
- Raps up to box (4).

Solution will be published next week.

**Crispy-fresh
SAO biscuits -
big enough to
build a meal on!**



Arnott's
famous
Biscuits



There is no Substitute for Quality

The Australian
Women's

Weekly Fashion News

Two - of - a - kind casual dresses in easy-wear-and-care crimped terylene. Double-breasted wrapover style, at left, has red skirt and white top. Red dress with deep V-neck, at right, has navy-and-white trim. 10-16. \$10 each. (Farmer's Budget Dress Shop.)



ON THE SUMMER SCENE . . .



Two smart casuals in much-in-demand brown linen by Villager show interesting detail. Subtle white stitching gives a lift to the style, at left, with mandarin neckline. About \$32. The dress, at right, has a wide white elastic belt with leather buckle, cream buttons at back. About \$40. Both in sizes 10-14. (David Jones' Young Elite Shop, 6th floor.)



Above: Young, attractive effect of a flower-printed shirtmaker dress of lawn-look, drip-dry fabric with a wide belt and round gilt buckle at waist. In brown/gold, pink/blue tonings, and range of sizes. About \$16. (David Jones' Young Idea Shop, 2nd floor.)



At right: Tailored linen-blend Nehru-look slack-suit with deep-flap pockets, gilt buttons, and contrast collar and cuffs. 10-14. About \$25. (David Jones' Casual Things, 3rd floor.)

buttons, bows, wide belts and big buckles



A white bow at the raised neckline and matching buttons on front tab of a short-sleeved navy-and-white tricot dress with inverted pleats swinging from hip level. In blue and brown also. XSSW $\frac{1}{2}$ -W $\frac{1}{2}$. About \$17.50. (Grace Bros., Broadway, Bondi, Parramatta, Chatswood, Roselands, Proportionate Fittings.)



Above: Sleeveless crimped terylene frock has a self-tie at waistline and button and stitch trim. In pink, white, blue. 10-16. About \$10. (Farmer's Budget Dress Shop, 2nd floor.)



At right: A smart brown-and-white neck-scarf trims this shapely and sleeveless dress in easy-care crimplene. Also in navy with red and white, brown with beige and white. 10-16. About \$18. (Farmer's Party Shop, 2nd floor.)

TAILORED LINES

with a soft touch

At right: Afternoon dress of machine-washable koratron with flat band at neckline and deep side pleat with self-trim and round buckle. XSSW-XW. About \$19.99. (Waltons Departmental Stores.)

Above: Crisp white ruffling and a wide black patent belt trim this spring-like pique dress with soft raised neck. 10-16. About \$11. (David Jones' Young Idea Shop, 2nd floor.)

At right: Two versatile little gabardine dresses picked out with stitching. The short-sleeved style, at left, shows high and off-centre stitching. Sleeveless design is stitched from shoulder to hem, has buttoned flaps at hip level. By Neater. XXSSW-W. \$9.99 each. (From Waltons stores.)



Above: White pique culotte dress with wideish collar and cutaway arms has a matching belt with black patent fastening. Bras are built in to fit A, B, and C fittings. About \$45. (David Jones' Young Elite Shop, 6th floor.)

Smart in sand-colored linen, this modish suit with fashionably short, slightly fitted jacket has a concealed front fastening and wide buckle. 10-12. About \$60. (Farmer's In Focus Shop, 2nd floor.)

FASHIONS IN THE SHOPS



Above: Groups of vertical pin-tucks trim this basic skimmer in linen or rayon with contrast printed bow at the neck. In beige, pale blue, pink. XXSSW-SW. About \$19. (Wilson's Fashions, 180 Pitt Street.)



Youthful white estacel crepe dress with contrast braid trim on collar and skirt and wide, slotted patent belt. Colors are navy, red, and black, on basic white. XXSSW-SW. About \$17. (Wilson's Fashions, Pitt St.)



● Fashions in the shops



Above: Slimming lines in a casual dress of knitted estacel with self belt. The style is available in assorted stripes on various backgrounds. XSSW-W. \$10. (From McDowells Ltd., Sportswear Dept., 2nd floor.)



At right: Fully fashioned Lemona crimplene dress with decorative collar and sleeve detail and narrow belt. SSW $\frac{1}{2}$ -OS $\frac{1}{2}$. About \$26. (Horderns Mid-City After-Five Dept.)



Smart linen-look coattress has double-breasted button effect, a mandarin neckline, and bands of contrast stitching. By Junior Look. In navy/white, oyster/brown, pink, blue. 10-16. About \$28. (David Jones' Coat Shop, 2nd floor.)

For the OLDER WOMAN



At right: New season snap in a two-tone cardigan suit with box-pleated skirt by Ricki Reed. The color scheme is brown with white in Killarney fabric. In range of sizes. About \$24.75. (Farmer's, Marlene Fashions.)



Above: Feminine appeal of sleeveless dress in brown-and-white sheer dacron gently frilled at neckline and with a pleated skirt. In white/navy, white/black, also. XSSW-SW. About \$24. (McDowells, Better Dresses Department.)



At right: This wearable little dress in easy-care bucarani crimplene is hand washable. In navy/white, tan/white, aqua/white. XSSW-OS. About \$24. (Harderns Mid-city store.)



WHAT PEOPLE ARE WEARING IN SYDNEY

AT THE INTERNATIONAL BALL

- Glamorous gowns and striking national costumes at the International Ball at the Trocadero made it one of the most colorful events of the year.

At left: Diamante edging the armholes, V-neckline, and down the front was an effective trim on the long, slim black-crepe dress worn by Brenda Thomas to the ball. The dress was belted at the waist and finished with a diamante buckle.

BUDGET BUYS from London

● Mrs. Perry Guinness ("Bulletin" columnist Daphne Guinness) returned from London recently prepared for summer with her "budget buys" from Harrods' new Way-In Boutique. The dresses she bought are made from an uncrushable jersey which is easily laundered. The fashion splurge of Mrs. Guinness' trip was a pure wool evening dress sent to her by a friend in Ireland. She found that middle-priced clothes in Australia compared more than favorably with their English counterparts. While in London, Mrs. Guinness had her hair cut at the famous Vidal Sassoon salon. Sassoon himself was abroad, but his top cutter styled her hair, which she now finds marvellously easy to manage.



Mrs. Daphne Guinness (at left) wears the long all-wool evening gown she describes as her "splurge dress." Designed by Clodagh of Dublin, it is striped in purple, red, and white, and has a lavishly ruffled neckline and cuffs. Cotton jersey "footy" dress (centre) is one of the budget dresses she bought from Harrods' new young boutique for £3/10/- sterling (\$A7.54). Mrs. Guinness (at right) models the famous M144 dress, which earned the title of the best-selling dress in London last season. In white and red polka-dotted jersey styled with a soft cowl neckline it cost only £2/19/11 (about \$A6.46).



At left: Mrs. Seka Jelisyvic wore a long shift dress striped in shades of green and brown with a lurex thread. The high stand-up ring collar and hip pockets were diagonally striped.

Below: Mrs. Florence Broadhurst highlighted her orange chiffon caftan with matching dangling earrings. The dress was trimmed with deep gold embroidery on the sleeves, and a small bow.



A gown of white-and-silver lurex trimmed with ostrich feathers was chosen by Mrs. Willy Hemelroad for the ball. A simple shift style with a deep V-neckline, the ostrich feathers circled the skirt and shoulders.



Maroon-and-white striped cotton dress, worn by Wendy Hutton, featured a high waist, puffed sleeves, and ruffled hemline. The dress was finished with maroon velvet ribbon under the bustline and a trailing bow. An added touch was a matching velvet ribbon neckband, giving the outfit an old-world look.

What people are wearing overseas



Actress Daliah Lavi, one of the stars of "The High Commissioner," arriving for the premiere at the Odeon Theatre in Leicester Square, was eye-catching in a colorful gown with voluminous sleeves. She added large hoop earrings.



Above: Author of "The High Commissioner," Australian Jon Cleary, and his wife arriving at the theatre. Mrs. Cleary wore a shirt-style dress with contrasting lace trim on the bodice and edging the cuffs.



At left: Camilla Sparv, who flew from Sweden to attend the premiere, looked every inch a star in a gown of glittering brocade when she arrived with her escort, Richard Johnson. Her gown, with its wide swathed belt and buckle, was a fashion pointer.



At right: Frothy black feathers were a decorative trim for the short black theatre dress worn by Miss Virginia North, pictured talking to a friend in the foyer.

LONDON PREMIERE OF "THE HIGH COMMISSIONER"

THE London premiere of Australian author Jon Cleary's novel "The High Commissioner" turned into an impromptu fashion parade when guests arrived at the Odeon Theatre.

Three of the stars of the film flew to London to be present: Rod Taylor from Hollywood, Lilli Palmer from Switzerland, and Camilla Sparv from Sweden. Al-

ready in London was the beautiful Israeli star Daliah Lavi, who plays the role of a femme fatale.

"The High Commissioner" (released in England as "Nobody Runs Forever") will have its Australian premiere at the State Theatre in Sydney, Sept. 12. Proceeds aid the Australian Kidney Foundation in association with the Institute of Urology.



Above: Australian actor Rod Taylor, who heads the cast in "The High Commissioner," arriving for the premiere with the glamorous Zsa Zsa Gabor, who wore a white Grecian-style chiffon gown with a long feather stole and a glittering necklace, bracelet, and earrings.

At right: A black moire taffeta gown with a plunging-to-waist-level neckline clasped with a black velvet bow was the choice of Sue Gerrard, who was escorted to the theatre by actor Michael Stacpoole.



Actor Derren Nesbitt (he plays the role of a "villain" in the film) arriving at the theatre with his wife, who wore one of the most striking outfits of the evening. Her bare-midriff gown—a long, slim skirt and brief camisole top—was of white crochet, highlighting her golden suntan.





SUMMER ACCESSORIES

Above: Striking and practical new-season sunglasses are American importations available in pink, green, amber, yellow, black with contrast lenses. About \$20 each. (David Jones' Boutique, 6th floor.)

Below: Three smart young shoe styles. Sling-back design, at left, with buckle, button, and strap detail in camel calf (black patent, also) from Moya. \$9.99. Rye calf, centre, with high front, from Moya. \$10.99. At right, bone style with front bow by Carmelletes. \$9.99. (Horderns Mid-city Shoe Department.)



At left: Popular handbag styles in fashion colors such as white, bone, black, navy, red, beige by Sheldon. Large satchel with lock \$6.99. Bag with double handles, flap-over catch. \$5.99. Studded style. \$5.99. Design with large flap, buckle trim. \$5.99. Rounded frame, stiff handle, buckle trim. \$4.99. (Waltons Departmental Stores.)

Women's Weekly presents



SPRING LAMB

COOK
BOOK

FROM OUR LEILA HOWARD TEST KITCHEN



The Australian Women's Weekly — September 16, 1958

LAMB COOK BOOK — Page 1

INDEX

JOINTS OF LAMB

	Page
Boned Rolled Loin; Chicken Liver Stuffing	5
Crown Roast of Lamb; Mint Stuffing	5
Mock Ham with Pineapple Salad	3
Roast Lamb Provencal	5
Shoulder of Lamb with Wine	5

SAVORY FILLINGS AND STUFFINGS

Chicken Liver Stuffing for Boned Rolled Loin	5
Curried Rice Stuffing	5
Herbed Breadcrumbs Stuffing	5
Italian Stuffing	5
Minted Rice Stuffing	5
Mint Stuffing for Crown Roast of Lamb	5
Rice and Rosemary Stuffing	5

LAMB CHOPS AND CUTLETS

Deviiled Wine Chops	6
Golden Crumbed Cutlets	10
Greek Lamb Ragout	10
Hungarian Paprika Lamb	10
Lamb and Lima Bean Stew	7
Lamb Chops with Sherry Marinade	6
Lamb Curry	10
Lamb Goulash	7
Lamb Stew with Prunes and Almonds	7
Moussaka	10
Noisettes of Lamb	6
Shashlik	7

ECONOMICAL LAMB CUTS

Barbecued Breast of Lamb	13
Crisp Lamb Breasts	12
Delicious Lamb Stew	12
Italian Lamb Shanks	12
Lamb Shanks	13
Mock Crown Roast	12
Rosettes of Lamb and Onion Gravy	13
Savory Lamb Stew with Parsley Dumplings	12

ACCOMPANIMENTS

Cucumber Relish	13
Minted Orange and Onion Salad	13
Mint Sauce	13
Pickled Beetroot	13
Pilav	7
Sherried Mint Jelly	13

EXTRAS AND LEFTOVERS

Brains in Black Butter	15
Jellied Lamb's Tongues	15
Kidneys in Wine Sauce	15
Lamb Croquettes	15
Lamb Risotto	15
Lamb's Fry with Madeira	15
Lamb-stuffed Tomatoes	15
Sweet Lamb Curry	15

ALL ABOUT LAMB

LAMB has always been one of the most popular meats—for roasting, grilling, frying, braising, for the barbecue. Smoked or corned lamb, when boiled with seasonings, is moist and deliciously tender. This is the time for spring lamb—young, prime lamb at its best. It is tender, full of flavor.

Seasonings for Lamb: Leg, forequarter, or shoulder of lamb, when roasted, gives substantial helpings for family meals. You can add subtle flavor by scoring the skin lightly in several places and inserting small slivers of garlic, sprigs of rosemary, or pieces of bayleaf. Or rub lamb well, before cooking, with a cut clove of garlic; mix 1 teaspoon of rosemary into 3 tablespoons of softened butter and rub over joint.

To give a delightfully sweet flavor to meat, baste with orange or pineapple juice while cooking—you will need about $\frac{1}{2}$ cup. The Greeks use lemon and marjoram to flavor their lamb dishes.

Cooking Times: Moderate heat is best for lamb; it ensures thorough, gentle cooking with a minimum of shrinkage. For joints, allow approximately 25 minutes per pound. Joints which have a stuffing will take a little longer.

Some cooks like to stand lamb on a rack in baking dish to cook; some prefer to put directly into the dish, without a rack. If cooking without the rack, make sure any surplus fat is poured off during the cooking—otherwise the meat will "stew" in the fat instead of being beautifully crisp-skinned.

To Make Gravy: When meat is cooked, remove from baking dish; pour off fat, leaving about 2 tablespoons in dish; stir in $1\frac{1}{2}$ tablespoons flour. Cook, stirring, until mixture "bubbles" and browns—do not let it burn. Gradually stir in 1 pint stock; cook, stirring, until gravy boils and thickens. Season to taste with salt and pepper. Some cooks like to add some strained mint sauce in place of some of the stock.

LEVEL SPOON MEASUREMENTS AND THE EIGHT-LIQUID-OUNCE STANDARD CUP MEASURE ARE USED IN ALL THE RECIPES IN THIS BOOK.

Picture on Page 1 by Bill Payne

Succulent joints of lamb

● Roasted lamb is a dish every member of the family enjoys. Joints for roasting are the leg, forequarter, shoulder, loin. The leg and shoulder can also be bought corned and are then cooked by simmering until tender.

MOCK HAM

1 pumped, corned leg of lamb	few sprigs parsley
2 bacon bones	1 tablespoon vinegar
1 onion studded with cloves	$\frac{1}{2}$ cup canned pineapple syrup or juice
1 dessertspoon brown sugar	warm water

GLAZING

$\frac{1}{2}$ cup canned pineapple syrup or juice	3 tablespoons brown sugar
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Place meat in large saucepan, cover with warm water. Add bacon bones, onion, brown sugar, pineapple syrup, parsley, and vinegar. Cover, simmer gently until cooked, allowing approx. 40 minutes per pound. Test through thickest part of leg with fine skewer; allow to cool in water. Remove from pan, brush generously several times with pineapple glaze.

Pineapple rice salad (see at right) and salad vegetables are good accompaniments.

Serves 6-8.

GLAZE

Heat pineapple juice and brown sugar in



saucepan, bring to the boil; reduce heat, simmer 10-15 minutes.

PINEAPPLE RICE SALAD

1lb. cooked rice	1 small green pepper
15oz. can pineapple pieces	2 sticks celery
6-8 shallots	salt, pepper

Drain pineapple pieces. Chop vegetables finely. Combine all ingredients with the rice. Season to taste.

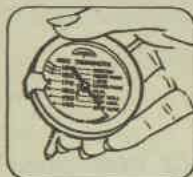
Note: Syrup drained from pineapple pieces can be used when cooking lamb and for the glaze.

MOCK HAM (above): Pineapple juice in the cooking liquid gives a lovely, sugar-cured ham taste to corned lamb. Recipe at left.

Continued on page 5



Guard-of-honour with orange seasoning
... an exciting way to present lamb cutlets.

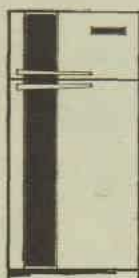


Use of the Meat Thermometer

During the cooking process, meat absorbs heat from the outside. It will be cooked when the middle of the joint has reached the required temperature. For this reason, the use of a meat thermometer is an ideal way of determining when lamb joints are cooked.

Insert the thermometer in the thickest part of the joint so that the bulb is in the centre, but not resting on fat or bone. Continue cooking (at 350° F. for roast lamb) until the thermometer indicates that the temperature in the centre of the joint has reached the required level. (170° F. is a normal reading for lamb—medium well-done.)

Roast lamb normally requires 20-25 minutes per lb at 350° F. Cooked under these conditions, a tender joint full of natural juices should result.



Storing Fresh Lamb

The lamb your butcher sells is fresh-chilled. This should be stored uncovered or loosely covered in the coldest part of the refrigerator or in the compartment designed for meat storage in modern refrigerators. Temperature should be as low as possible without actually freezing.

Pre-packaged lamb from a self-service counter should have wrapping loosened or removed before storing in the refrigerator.

Hard-frozen meat should be closely wrapped and stored in the freezer.



Defrosting Frozen Lamb

Frozen lamb can be defrosted in the refrigerator, at room temperature or during cooking. When defrosted in the refrigerator or at room temperature, it should be left wrapped. Refrigerator defrosting normally requires 20-25 hours, depending on size and shape of cut, whilst room temperature defrosting usually requires 3-12 hours. Lamb cooked in the frozen state will require extra cooking time.

Once frozen lamb has been defrosted, it should be cooked and eaten. Re-freezing is not recommended.

Basic Lamb Cooking

Dry heat—Roasting, grilling or pan grilling. Place fat side up in open pan. Do not add water or baste. Roast slowly (350° for lamb). Use meat thermometer to check when done to suit.

Moist heat—Braising and cooking in liquid. In braising, lamb is browned in its own fat or in added fat, then covered and cooked slowly in its own juice. Cooking in liquid refers to stewing and casseroles and is more appropriate for larger cuts. Cook slowly in sufficient liquid to adequately cover.

With fat—Shallow frying with lamb half submerged in hot fat.

Cooking Temperature

Always cook lamb at moderate temperature until done to taste. High temperature cooking results in excessive loss of weight, a less tender joint which has lost much of its natural juiciness and has an unnecessarily hard crust.

Cooking lamb at moderate temperatures results in a more appetising joint, reduced weight-loss, and meat which is easier to carve.

Prepared as a service to consumers by the **AUSTRALIAN MEAT BOARD**



SUCCULENT JOINTS OF LAMB . . . continued

JOINTS for roasting — leg, forequarter, shoulder, and loin—can be bought complete with bone or, for easy carving, ask your butcher to remove the bone from any of these joints. Fill them with a savory stuffing (see the wide choice on this page), roll them into a good shape, and secure firmly with string so they keep their shape while cooking.

The boned forequarter, shown on our cover, slices beautifully; it gives up to 8 to 10 hearty servings of tender lamb. Serve it hot with vegetables (the cucumber slices, simply sauteed in butter, shown on cover, are unusual and delicious with lamb); or serve it cold with colorful salad vegetables.

CROWN ROAST OF LAMB

Ask the butcher to prepare 14-16 rib chops, as for cutlets, removing the skin but not cutting through the sections. Tie ribs together in circle (bones to outside) to resemble a crown. A filling such as the one given below can be used to stuff the cavity of the crown; if preferred, the cavity can be left unfilled. Place lamb on a rack in a greased baking dish. Cover ends of chops with pieces of raw potato to prevent burning. Bake in moderate oven 2-2½ hours. Serve on heated platter.

Sauteed mushroom caps, glazed baby carrots, baked potatoes, and minted peas are good accompaniments.

MINT STUFFING

2oz. butter or substitute	½ lb. sausage mince
2oz. mushrooms	½ cup chopped celery
1 onion	

1½ cups rolled oats or bread-crumbs	salt, pepper 1 tablespoon chopped mint
-------------------------------------	---

Heat butter in pan, add finely chopped mushrooms, saute 3 minutes. Add chopped onion, mince, celery, salt and pepper to mushrooms, stir to combine, then cook until meat changes color. Remove from heat, add rolled oats. Mix well, allow to cool slightly, add chopped mint, fill into centre of crown roast.

BONED ROLLED LOIN WITH CHICKEN LIVER STUFFING

Boned loin of lamb (approx. 8 chops) STUFFING

½ lb. chicken livers	2 bayleaves
½ cup milk	½ cup sherry
1 tablespoon butter	salt, pepper
1 finely chopped onion	1 cup soft breadcrumbs
	1 tablespoon chopped parsley

Soak livers 1 hour in milk, drain well and chop finely; reserve milk. Melt butter, add onions, and cook until soft. Add chopped livers and bayleaves, cook over gentle heat until livers are golden brown. Add sherry, salt and pepper; cook, stirring, until all are well blended. Remove bayleaves; add milk to crumbs to moisten thoroughly. Squeeze crumbs dry and add to liver mixture. Remove from heat, add parsley. Cool before using.

Spread stuffing over loin, roll, and secure with string to hold in position. Place in baking tray with oil, roast in moderate oven, allowing 25 to 30 minutes per pound.

ROAST LAMB PROVENCAL

1 leg lamb	½ pint chicken stock
2 cloves garlic	chopped parsley
2lb. potatoes	salt, pepper

Peel and slice potatoes, arrange in base of a well-greased baking dish.

Cut 1 clove garlic, rub lamb well with this. Place leg on top of potatoes. Chop remaining garlic, sprinkle over potatoes; sprinkle well with salt and pepper. Pour over the stock; roast in moderate oven until tender. Serve potatoes with lamb, sprinkled generously with chopped parsley.

SHOULDER OF LAMB WITH WINE

1 boned shoulder of lamb	salt, pepper
½ pint dry white wine	1 dessertspoon curry powder
	3oz. butter

Fill shoulder with any desired stuffing (the Curried Rice Stuffing goes well); tie firmly into shape. Melt butter in baking dish, add lamb, and brown well on all sides, turning often. Heat wine with curry powder, salt and pepper; pour over lamb. Put into moderate oven, cook until tender, allowing 30 minutes per lb. Baste with pan juices occasionally during cooking.

SAVORY FILLINGS FOR BONED JOINTS

Any of the following fillings will add extra flavor to a boned leg, forequarter, or shoulder.

HERBED BREADCRUMB STUFFING

4 cups fresh breadcrumbs	1 teaspoon mixed herbs
2 tablespoons finely chopped parsley	1 egg
rind of 1 lemon	2oz. butter or substitute
½ teaspoon salt	1 small chopped onion
pepper	

Saute chopped onion in a little melted butter; mix with breadcrumbs, parsley, grated lemon rind, herbs, salt and pepper. Beat egg, melt butter; add to mixture and stir until it binds together.

RICE AND ROSEMARY STUFFING

1 small clove garlic	½ teaspoon rosemary
4oz. cooked rice	½ teaspoon salt
2 rashers bacon	½ teaspoon pepper
	1 egg-yolk

Crush garlic, chop bacon finely, and combine with all remaining ingredients. If desired, add 2 tablespoons sultanas and ½ teaspoon grated lemon rind.

MINTED RICE STUFFING

4oz. rice, cooked	2 tablespoons chopped parsley
1 small onion, chopped	2 tablespoons salt, pepper
	chopped mint

Saute chopped onion in little melted butter; combine with remaining ingredients.

ITALIAN STUFFING

½ lb. finely minced veal	1 small clove garlic, crushed
1½ cups fine dry breadcrumbs	1 tablespoon worcestershire sauce
½ lb. mushrooms, finely chopped	1 tablespoon orange marmalade
1 egg	
1 teaspoon salt	
½ teaspoon pepper	

Place dry ingredients in bowl with veal, combine egg, worcestershire sauce, and orange marmalade, mix into dry ingredients until smooth.

CURRIED RICE STUFFING

4oz. rice boiling salted water	2 tablespoons sultanas or raisins
1½ dessertspoons curry powder	1 egg-yolk
salt, pepper	1 tablespoon melted butter

Cook rice until tender in boiling salted water, to which curry powder has been added; drain. Cover raisins or sultanas with extra boiling water, let stand 15 minutes, drain well; fork them lightly into rice — a little chopped parsley can also be added. Cool a little, then mix in egg-yolk and melted butter, salt and pepper.

DEVILLED WINE CHOPS (right): Tomato soup makes an easy start for the sauce in this casserole of lamb chops. Recipe is below.

Lamb chops and cutlets

● There's a wide variety of lamb chops from which to choose. They can be grilled or pan-fried, or used to make wonderfully flavored casserole dishes.

LEG chops or steaks, and chump chops are most suitable for these dishes; they give a lot of good meat, with a minimum of bone and fat.

Loin chops can be boned and rolled (see Noisettes of Lamb at right) or simply grilled or pan-fried. Rib chops and cutlets can be grilled or fried; see step-by-step instructions for perfect, golden-crumbed cutlets on page 10.

Lamb chops, marinated for extra flavor and tenderness, are also good for a barbecue; see recipe for Sherry Marinade on this page.

Page 6 — LAMB COOK BOOK

DEVILLED WINE CHOPS

1½ lb. best end lamb neck chops	1 clove garlic
¼ cup finely chopped celery	1 tablespoon worcestershire sauce
1 onion	1 tablespoon lemon juice
1 dessertspoon prepared mustard	2 tablespoons sherry
1 tablespoon brown sugar	10oz. can tomato soup undiluted

Arrange chops in well-greased casserole, cover, and bake ¾ hour in moderate oven. Remove all excess fat. Chop onion finely and crush garlic. Heat together remaining ingredients, add

onion and garlic, pour over chops; bake, covered, ¾ hour, basting occasionally. Serves 4.

NOISETTES OF LAMB

6 short loin chops, 1½ in. thick	1 clove crushed garlic
salt, pepper	oil or butter

Remove bone and skin from chops; season meat with salt and pepper; rub over with crushed garlic, if desired. Roll meat up firmly and secure each chop with string. Brush chops with oil or melted butter; grill gently or pan-fry in melted butter. Remove string. Serve with mint jelly or sauce. Serves 3 (2 chops per serving).

SHERRY MARINADE FOR LAMB CHOPS

¾ cup sherry	¼ teaspoon pepper
1 slice lemon	¼ teaspoon oregano
1 tablespoon chopped parsley	¼ teaspoon rosemary
2 tablespoons oil	1 tablespoon soy sauce
1 tablespoon chopped onion	
¼ teaspoon salt	

Combine all ingredients, blend well. Add chops, let stand, covered, 1 hour; turn occasionally. Grill or barbecue chops, brushing occasionally with the marinade. One crushed garlic clove may also be added to the marinade.

The Australian Women's Weekly — September 18, 1968



LAMB AND LIMA BEAN STEW (right):
There's a light touch of curry in this rich
casserole made from tender chops.

LAMB AND LIMA BEAN STEW (Shown at right)

1½ cups dried lima beans
2 tablespoons oil
2lb. lamb leg chops
2 onions
3 tomatoes
1 clove garlic
pepper
2 teaspoons curry powder
2 tablespoons tomato paste
1 bayleaf
2½ cups water
2½ teaspoons salt

Wash beans thoroughly. Place in saucepan, cover with water, bring to boil. Remove from heat, let beans soak in liquid for 2 hours. Drain.

Cut lamb in 1in. cubes. Peel and chop onions and tomatoes, crush garlic. Heat oil in pan and brown lamb. Add onions, tomatoes, garlic, pepper, curry powder, tomato paste, bayleaf, water, and beans. Cover and cook over low heat for 2 hours. Add salt and extra water, if necessary; continue cooking further 30 minutes or until beans are tender. Remove bayleaf, adjust seasoning.

Serves 6.

SHASLIK

(Shown on page 8)

2lb. lamb leg chops
2 small onions
1 green pepper
2 medium tomatoes
8 mushrooms
bayleaves
marinade

MARINADE

1 crushed clove garlic
1-3rd cup oil
2 tablespoons lemon juice
salt, pepper
2 tablespoons finely chopped onion

Remove fat from meat, cut into 1½in. cubes. Combine ingredients for marinade, add lamb, and stir until well mixed. Cover and refrigerate several hours; stir occasionally to mix.

Peel onions, cut in halves, remove centre portion. Wash pepper, slice in half, remove seeds, and cut flesh in 1½in. squares. Wash tomatoes and cut in quarters. Remove stalks from mushrooms, if desired, or leave whole.

Thread meat on to skewers, brush with marinade and, if desired, place a bayleaf at end of skewer. Thread alternate vegetables on separate skewers, brush with marinade. Cook under heated grill, turning frequently and brushing with remaining marinade or melted butter until done to taste.

Pilav (below) is a good accompaniment for Shaslik.

Serves 2.

PILAV

8oz. long-grain rice
water
½ teaspoon salt
2 tablespoons butter
½ pint stock

Place rice in shallow dish and pour boiling water over. Stand until water is cold, then strain and wash rice several times in running water. Heat butter in large pot, add stock and salt, bring to fast boil. Add drained rice, cover, and cook over high heat 5 minutes, then turn heat to very low; continue cooking another 7 or 8 minutes or until all liquid has been absorbed and little holes appear over surface of rice. Remove from heat, take off saucepan lid, place a cloth over top of saucepan to absorb steam and prevent water falling back into rice.

Replace lid, keep saucepan in a warm place; let rice rest 35 minutes. (This "rest" period is a very important part in making a pilav.) Remove napkin and lid, stir pilav well with fork until each grain stands separately. Serve at once.



LAMB STEW WITH PRUNES AND ALMONDS

2lb. lamb leg chops
1 onion
salt, pepper
juice 1 lemon
2oz. butter or substitute
2 tablespoons flour
2 cups stock
4oz. prunes
2oz. whole roasted almonds

Cut meat into medium-sized pieces, place in bowl with sliced onion, seasoning, and lemon juice; allow to marinate at least 1 hour. Heat butter in pan, add meat and onions to pan, and brown meat well. Stir in flour, cook over low heat 3 minutes, stirring. Add stock gradually, stirring well until mixture comes to boil. Cover, reduce heat, simmer approx. 1 hour or until meat is tender. Add stoned prunes, almonds, and little extra lemon juice, if desired; cook further 10 minutes.

Serves 6.

LAMB GOULASH

1 teaspoon salt
½ teaspoon pepper
1 teaspoon paprika
1 clove crushed garlic
1½lb. lamb leg chops
2oz. butter or substitute
1 medium carrot
2 medium onions
1 green pepper
2 cups stock
1 cup tomato puree
2 potatoes

Cut lamb into 1in. pieces, removing fat. Put salt, pepper, paprika, and crushed garlic in bowl, mix to a smooth paste. Add lamb and mix well.

Slice carrot, chop onions and pepper. Melt butter in pan, add lamb and onions; saute over medium heat until well browned. Add stock and tomato puree; cover, reduce heat, and cook for 1 to 1½ hours. Add carrot, pepper, peeled and chopped potatoes; cover and continue cooking for further 30 min. or until vegetables are done.

Serves 4.

Continued on page 10

LAMB COOK BOOK — Page 7



SHASLIK (left): Cubes of tender lamb are marinated in oil, garlic, lemon juice, onion, and then grilled. Colorful vegetables are cooked and served on separate skewers. Recipe is given on page 7.

LAMB CURRY (below): Indian dish is deliciously flavored with selected spices and served with rice. Toss hot, cooked green peas through the rice to give added color. Recipe is given on page 10.



DELICIOUS LAMB STEW (right): Plum jam is an unusual ingredient, and it adds rich color and flavor to this tasty stew, which makes an economical and hearty family meal. Recipe is given on page 12.

MOUSSAKA (below): A traditional favorite of Balkan countries, this dish combines lamb with eggplant, garlic, tomato, and is topped with crisp, browned potato slices. Recipe is on page 10.



Step-by-step to golden crumbed cutlets



STEP 1: Remove skin and excess fat from each cutlet. Dip in flour, which has been seasoned with salt and pepper; shake off excess flour.



STEP 2: Dip cutlets in egg beaten with a little oil (to help hold crumbs firmly), or brush over with a pastry brush, as shown. Then press firmly into breadcrumbs. Repeat process if you like a crisp coating. Refrigerate 1 hour to firm crumbs.



STEP 3: Shallow-fry in hot oil, turning occasionally, until crumbs are golden brown and cutlets cooked through. Make sure oil is hot before adding cutlets, otherwise crumbs will not hold firm but will drop off.

LAMB CHOPS AND CUTLETS . . . continued

MOUSSAKA

(Shown on page 9)

2lb. lamb leg chops	2 tablespoons chopped parsley
2 bacon rashers	2 cloves garlic
1 tablespoon oil	1 cup stock
2 onions	1lb. potatoes
2 carrots	2 eggplants
1/2 teaspoon ground basil	salt
15oz. can tomato puree	melted butter

Heat oil, add finely chopped meat, finely chopped bacon, onions, carrots, crushed garlic, basil, and parsley. Cook until meat changes color. Pour on stock, and tomato puree; simmer gently 20 minutes.

Slice eggplants 1/2 in. thick and sprinkle with salt; cover 10 minutes to allow them to exude some of their moisture. Wipe with a dry cloth and saute in hot oil until lightly browned. Drain.

Place layer of eggplant in base of an oiled casserole dish and pour meat over, top with a second layer of eggplant, arrange layers of thinly sliced

potatoes around edge of dish. Bake, covered, in moderately slow oven 1 to 1 1/2 hours. To brown and crisp potato topping, remove cover, brush potatoes with melted butter. Increase oven heat to moderately hot, cook further 15 minutes.

Serves 6.

LAMB CURRY

(Shown on page 8)

2lb. lamb leg chops	4 cloves garlic
1 tablespoon curry powder	2 large onions
1 teaspoon ground ginger	1/2 cup vinegar
1 dessertspoon turmeric	1/2 cup stock
1 teaspoon ground cumin	1 dessertspoon butter
	1/2 teaspoon cayenne
	salt to taste

Cut lamb into large cubes. Chop onions finely, crush garlic; mix onion and garlic with all spices and vinegar. Stand meat in this marinade for 2 1/2 hours. Melt butter, add meat and stock; cover and cook for 1 1/2 to 2 hours or

until meat is tender. Add salt and cayenne to taste. Uncover for last few minutes to allow liquid to evaporate a little. Serve with boiled rice.

Serves 4.

HUNGARIAN PAPRIKA LAMB

2lb. lamb leg or chump chops	salt, pepper
2 onions	3 cloves
2 tablespoons flour	3 carrots
1 dessertspoon paprika	2 stalks celery
2 cups beef or chicken stock	12 small onions
1 bayleaf	6 medium potatoes
1 crushed clove garlic	2 white turnips
	1 tablespoon chopped mint
	fat for frying

Cut chops into large cubes. Heat a little fat in pan, saute finely chopped onions until transparent. Roll meat in flour, add to pan; cook, stirring occasionally, until lightly browned. Stir in paprika; add stock, bayleaf, garlic, salt, pepper, cloves. Cover tightly, bake in moderate oven 1 1/2 hours. Add sliced carrots and celery, peeled whole onions, peeled, halved potatoes, diced turnips and mint. Cover again, continue cook-

ing until lamb is tender and vegetables cooked.

Serve with hot rice.

Serves 6.

GREEK LAMB RAGOUT

2lb. lamb chump or leg chops	1/2 teaspoon paprika
8 small onions	extra stock
1/2 pint stock	1/2 cup rice
4 tomatoes	juice of 1 lemon
1 bayleaf	salt, pepper
	fat for frying

Cut meat into large cubes; peel onions. Heat fat in pan, add meat and whole onions. Cook, stirring occasionally, until well browned; pour off any surplus fat. Add 1/2 pint stock, cook 5 minutes. Add peeled, chopped tomatoes, bayleaf, paprika, salt and pepper, cook 10 minutes. Add just enough extra hot stock to cover. Remove onions from pan and set aside; keep hot.

Add rice to pan, cover, bring to boil, then reduce heat and cook gently 20 minutes. You may need to add a little extra stock — check at end of 15 minutes cooking time.

Season with salt, pepper, lemon juice to taste. Serve with hot onions.

Serves 4.

Want to know more about meat?

The Australian Meat Board is continually producing literature on all aspects of meat. This consumer service is available to you, often through your butcher's shop or meat retailer.

If you would like to know more about the cuts of lamb available—the storing, keeping, preparing, cooking or carving of lamb—and your butcher does not have a leaflet which answers your problem, why not call or write to the Australian Meat Board?

AUSTRALIAN MEAT BOARD

30 Grosvenor St., Sydney, N.S.W. 2000

118 Queen St., Melbourne, Vic. 3000

"Empire House," Wharf and Queen Sts.,
Brisbane, Qld. 4000

C/- Government Produce Dept., Light Square,
Adelaide, S.A. 5000

"W.A. Chambers," 104 St. George's Terrace,
Perth, W.A. 6000

119 Macquarie St., Hobart, Tas. 7000



The good taste of Australian Lamb . . .

AUSTRALIAN MEAT BOARD

BOOK — Page 11

The Australian Women's Weekly — September 18, 1968

Economical lamb cuts

● Neck chops, lamb breasts and shanks are used to advantage in these recipes making use of the economical cuts.

SAVORY LAMB STEW WITH PARSLEY DUMPLINGS

(Shown on page 14)

1½ lb. scrag-end neck of lamb
2 pints water
3 carrots
2 onions
4 potatoes
salt and pepper to taste

1 bayleaf
½ cup tomato sauce
1 tablespoon finely chopped parsley
2 tablespoons plain flour

PARSLEY DUMPLINGS

1 cup self-raising flour
1 teaspoon butter
½ teaspoon salt
1 tablespoon finely chopped parsley
½ cup milk

Remove meat from bones, cut into approx. 1 in. cubes, discarding any fat. Place in saucepan with bones, cover with water, bring to boil. Reduce heat, cover, and simmer 1 hour. Add peeled and diced carrots and potatoes, chopped onions, salt, pepper, bayleaf, tomato sauce, and parsley. Bring to boil; reduce heat, simmer further 10 minutes. Remove bones, skim off any surplus fat. Blend flour with little water, add to saucepan, and cook, stirring, until liquid thickens. Drop dumpling dough by heaped dessertspoonfuls on top of hot bubbling stew. Cover tightly; cook 15 to 20 minutes.

Serves 4.

PARSLEY DUMPLINGS

Sift together flour and salt. Rub in butter, stir in parsley. Add milk all at once, stirring quickly to make a soft, sticky dough.

Page 12 — LAMB COOK BOOK

ITALIAN LAMB SHANKS

(Shown at right)

6 lamb shanks
seasoned flour
2 tablespoons oil
1 clove garlic, crushed
2 onions
1 cup chopped celery
1 teaspoon salt
1 teaspoon sugar
pinch cayenne

½ pint stock or water
1 cup tomato puree
½ pint white wine
½ teaspoon rosemary
½ lb. mushrooms
parsley

Dredge shank pieces in seasoned flour. Slice onions. Heat oil in pan and saute shanks, garlic, onions, and celery, until meat is well browned. Add salt, sugar, cayenne, boiling stock, tomato puree, white wine, and rosemary. Bring to boil, reduce heat, simmer 1½-1¾ hours or until shanks are tender. Add sliced mushrooms and cook further 10 minutes. Serve hot sprinkled with chopped parsley.

Serves 6.

MOCK CROWN ROAST

1 lamb flap (1-1½ lb.)
1 medium onion
½ teaspoon mixed herbs
1 dessertspoon chopped parsley
salt, pepper
1 cup water or stock

Combine finely chopped onion, herbs, and parsley, spread over inside of flap, sprinkle with salt and pepper. Roll up firmly, secure with string. Stand upright in baking dish, pour in water or stock, bake in moderate oven 1½-1¾ hours. Make gravy from skimmed pan drippings.

Makes 2 generous servings.



ITALIAN LAMB SHANKS (above): Flavored with garlic, wine, tomato, and a light sprinkling of rosemary, these are delicious. Recipe left.

DELICIOUS LAMB STEW

(Shown on page 9)

2 lb. lamb neck chops
seasoned flour
2 tablespoons oil
2 onions
2 carrots
1 parsnip

1 stick celery
1 large cooking apple
3 cups stock
2 tablespoons plum jam

Dredge chops in flour and brown in heated oil. Chop onions, slice carrots, parsnip, celery, and peeled apple. Add vegetables and apple to frying pan and saute a few minutes. Stir in plum jam and stock, bring to boil, reduce heat; simmer for 1½ hours or until tender.

If extra thickening is required, blend

a little seasoned flour with water and add to stew, stirring constantly.

Serves 6.

CRISP LAMB BREASTS

2 meaty breasts of lamb
1 clove garlic

Ask butcher to cut through bones. Cut garlic in slivers, insert in small slits cut all over meat. Place on rack in baking dish, bake in moderately hot oven 1 to 1½ hours or until well done and crisply brown. (The lamb has enough fat for cooking—it is not necessary to add any more.) When cooked, slice into riblets; serve with potatoes and green salad.

The Australian Women's Weekly—September 18, 1968

ROSETTES OF LAMB AND ONION GRAVY

1lb. lamb rosettes
1 large onion
little bacon fat
1 tablespoon flour

1 cup stock or water
salt, pepper

Melt fat in pan, fry meat quickly on both sides. Add finely sliced onion and brown. Remove meat and onions, blend flour into fat, and cook a few minutes, then add stock or water, stirring until mixture boils and thickens. Return meat and onions, cook gently until meat is tender. Season to taste. Serves 2.

Note: Rosettes are cut from scrag end neck of lamb. There are about 5 rosettes to the lb. They are very economical and, although they have a central bone, there's lots of hearty eating.

LAMB SHANKS

4 lamb shanks
seasoned flour
3oz. butter or substitute
3 tablespoons flour

1 teaspoon paprika
1 onion
2 bayleaves
salt, pepper
2 cups stock
½ cup red wine

Toss lamb shanks in seasoned flour. Heat butter and fry meat until well browned, approximately 15 minutes. Remove meat from pan, add combined flour and paprika, cook 2 minutes. Add chopped onion, bayleaves, seasoning, stock, and wine. Bring to the boil, stirring; reduce heat and simmer 1½-2 hours. Turn meat occasionally during cooking, adding extra stock to the gravy, if necessary. Serves 4.

BARBECUED BREAST OF LAMB

2lb. breast of lamb
salt, pepper
1 lemon, thinly sliced
1 large onion
1 cup tomato sauce

1 cup water
3 tablespoons vinegar
3 tablespoons brown sugar
2 tablespoons Worcestershire sauce

Cut breast of lamb into serving-size pieces, place into a pan, season well with salt and pepper. Place a slice of lemon on each piece of meat; sprinkle

over finely chopped onion. Bake in a hot oven for 30 minutes to brown well.

While meat is cooking, combine remainder of ingredients in a saucepan; bring to boil and cook 5 minutes.

Drain all excess fat from meat in pan, pour over prepared sauce. Reduce oven temperature to moderate and bake further 1 hour.

Serves 4.

Lamb accompaniments

● Here is a selection of recipes—relishes, salads, sauces—which are delightful to serve with a variety of lamb dishes.

MINT jelly or sauce is a favorite accompaniment to lamb, although some prefer the sweetness of rich-colored cranberry jelly—this jelly can be bought in jars imported from overseas.

PICKLED BEETROOT

1 bunch beetroot
salt
½ pint malt vinegar
good pinch cinnamon

1 bayleaf
2 cloves
4 peppercorns
½ pint water
2 tablespoons sugar

Wash beetroot thoroughly, cook in boiling salted water until tender, or until skins are easily removed. Combine remainder of ingredients in pan, bring to boil, lower heat, and simmer for 5 minutes. Cool.

Peel and slice beetroots, pack into jars. Strain vinegar and pour over sliced beetroot. Seal tightly and store in a cold place.

Note: Beetroot, because of its high sugar content, ferments easily, so this type of pickle is best made in small quantities, and used as soon as possible.

ORANGE AND ONION SALAD

(Shown overleaf)

2 onions
2 oranges
½ cup french dressing
1 small clove garlic, crushed

1 tablespoon finely chopped mint
black olives
extra mint

Slice onions very finely and separate rings. Peel oranges, slice in ½ in. slices. Combine crushed garlic, chopped mint, and french dressing in a jar, shake well. Pour dressing over onion rings and allow to stand 15 minutes.

Arrange layer of oranges on plate, top with onion slices and some of dressing. Garnish with black olives and extra chopped mint.

Serves 4.

SHERRIED MINT JELLY

(Shown overleaf)

½ cup finely chopped mint
1 cup white vinegar
3 tablespoons sugar

½ packet lime jelly
½ cup sweet sherry

Wash, dry, and finely chop mint. Put vinegar and sugar into saucepan; bring slowly to boil. Simmer 3 minutes. Remove from heat; add mint and lime jelly, mix well; cool. Add sherry. Fill into small glass jars, stirring occasionally while setting to ensure even distribution of chopped mint.

Makes approx. 2 cups.

MINT SAUCE

(Shown overleaf)

2 tablespoons chopped fresh mint
1 tablespoon sugar

1 tablespoon boiling water
2 tablespoons vinegar

Wash and dry mint, remove stalks, chop finely. Boil sugar and water 1 minute, add vinegar, pour over mint; stand 15 minutes. Stir well before serving.

CUCUMBER RELISH

2 cucumbers
½ cup chopped onions
1 red pepper
1 green pepper
1 dessertspoon turmeric
½ cup salt
cold water
1 cup brown sugar
2 cups white vinegar

2 tablespoons flour
1 teaspoon turmeric, extra
Spice Bag
1 in. piece cinnamon stick
1 dessertspoon mustard seeds
1 teaspoon whole cloves
1 teaspoon whole allspice

Chop cucumbers and peppers into approx. ½ in. pieces, remove seeds and ribs from peppers. Combine the cucumbers, onions, and peppers in a bowl. Sprinkle with 1 dessertspoon turmeric. Dissolve salt in 4 cups cold water, pour over vegetables, let stand 3-4 hours. Drain. Cover vegetables with fresh, cold water; stand 1 hour and drain. Place ingredients for spice bag in a piece of cloth and tie with string. Combine brown sugar, vinegar, and spice bag, heat to boiling, pour over vegetables; stand 12-18 hours. Remove spice bag.

Place vegetables and liquid into a pan; bring to boil. Blend flour and extra turmeric with a little water, adding a little of hot vegetable mixture to flour. Stir into pan and cook, stirring, 5 minutes. Pour hot relish into hot, sterilised jars; seal at once.

Makes 3 cups.

LAMB COOK BOOK — Page 13



TO GO WITH LAMB (above): Mint Jelly, Mint Sauce, or a colorful salad such as the Orange and Onion Salad shown are good with roasts and chops of all types. Recipes on page 13.



SAVORY LAMB STEW (above): With carrots, and potatoes, and topped with light-textured Parsley Dumplings, this dish makes use of a very economical lamb cut. Recipe page 12.

... and the extras

● Lamb's fry, kidneys, brains, and tongues are popular variety meats — here are delightful ways to prepare and serve them.

BRAINS IN BLACK BUTTER

4 sets prepared brains
seasoned flour
butter for frying
3oz. extra butter

To Prepare Brains: Soak brains in cold water for several hours, changing water occasionally. Remove from water, remove membranes; wash well. Place in saucepan with sufficient water to cover. Add 1 tablespoon vinegar, salt, a small carrot (sliced), bayleaf, and ½ sliced onion. Bring water slowly to just below boiling point; poach gently 15-20 minutes without allowing water to boil. Let stand in cooking liquor until ready to use, then drain and dry.

Toss brains in seasoned flour. Sauté in heated butter until golden brown, remove to hot serving dish. Place extra butter in pan, cook until it turns brown. Remove from heat, add lemon juice and capers. Pour sizzling butter over brains, sprinkle with chopped parsley, serve at once. Serves 4.

LAMB'S FRY WITH MADEIRA

1 lamb's fry
1oz. butter or substitute
1 onion

MADEIRA SAUCE

1½oz. butter or substitute
2 tablespoons flour

Soak liver in warm salted water 1 hour; remove skin and membranes, and cut into ½in. slices. Dry well. Heat butter, lightly fry chopped onion, chopped bacon, and sliced mushrooms. Add lamb's fry, and cook 5-10 min. Stir in Madeira sauce, heat through gently; stir in chopped parsley.

SAUCE

Melt butter, remove from heat and blend in flour. Return to heat, and cook for 2 minutes, stirring. Remove from heat, add stock gradually, stirring until smooth. Return to heat, cook until thick, stirring constantly. Add madeira, and season to taste. Serves 4.

JELLIED LAMBS' TONGUES

8 lambs' tongues
2 cups water
4 peppercorns
1 tablespoon vinegar

Wash tongues, removing any gristle, soak in cold water 1 hour. Put tongues, water, peppercorns, vinegar, brown sugar, and bayleaf in large saucepan or pressure-cooker. Bring to boil, then simmer, covered, in saucepan 1½ hours (or 30 minutes in pressure-cooker). Allow to cool slightly before skinning tongues. Arrange in a basin or mould. Dissolve gelatine in ¼ pint of strained stock from tongues, pour over tongues. Refrigerate until set and firm. Serves 4.

KIDNEYS IN WINE SAUCE

1lb. lambs' kidneys
2oz. butter

SAUCE

1 dessertspoon butter
1 tablespoon flour
½ pint red wine

Melt butter, add flour, stirring until light brown. Gradually add wine, and stir in stock, finely chopped garlic, thyme, bayleaf, and seasoning. Place over low heat, simmer 15 minutes. Strain, return to pan. Soak kidneys in warm salted water 1 hour, skin, remove core; cut kidneys into 4 and sprinkle with lemon juice. Melt 2oz. butter, lightly fry kidneys and sliced mushrooms. When cooked, add kidneys and mushrooms to sauce; do not allow them to boil, this makes them tough. Serves 4.

If there's a little left over ...

● If there's a little lamb left over from a joint, it's nice just eaten cold with mint jelly. Or you can use it to make another hot main meal like the recipes below.

LAMB RISOTTO

1oz. butter or substitute
1 cup uncooked rice
6-8oz. cooked lamb

Chop meat, onion, and skinned tomatoes. Melt butter and fry meat, onion, tomatoes, seasonings, and rice 10 minutes. Add stock, reduce heat; cook, covered, until rice has absorbed moisture and is cooked through, approx. 45 minutes. Stir in peas in last 10 minutes of cooking time.

Serves 4.

LAMB-STUFFED TOMATOES

6 large firm tomatoes
1 dessertspoon butter or substitute
1 tablespoon chopped onion
1 cup finely chopped cooked lamb
salt, pepper

Cut top off each tomato with a sharp knife, loosen centre flesh and scoop out with a spoon; discard seeds and keep firmer portions of tomato pulp. Season tomatoes with salt and pepper. Melt butter and fry onion, lamb, and garlic lightly. Remove from heat and add remainder of ingredients, including tomato pulp. Place spoonfuls of mixture into tomato cavities, dot with butter, and cover with tops of tomatoes.

Place tomatoes in greased dish, bake in a moderate oven approx. 15 minutes. Serve on rounds of toast. Serves 6.

SWEET LAMB CURRY

1lb. cooked lamb
1 onion
1 apple
1 carrot
1oz. butter
2 tablespoons flour
1 dessertspoon curry powder

Cut lamb into small cubes, chop onion and apple, slice carrot. Heat butter, fry vegetables and apple until light brown. Add combined flour, curry powder, brown sugar, and mustard; cook 2 minutes, stirring constantly. Add stock, sultanas, a little grated lemon rind, and a squeeze lemon juice, season to taste; stir until boiling. Add meat and simmer until vegetables are cooked. Serve with boiled rice, garnished with lemon slices and parsley.

Serves 4.

LAMB CROQUETTES

8oz. cooked lamb
4oz. ham
½ teaspoon nutmeg
½ teaspoon mixed herbs
1 teaspoon grated lemon rind
salt

Put lamb and ham through a mincer, using large cutter, or chop finely. Combine in bowl with nutmeg, herbs, lemon rind, onion, parsley, salt and cayenne. Mix well, add to the hot sauce, set aside to cool. Shape into croquettes and roll in breadcrumbs; fry in hot oil until heated through and golden brown. Drain on absorbent paper. Makes approx. 1½ dozen.

SAUCE: Melt 3oz. butter in saucepan over low heat. Stir in 4 tablespoons flour, cook 1 minute. Add ½ pint milk gradually, stirring until smooth and thick. Add seasoning to taste.

Australian lamb cuts



LEG STEAKS
(grill, fry or barbecue)



LEG CHOPS
(grill, fry or barbecue)



BONED LEG for seasoning,
tied or netted
(roast)



LEG
(roast)

CHUMP CHOPS
(grill or fry)



CHUMP
(roast whole)



CHUMP



LOIN CHOPS
(grill or fry)



LOIN (roast)



BREAST OF LAMB

boned strips
(kabobs) —boned, rolled, seasoned
(roast)

LOIN



RIB CHOPS
(grill, fry or barbecue)



RIB CUTLETS
(grill or fry)



RIB SQUARE
(roast, crown roast)

RIB

BREAST



SHOULDER boned and
rolled (roast, seasoned)



SHOULDER bone-in
(roast)



FOREQUARTER boned and
rolled (roast, seasoned)

FOREQUARTER

SHOULDER



SHOULDER CHOPS
(grill, braise
or barbecue)



**BEST NECK
CHOPS**
(grill, casserole)



**BEST NECK
CUTLETS**
(fry)



FOREQUARTER CHOPS
(grill, braise or barbecue)



ROUND NECK CHOPS
—rosettes (broths or stews)